This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

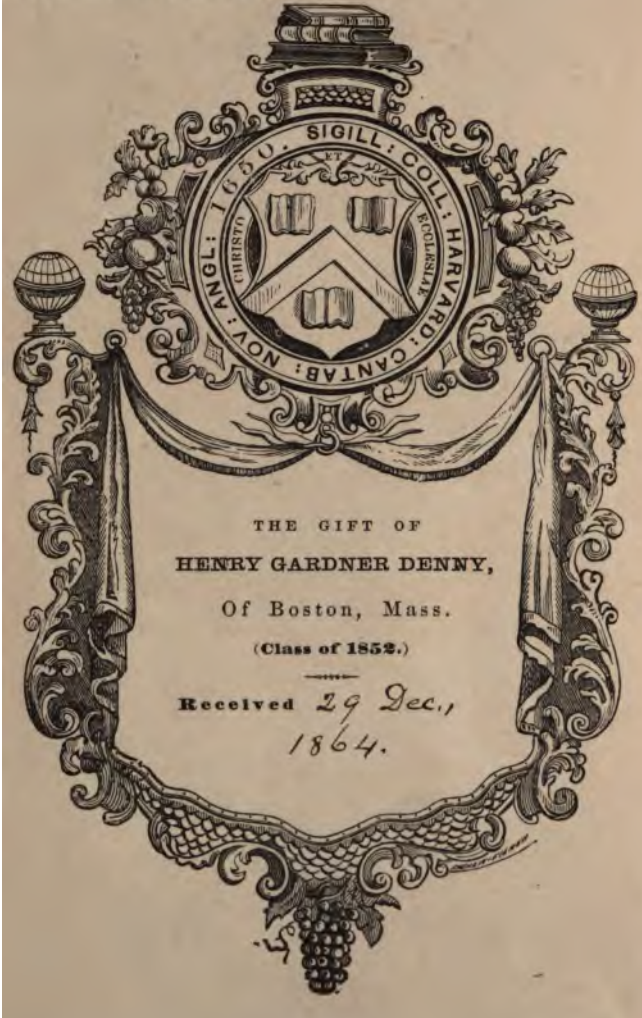
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

tal 2148.45.3



THE GIFT OF
HENRY GARDNER DENNY,
Of Boston, Mass.
(Class of 1852.)

Received 29 Dec., 1864.

Major General Sir Neil Douglas.
K.C.B. K.C.H. &c. &c. &c.
Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in
North Britain

London, Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13 Great Marlborough Street, 1844.

MY ADVENTURES.

BY

COL. MONTGOMERY MAXWELL, K. H.

COMMANDING THE 36TH REGIMENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MDCCCXLV.

Ital 2148.45.3

LONDON:
PRINTED BY G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

CONTENTS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Temptation—The Ballerina again—The Giardini Boboli—A letter of Introduction—Return to Leghorn—Jews of Leghorn—A Jewish ball—A Jewish ceremony—At sea—The Duke and Duchess of Bedford—Spanish Revolution—Forty days' quarantine—My fellow-travellers — A Character — A nostrum-monger—A cure for the Plague—A hoax—Genoa—An old friend—A singular character—Il Castello—A newspaper report . . . . . *Page* 1

CHAPTER II.

The tables turned—Birthday fetês—Italian politics—Hatred of the Austrians—An adventure—La bella Chiarina—A flirtation —Platonic love—A tender interview—Shamming sick—An ancient lover—A singular reception—A ci-devant Doge—A declaration—A female weathercock—A disappointment—A carnival

ball—A message—Sagacity of a charger—A carnival masquerade—A British sailor—The King of Sardinia at Genoa—Genoese beauty—Close of the carnival—A new acquaintance—A finished coquette 12

CHAPTER III.

Lent in Italy—The Protestants of Genoa—Tableaux vivants and acting charades—Hunt the slipper and Roger de Coverley—An English dinner—A lucky hit—A grand ball—Paganini thirty years ago—Singular taste in kissing—His Sardinian Majesty and Black Jack—La Belle Chiarina—Singular anecdote—A dinner party and its results—Dancing-school for gentlefolks—A bon enfant—The Marquis Spinola 27

CHAPTER IV.

Return of Napoleon from Elba—Consternation of the Italians and delight of the British officers—A rendezvous—Italian society—A military dinner—Recollections of service—Diplomacy and bonnes fortunes—Labedoyere—A mess dinner—Sir Neil Campbell—His account of Napoleon's escape—The landing at Frejus—The bivouack—Encounter with the Prince of Monaca—Interview between Napoleon and the Prince 39

CHAPTER V.

Lord W. Bentinck—His reinstatement as Commander-in-Chief of Genoa—The delight of the troops—The blonde beauty of Genoa—Breaking the Faro bank—The Princess of Wales—A difficult game—Supineness of the Bourbons—Intrigues of Murat—Panic of the English in Italy—Peter Linnet—A

digression—A cruise—An African Prince—An English Lord——Arrival of the Princess of Wales at Genoa—Her dandy courier—Interview with the Princess—Her habits and conversation—The treachery of Marshal Ney—His junction with Napoleon—Flight of Louis XVIII. 53

CHAPTER VI.

Reception of Pius VII. by the British troops—Interview with his Holiness—His dress, manner, and personal appearance—Procession of the Pope and Cardinals—A breach of etiquette—The Pope's levee—Toe-kissing—British politeness—Visit to Lady W. Bentinck—Interview with Cardinal Pacca—Singular coincidence—Audience of the Pope—Historical fact—The Pope and Napoleon—Singular anecdote—The Pope and Murat—The Princess of Wales's levee—Court etiquette—Presentation of the authorities—The Cardinals and the ladies—Probable attack on Genoa—Balls and dinners—Sporting anecdote—A match at ecarté . 73

CHAPTER VII.

A desperate enterprise—A generous action—An Irish woman—Lady Elphinstone—Reminiscence of Gibraltar—A Spanish grandee and his lady—A love affair—A soirée—Ball at Lady W. Bentinck's—The Princess of Wales—A scene—Disasters of Murat—The merry month of May in Italy—Ball at the Prince of Wales's—Lady Charlotte Campbell in her youth—Death of Peter Linnet—Pope Pius VII.—Order of the golden Spur—A party—A narrow escape—A picnic party to Sestri—Lover's quarrels—A contretems—Playing double-dummy—A rara avis—A good-natured old maid—A platonic passion—Shopping in Genoa—A family dinner—A party of pleasure in the Apennines—Dinner with the Princess of Wales—Bergami—A Sicilian prince—Downfal of Murat 95

CHAPTER VIII.

Waterloo—An unlucky chance—A noble prospect — Sestri—An Italian freebooter and a noble beauty—A love story—A romance of the Apennines—A thunder storm—Italian constancy—A wedding—Smiles and tears—Extraordinary feat—Sir Hudson Lowe—Chiavari—Romance and mathematics—Bonnycastle—A wander in the mountains—An Italian castle—A sick lady—Amusements of an Italian country-house—A touch of an earthquake—An excursion to Carara—The ruins of Luni—Dante at Luni—News of Napoleon — False reports—The battle of Waterloo 121

CHAPTER IX.

Lord Exmouth at Genoa—Moral effects of climate—Paddy B——e—Murat and Lord Exmouth—The Duchess of Bedford —The early doomed—Cousining abroad and cousins at home—The gossip of Genoa—Slander—La Bella Chiarina again—Labour in vain—A Sicilian princess—A patent prince—A scene —An accusation—Difficulty of obtaining leave of absence—Stolen pleasures are sweet—A secret expedition and its pains and perils 144

CHAPTER X.

Shamming sick—An unpleasant reflection—Female curiosity—The stratagems of love—An accident—The defences of Genoa—The King of Piedmont—The Queen of Sardinia—The Duchess of B——A partie carrée—The old Duchess of G———Anecdote of her generosity—How to look handsome—The three post-captains—Ill-luck—Gallant action of the author's brother—Modest merit—How to get leave of absence—A royal levee—Abroad and at home—Another visit to the castle in the Apennines—A rough ride—Fording the Magra . . . 162

CHAPTER XI.

Tempus fugit—A visit to a Tuscan noble—Country amusements in Tuscany—Wine-making—Mode of cultivating the grape and olive—Climate—A merchant prince—Strange reverse of fortune—Murat in exile—Mount St. Julian—Extracts from a MS. poem—Its history—The Racolta—Italian olive gardens—Leave-taking—An interview with Madame de Stäel—Monsieur Rocca—Madame de Stäel's powers of conversation . . 177

CHAPTER XII.

Visit to Madame de Stäel—Jean Carlo di Negri—Table-talk at Madame de Stäel's—Ancient architecture—Godfrey of Bouillon—A learned discussion—Monsieur Rocca—A bas-bleu in a passion—A Genoese ball—Alarming news—The Princess of Wales—Bergami—Billy Austin—Disgraceful scene in presence of the English army—Bergami's sister—The Princess's embarkation for the east—The Leviathan—A ball to Madame de Stäel by the British officers—A fit of illness—A dangerous experiment—A sad dog 193

CHAPTER XIII.

Recovery—Scandal—Hospitality of the Genoese—The Marquis of Durazzo—A cavalier servente—Italian Constancy—A faithful shepherd—Lord Stewart—The obsequious lieutenant—The way of the world—How to play your cards—A novel hero—A cure for headache—Lord Duncan—A grand dinner—A petit souper—Hobnobbing in Italy 206

CHAPTER XIV.

Evacuation of Genoa by the British troops—Metastasio—Character of the Genoese—Irish horses—A coup de vent—A traveller's tale—Italian vengeance—A cure for the rheumatism—Leave of absence—A horse-dealing expedition—A bad spec—Embarkation of the English army—Horse dealing extraordinary—Great feat of an English fencer—A new horse medicine—A German officer 219

CHAPTER XV.

The carnival—Scandal under a mask—A dangerous experiment—The privilege of masquers—Carnival anecdotes—An Italian picnic—Leave-taking—Good advice—Apostrophe to Genoa—Divine right of Kings—Andrea Doria—Lord W. Bentinck and the Genoese—Victor Emanuel—Female beauty—The Hon. Algernon Percy—Lady Oxford and her family—Alessandria—Tanis—The Hon. G. Noel Hill—Anecdotes of his hospitality—A moderate drinker 236

CHAPTER XVI.

Turin—Its resemblance to Edinburgh—The Po—A robbery on the Alps—Susa—Fort of Brunetta—A bad inn—A flirtation—Astonishing the natives—Chamois hunters—Perils of the sport—Subject for a picture—Habits of the chamois—Lanslebourg—Descent of Mont Cenis—St. Jean de Maurienne—Gens d'armes—The Grenoble plot—Monsieur Dedier . . 247

CHAPTER XVII.

The mountains of Savoy—Aiguibelle—Avalanches—Chamberry—The mineral baths—Les Charmettes—Pont Beauvoison—The Semplon—Beautiful waterfall—Pas des Echelles—Rousseau—Dauphigny—Napoleon at Grenoble—Singular anecdote of his conduct and reception 258

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lyons—French postilions—Dauphiny—Cradle of the Revolution — Soult — French hatred of Prussians — Public buildings of Lyons—Its antiquities—The Federation of 1790—Decree of the convention—Splendid view—The theatre—Reception of Napoleon—Feelings of the French army—Departure for Macon —Macon—The wines of Burgundy—A catastrophe—The handsome widow 268

CHAPTER XIX.

Chalons—The wines of Burgundy—Maçon—The peasantry—Tournus—The French beauty again—French hospitality—Help yourself—Angling extraordinary—The great canal of France—Sisters of charity—Mine host—Popularity of Napoleon—Beaune—Its wines—Pomard and Volnay—Mont Afrique—Good haters—Dijon—Clos Vougeot—Napoleon's inn—A fit of illness—A French physician—The women of Dijon—Phlebotomy—Avallon—Auxerre—Wood rafts—Decoy ducks — The Fête of Fools—How to grow younger—The French police—Joigny—Champagne—Curious relict—Sens — French Calembourgs 291

CHAPTER XX.

Arrival at Paris—Sunday in Paris—A contrast—A Scotch story—The column in the Place Vendome—Road from Sens to Paris—Sight-seeing — An old acquaintance — The Baron de C. — Madame la Baronne — Anecdote—Verys and Beauvilliers—Monumens Françaises—Theatre Français.—A presentation at the Court of the Tuilleries—The levee of the Duke de Berri—The Chapel Royal—Louis Dixhuit—More sight-seeing—A lucky chance—Departure from Paris—Arrival in England—The adventures of a piece of velvet—Conclusion . 318

MY ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

Temptation—The Ballerina again—The Giardini Boboli—A letter of Introduction—Return to Leghorn—Jews of Leghorn—A Jewish ball—A Jewish ceremony—At sea—The Duke and Duchess of Bedford—Spanish Revolution—Forty days' quarantine—My fellow-travellers—A Character—A nostrum-monger—A cure for the Plague—A hoax—Genoa—An old friend—A singular character—Il Castello—A newspaper report.

Florence, Nov. 5.

I THIS day drew the last of my letters of credit, and the first thing I did, was to go to an alabaster manufacturer, where, after purchasing several things, the fellow so flattered and cajoled me, that I was at last fool enough to order my own bust, and actually took my first sitting!

The rest of the morning was passed amongst statues and paintings, until the fashionable hour arrived that I could venture to intrude on La Bella Ballerina—*La Honti*, as she is here styled. I found her looking well, although she informed me she was recovering from a severe illness; and

her poor old mother here put in word to say, that she had just arrived from Milan at a very great expense, in consequence of hearing of the dangerous situation of her daughter, and with the most piteous countenance and an expressive shrug, she added, that after travelling day and night, she found nothing the matter with her! I staid a considerable time, whilst she poured forth most affectionate feelings about my friend D—. I rejoiced when this subject was put an end to by the entrance of her *at present* acknowledged inamorato, (for she changes them like her gown,) a German officer. She gave me to peruse a warm-hearted epistle she had lately received from D—. She seems to have a great desire to go to England, and charged me to make an engagement for her, if I could.

November 7th. — Yesterday I went to the Giardini Boboli, where all the rank, beauty, and fashion of Florence were promenading; also, to the church of St. Lorenzo, to again look at the mausoleum of the Medici, and other places I had before been at, such as the *Academia della Crusca*, now called the Florentine Academy. I also received a *billet-doux* from an actress who wanted to make inquiries respecting her *cher ami*, a captain in the 20th Dragoons.

This morning *la belle danseuse* sent for me, to

tell me she had the offer of an engagement for the London opera, which she thought she would accept; and she asked me for letters of introduction. She teased me so, that at last I was obliged to sit down and indite an epistle introductory, which, no appropriate friend occurring to me, I addressed to King Charles's statue at Charing Cross!

"A Monsieur,

"Monsieur Charles Stuart,

"Charing Cross,

"London."

The lovely nymph hung over me with almost breathless agitation while I wrote, puzzling me with queries as to the personage I was addressing in her behalf, and if he was rich and good-looking, &c. I told her he was a handsome, stout-hearted cavalier, always on horseback, and that even she, with all her charms, and caprices would not easily break his heart. I told her also, she could find him out, as he was well known in the neighbourhood of the Opera-house.

Leghorn, Nov. 8th.

This morning I left Florence, and made a most tedious journey to this place. Much rain had fallen, and the roads were execrable. I had disposed of my little calèche, and was crammed and

jolted in company with some most uninteresting natives. We started at the usual vetturino time, namely, two hours before daylight, and I did not arrive until near seven o'clock in the evening.

Leghorn, Nov. 12th.

This day my leave expires, and here I am still waiting for a passage. I partly engaged with the padrone of a felucca to convey me to Genoa; but at the very instant I encountered Lieut. B., an agent of transports, driven in here by stress of weather, and bound to the same port.

Leghorn, now that it is shorn of its military parade, and only exhibits to my uniniated eye the bustle and activity of commercial enterprize, has no charms for me. It is the emporium of the commerce carried on with the Levant and the Barbary powers, and has many consular representatives, none of whom I know. It is a free, and I may say, a liberal port; for exclusive of many Catholic churches, there are two Greek, one Armenian, a splendid Jewish synagogue, and a Turkish mosque; and on its quay, and in its squares, you see groups of figures in their various costumes, corresponding with these aforenamed faiths.

Yesterday I was enlivened by the arrival of my friend Sir James, and Sir William Chatter-

ton. We dined together, and passed an agreeable evening. This morning they embarked for Elba. My descriptions of the great and interesting *exile* had excited their imagination to such a degree, that they had changed their minds, and put off their return to England.

Leghorn contains upwards upwards of fifty thousand inhabitants, of which it is said one-sixth are of the Jewish persuasion. I again was besieged by Mr. Montefiore, of that sect, who used regularly to sell me when I was quartered here. For lack of better amusement, he seduced me to go to the mansion of his sister, who is well married, and certainly has a fine house and a good establishment. They gave me tea and coffee, and afterwards took me to a ball, where some hundreds of Jews and Jewesses were collected, many of the latter extremely handsome; but their faces are all pointed and hatchet-like; their hair is luxuriant, glossy, and jet black, and their large dark eyes sparkling like brilliants of the first water.

During the evening I was led to the bed-room of the lady of the house, which we found crowded to excess with Jews and Gentiles. I was informed that she had only been brought to-bed one week, and she gave me a most pressing invitation for the morrow to attend the interesting ceremony of circumcising the infant!

November 13th.—About seven o'clock this morning, Montefiore came and accompanied me to the same mansion, where, in addition to the congregation of last night, half as many more were collected, to witness and assist at the ceremony of circumcision. My Anglican notions of delicacy were somewhat shocked by the appearance of so many females to witness the operation. As soon as the company could arrange themselves according to the order of Judaism, a dark-eyed daughter of Israel entered, with the infant stretched on a silver trencher, very prettily cushioned round, and handed him to his father, who held him, whilst an operator, like a priest or a doctor, I presume one of the rabbi, stepped forth, knife in hand, and adroitly performed the operation. The young Jew gave a yell, and a little blood was seen on the cushion or pillow Then was pronounced a prayer, and his name was given him. The crowd was suffocating, and after chocolate was handed round, I took my leave.

November 16th.—At sea. After paying my bills, &c., I embarked yesterday morning on board the Cleveland transport, with one solitary dollar in my pocket; previous to which, I went to the Health Office with the captain of the transport, where we had some conversation with an officer of the Volantaire frigate, and

my name (as one of the passengers bound for Genoa) was casually mentioned to the lieutenant. On which I learned that the Volontaire (Captain Waldgrave) has the Duke and Duchess of Bedford on board, who are come to the Mediterranean on a mission of health for their fair niece. They are, I understand, to undergo forty days' quarantine at the lazzaretto. The cause of this penance being enforced is, that the Volontaire is last from Algesiras. The Volontaire brings the news that another Spanish revolution has broken out, with Mina at its head, who has thrashed the king's troops, and put Ferdinand himself to the route. I little thought, when I was so lately holding forth to the King and Queen of Spain at the Abbé Taylor's request, that I was speaking so prophetically.

When I got on board the Cleveland, I surveyed my fellow-passengers, and found them to consist of a Mr. and Mrs. Concannon, who formerly, I believe, made some noise in the fashionable world. Mr. C. is now a travelling agent to the government, to pick up political information, and is an Irishman, a wit, and a humourist. The next was a sour-looking taciturn commissary, English, with a pretty little lively French wife he had picked up at Toulouse; and a third, a Mr. N—, a British merchant, with a bee in his

bonnet, but with a funny good-humoured countenance.

I had some fun with Mr. N—, who, amongst other eccentricities, carries constantly with him a nostrum for the cure of the most inveterate agues, on which he holds forth with great eloquence. He has also discovered an infallible cure for the plague, and which, much to his annoyance, they would not allow him to prove the virtue of when the plague was raging at Malta. They had the insolence to tell him that patients enough died without his lending a hand to kill more! His secret consists in numerous simples compounded together, and forming a *plaister*, which he sticks on the patient's stomach. This causes, as he explained to us, most profuse perspiration, and extracts the venom from the system.

This morning, to the amusement of everybody, I essayed to put his skill to the test. I, presented myself at the breakfast-table, with rueful looks, and shivering like the aspen-leaf, announcing in doleful accents the approach of the complaint. Every one declared it was a violent attack of ague; and Mr. N—, who had not yet made his appearance, was sent for in double quick. He immediately came, when I exhibited all the symptoms of this dire malady. He rushed

off, brought forth his apparatus, the principal parts of which consisted of a pestle and mortar into which, with all the mystery of an alchymist, he put in various ingredients—working away amidst the suppressed titters of the company. But lo! when the ointment was made, the plaister spread, &c., and everything ready, I was miraculously restored, to the great disappointment of the doctor, and the delight of the party, especially the pretty Frenchwoman, who entered into the joke with great glee.

November 17th.—During the night, we had anchored in the port of Genoa, and on getting up this morning, my eyes were gladdened with the sight of its splendid bay. The health-boat had been on board, and pratique was administered; soon after which ceremony I landed about nine, and hurried off to my friend the commandant's, where I got a hearty welcome and a good breakfast; but to my dismay, I found *my* Jack no longer commands—and that another Jack—a *Sir Jack—does*, who has already reported my absence to Lord William! Sir John D—, and the artillery commandant, are not on the best terms, on which account the few days I was compelled to overstay my leave had been commented on by this Thersites of the English army, as he was styled. Whoever wants to know far-

ther about this officer's character, may read Homer. He had one redeeming qualification, however—*una moglia bellissima!*

I came laden with cadeaux in the shape of coral necklaces from Leghorn, cameos from Rome, lava snuff-boxes, lachrymæ christi and Naples soap from Naples. One hogshead of excellent lachrymæ I sent to my chief, with the prospect of myself imbibing the chief part of it! I have long had an impression that the character of this friend, though a military compound, is one that, under favourable circumstances, would have made him one of the first men of the age. His talents are great, and his mind one of the strongest and most unbending I ever came in contact with; his memory is of the first order, and his robust body is capable of bearing the greatest fatigue. Yet he is odd and unaccountable in all his doings. His superior intellect is warped by old wives' saws and superstitions; yet at the same time, calm and content: he is, in fact, an enigma. I often watch his rough unbending savage nature, sometimes subdued by friendship, but more frequently by the tender passion. He is in my mind a first-rate soldier, with talent and tact to meet and overcome every difficulty and every emergency.

I found my comfortable quarters at *il Castello*

ready for me, and my kind hosts, the amiable family of De—e returned from a long absence in Switzerland, of which they are natives.

My friend Andre handed to me, with great glee and exultation, the French papers containing a flaming account of my having reviewed the Neapolitan army, commanded in person by King Joachim, which has served to raise me a peg in the estimation of this most amiable family.

CHAPTER II.

The tables turned—Birthday fetês—Italian politics—Hatred of the Austrians—An adventure—La bella Chiarina—A flirtation—Platonic love—A tender interview—Shamming sick—An ancient lover—A singular reception—A ci-devant Doge—A declaration—A female weathercock—A disappointment—A carnival ball—A message—Sagacity of a charger—A carnival masquerade—A British sailor—The King of Sardinia at Genoa—Genoese beauty—Close of the carnival—A new acquaintance—A finished coquette.

Genoa, January 18th, 1815.

THE British warriors that came here as conquerors, now remain to be in turn conquered, and the garrison is fast succumbing under the influence of their fair opponents, who present to their enraptured sight an irresistible phalanx of beauty, daily and nightly, at dinners, balls, and masquerades.

The governor gave last night a splendid ball, the first of the season, at which many British officers assisted, and danced in the day that gave birth to our illustrious Queen, and which, I have chosen as the first since my return, to recom-

mence my lucubrations. This morning, in honour of the aforenamed event, the British troops paraded, and fired a "furious joy," as Peter Linnet calls it. Our muster was small in comparison to the Piedmontese army, at present stationed here, amounting to at least fifteen thousand men. This is to "bridle" the Genoese, who do not like being "saddled" with Piedmont! *Devide et impera*, has ever been the Machiavellian maxim in Italy. The Genoese hate the Piedmontese; the Milanese hate the Bolognese; and so on. When I was at Milan, one of Alfieri's plays was acted, when some lines were recited, which I do not now recollect, implying that "union is strength," exemplified by a bundle of sticks in the actor's hand. The whole house rose simultaneously and cheered, to the annoyance of the Austrians, whose sway the Milanese abhor.

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound."

Many a time and oft, have I rallied my friend D. on his susceptibility; I am now likely to be caught myself. The other morning, I was sauntering along the ramparts, watching the palace-studded Albaro, and enjoying a view of the Apennines, with the balmy and refreshing breezes they sent to me, when my attention was called by seeing a huge cur worrying a lady's little lap-

dog. I rushed to the rescue, as did, at the same moment, a fair dame, who was screaming and in great dismay. I soon separated the combatants, and catching up the little one, placed it in its mistress's lap, who, lifting on me the largest and most expressive dark hazel eyes, shaded by the very longest and most beautiful eye-lashes I had ever beheld, gently, yet agitatedly, breathed forth her thanks.

The lady turned out to be no less a personage than the celebrated Madame R., whose box at the opera was directly opposite to mine, and whom I had often admired at the theatre, as well as in the passeggio, and whose beauty was celebrated far and near, as *La bella Chiarina*. There was a melancholy shed over her handsome and perfectly regular features, that made her very interesting; she had jet-black hair, snow-white skin, and a most perfect figure. I knew that she was much admired, and much run after—that her husband, who was absent, was a colonel in the French service, and that her *cavaliere servente* was a Monsieur G., the ci-devant paymaster-general of the French army, who, spell-bound, had remained behind, under the pretence of arranging his accounts, and who was generally in attendance. She was on the present occasion attended by a *soubrette*, who kept at a respectful distance.

After her fright and her screaming had subsided, and she had affectionately hugged her little pet, she begged I would support her to one of the benches, which I did, and placed her under the shade of the spreading branches of an adjoining tree, where I also took the liberty of placing myself. She there expressed her thanks in such glowing terms, talked so familiarly of the opera, of her being *vis-a-vis* of the D——s, where I was located, &c. &c., and had my name and other circumstances connected with me, so pat, that I felt myself quite at home, and we discoursed as old friends; but when at length she rose to depart, she would not hear of my accompanying her home, and she repeatedly said that I must first get presented, and thus obtain *le droit de visiter*, without which it was impossible for her to acknowledge, or hold further communication with me.

I essayed to explain the impossibility of my getting any one to present me, that I knew none of the satellites that surrounded her, and that if I did, they would not be anxious to place me in the same orbit with themselves. She was inexorable, however; so, as she moved forward in her course to quit me, I bethought myself of taking a leaf out of my friend D.'s book. I therefore slily slipt a Genoese *scudo* into the non-reluctant

hand of her suivante, thus enlisting the abigail into my service, should need be.

As I was well acquainted with the abode of the fair lady, I often passed under her windows on horseback, and not seldom beheld her fair neck, and beautiful face emerge from one of them ; but on seeing me, she as constantly and suddenly withdrew. On one occasion, however, (since our rencontre,) as I walked past, she put on her *misero*, or veil, came out, beckoned me to follow, and taking me into a narrow dark lane, with which Genoa abounds, told me "the D.'s knew Monsieur G. well, and that I must be introduced;" she added, "that so far as giving me her company and conversation, she would be most happy; but that love must be totally out of the question; that she was by nature cold, and that she never yet had seen the man who could warm her heart into affection." She then repeated the words, "*bisogna essere presentato—bisogna essere savio;*" pushed me on one side, and flew off like a flash of lightning, leaving me spell-bound for an instant, and incapable of pursuing her.

I pondered over this very remarkable proposition, and at length I was presented to Mons. G. in due form, and in due course of time, after repeatedly meeting him in the parterre of the theatre, as if by accident, taking care to watch his entrance

nightly, as a cat watches a mouse, when I pounced on him, always as if by accident, till at last, one evening I managed, (after having wormed myself sufficiently into his good graces,) with an air of the utmost *nonchalance* to ask to be presented; when he instantly led me to the box of the fair lady, who received me with an indifference almost amounting to disdain, and not unmingled with well-feigned surprise.

The morning after this formal presentation, I encountered the fair dame, and accompanied her to the spot of our first meeting, when she coquettishly alluded to it, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh at the gullibility of the old G——r, who appears the best natured, and the only *simple* Frenchman I ever met. I accompanied the fair lady to her residence, and was invited in; when, among other things, she repeated to me that she was by nature extremely cold—that she had been forced by her parents to marry when she was very young—that she was now four-and twenty, and that she had never yet met a person who had been enabled to warm her marble heart into love! This was by no means unpleasing information for me, (at all events the latter point of it,) and I departed to ponder on it.

On the morrow I called by appointment, and found the lady looking lovely as an angel, but

shamming sick, and in bed! by the side of which I was allowed to take my stand, to (as she expressly informed me) "*Mira, ma non tocca!*"

On the day following, I again met, and had another long walk with her, when she recited all her misfortunes, and the unhappy life she had led with her liege, but now absent lord. I gave her my sympathy and pity—pity, they say, is nearly akin to love. The looks and acts of this lovely creature are strangely at variance with her constant professions; she declares herself to be a rigid disciple of Plato, and yet is excessively fond of admiration, and from the tip of her *mignon pied*, to the crown of her coal-black head, waist, ankles, neck, arms, even to the taper fingers, are all subject to your minutest inspection and comment! Yet is this fair philosopher all for the spiritual, and nothing for the corporeal!

This morning, after the parade, I went to pay my devoirs *en grande tenue*. The femme de chambre received me at the door, and told me madame was *au lit*, and that "*bisogna aspettare un poco*," for that there was somebody with her. This caused the yellow demon to flash across me, and I attempted to enter; but the maid insisted on my stopping till she announced me. After a short pause, I was ushered in, and beheld my beauty in a most engaging *bonnet de nuit*, and a

fine laced robe de chambre, sitting up in her bed, supported by three embroidered pillows, her glossy black hair rather dishevelled, hanging in luxuriant ringlets on her well-polished neck and shoulders, whilst in her small white fleshy hand, and taper fingers, covered with rings, she held a cup of chocolate. At her bed-side sat an old silvery-headed and grave-looking cavalier, in bag-wig, court dress, and a rapier dangling at his side, whose hilt was studded with diamonds; his thin lank hands (so different from the beautiful polished *petite* one of the signora) were covered with the same.

This was no other than the ci-devant Doge of Genoa, Jean Carlo de S——a, who had been, during the French stay here, the chief of the Genoese republic, and as I looked at him, and eyed my Desdemona, I might have repeated Othello's description of his winning her affections. This "most potent, grave, and reverend signior," looked daggers at me, whilst I, Othello like, felt strongly disposed to smother my Desdemona for entertaining him. He, as well as myself, had been "assisting" at the pageant of the day, by attending at the English general's levee. I sat the old fellow out, and when he took his departure, I took his seat on the crimson-cushioned chair, at the bed-head of La Bella Donna.

The exit of the old Sybarite was in the true theatrical style of the olden time:—he kissed the fair lady's hand with the most respectful and devout attention, making a vain endeavour to kneel, after which, he made three distinct bows and vanished.

The lady acknowledged that he was an old admirer of hers, and said that when he was at the head of the government, he had employed a French artist to paint her miniature, which, however, she had never given to him, and ringing the bell, she ordered her maid, to whom she handed the key of her jewel-box, to bring it. It was a very small, beautiful portrait, very like. After I had gazed on, and admired, she handed it to me. Then, again, her sorrows were rehearsed—her platonic philosophy introduced—her detestation of what she was pleased to term *la bruta cosa*, and her constant injunctions to me, if I wished to continue in her good graces, to be *savio*, a word she repeated so often, that I began to suspect she would have no objection to my being a little the reverse.

Before taking leave (which I did not do till after she had dined, which she did in bed, making me partake of all the good things prepared for her,) it was arranged that I was to return in the evening—that she would feign indisposition,

continue *au lit*, and get rid of her *patito*, Mons. G., at an early hour, and that I was (to lull suspicion) first to show myself at the theatre, and then dress in plain clothes, and return to her.

Thus, affairs seemed to be progressing, and I was in all the mystery and all the mischief of an Italian intrigue,

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan."

For judge of my disappointment and dismay, when on entering the opera-house, the first object that presented itself to my sight was the interesting Malade, whose bed-side I was again so anxiously looking forward to take post at—in all the radiance of her beauty, surrounded by decayed dandies and youthful danglers.

I mustered up courage to enter her box, and after a time her danglers disappeared, and I was left alone with her, and demanded an explanation. She said, that since we had parted, she had received various anonymous letters, all tending to my disadvantage. In short, the moment the jealous Genoese had discovered that I was likely to find favour in the sight of this much admired lady, I became a target for base and secret calumniators to fire their poisoned arrows at.

Argument was at an end; so were all my hopes; and so was the opera; and taking her old

cavalier's arm, (who seemed mightily elated at his luck, and my dismay,) she proudly glided off, leaving me to exclaim, "Unjust Calista!" and retire disconsolately to my dormitory.

The very next day, (pray mark the variableness of Italian womankind!) on passing under the window of my fair charmer, I saw, as I passed, the same swan-like neck and head issue as usual. She drew in on seeing me, but I rushed up stairs. Madame was denied; I swore I had seen her; my friend, the femme de chambre interfered; I was admitted, and the preliminaries of peace were entered into; and ever since she has done me the honour to ride my horses, and the French commissaire, as she informs me, has been weeping like an overgrown baby, because he is no longer to be considered as the patito, or *sufferer*, of La bella Chiarina.

The governor gave a second ball last night: and the beauty and brilliancy of the scene were perfect. The Dorias, the Durazzos, the Serras, the Olandinis, in all the freshness of youth, loveliness, and symmetry, to set it off, made me forget la belle cruelle, and as I had instructed my friend D. in former times, I tried, whilst I feasted my eyes, to make one passion neutralize another.

This morning I was sent for by my fair Calista,

who expressed a wish to go out on horseback. I instantly acquiesced, and had two horses led to her door, to mount her and her cavalier, finding a plea to excuse *myself* for the present, saying that I would join them in the country. I had, in fact, an insurmountable objection to avowing myself a regular *cavaliere servente*.

When I had given sufficient time, I mounted another horse, and pursued the road they told me they had taken; but I had scarcely passed the gate, before I met my favourite charger, (on which I had placed the lady's companion,) returning riderless! I suppose he had the wit to be jealous of anybody but his master enjoying the felicity of being placed side by side with so beautiful a woman! I soon after joined the signora, and we continued our ride alone. In the evening, I accompanied her to the masquerade, where, both being in domino, we were unknown.

On the 29th I went to a grand masquerade in uniform, and was harassed and attacked, badgered and bantered, by at least a hundred masques. Madame R. assumed various characters during the evening.

Amongst the most celebrated of the ladies who addressed me, were the beautiful Marchioness and the elegant and graceful Madame D., who is very young, and very handsome.

February 5th.—The carnival still rages, and I am almst sick of it; rendezvous and billet-doux so ring the changes on you. This night I went in the character of a drunken sailor, with Lieut. S. as a buxom Portsmouth lass, under my arm. There was another jolly tar, also with his doxy. We had a fiddler with our party, and danced jigs and reels, much to the astonishment of the Genoese. I played my part *à merveille*, and knocked the by-standers about in the most approved fashion.

In Italy, the social system is carried on at the opera-house, and during the performance, visits are made and returned with all due form and etiquette, always excepting on the first evening of a new opera or ballet. During the carnival, I have been invited to one or two excellent champagne suppers, given by the owners of boxes, after which, the ladies generally go into the pit, and join in the merry dance, amidst the masquers, or form quadrilles of their own.

February 7th.—This day, his Sardinian majesty arrived to take formal possession of his new dominions. We had lots of firing, but that was the only noise made—his new subjects receiving him with sullen and silent indifference. What a contrast to the warm, the enthusiastic greeting with which we were hailed on our en-

trance! The mortification and disappointment of the Genoese know no bounds; and the universal smothered feeling is, that Bentinck has deceived them, and Castlereagh sold them.

This evening, after the opera, we had another masquerade, the last of the season, and in honour of the King, who first attended the opera, and then the masquerade, with all his court. The sombre appearance of an Italian theatre was dispelled by a brilliant illumination, which was increased by all the Genoese noblesse being in court costume, and the boxes filled with beauty and brilliants. The display of diamonds was really dazzling, and added much to the enchantment of the fairy scene.

His majesty's face does not beam with intelligence, although it does with good-nature. His arms are beyond the usual length, and give him a baboon-like appearance. The *élite* of Genoa were in the parterre, in their gala dresses, many of them rich and rare, displaying the gems of art, enhanced by those of nature; I am quite sure that I never before beheld so much beauty.

Thus ended the Genoese carnival, where a loose has been given to passion and licentiousness, now to be reined up, checked, and atoned for, during Lent.

During this festive and uproarious season, I have had many a scene and adventure which I have not set down, and many an excellent dinner from my hospitable hosts. Yesterday I sat next, at their table, to a very beautiful woman, a Madame M——, who had lately come from Brunswick, bringing letters to the D——es, from the reigning Duke. She is on her way to Sicily, to join her husband, who is paymaster of the Brunswick Hussars. She is a young English lady, very lively, very gay, with a fine figure, handsome face, splendid hair, and white teeth. She has readily entered into all the gaiety of the carnival, talks as if she had been very intimate with Brunswick's Duke, and appears to have been quite long enough absent from old England, to have lost sight of its simplicities and prejudices.

Captain D. was there, and, as usual, lost his heart to this fair dame, notwithstanding he was assailed by a very beautiful Genoese lady, Madame P——, lately married to one of the society. This fascinating person teased him by playing all the airs his Ballerina used to practise—singing, sighing, and flirting with him. Although very young, she is the most finished coquette I have as yet met with, and has ventured to try her hand on me.

CHAPTER III.

Lent in Italy—The Protestants of Genoa—Tableaux vivants and acting charades—Hunt the slipper and Roger de Coverley—An English dinner—A lucky hit—A grand ball—Paganini thirty years ago—Singular taste in kissing—His Sardinian Majesty and Black Jack—La Bella Chiarina—Singular anecdote—A dinner party and its results—Dancing-school for gentlefolks—A bon enfant—The Marquis Spinola.

Genoa, Feb. 22d, 1815.

WHILST Lent is the order of the day, I borrow mirth wherever I can find it. In Catholic countries, this season is dull in the extreme, and the only places of public amusement open during this triste period are the churches. To be sure, the Colonial Society, (at the head of which are my hospitable hosts,) being Protestants, have had reunions almost nightly, where games of all kinds have been enacted. The representation of pictures, commonly called *tableaux vivants*, and acting charades, are also much in vogue.

As you may not have heard of this agreeable diversion, I will enlighten you by a brief description. The company are divided into two parties of ladies and gentlemen, and whilst one set *acts*, the other *guesses*. — *Per esempio:* the other night, the word *Ecolier* was performed admirably by one party. Echo, (the first division of the word) was done *à merveille.* Then a brigand was seen bound and tied, to represent the second division, *lier.* The whole was shown by the representation of a village school.

When my party came to the exhibition of their word, the Signore Maggiore was called on, and as English, or the learning of it, is here the rage, I fixed on *Consternation.* A second school, with Ruddiman's Grammar, and *conning*, was the commencement; then a tremendous bustle and *stir*, represented by the movement of chairs, tables, &c.; next, *nay*, by a suitor, dancing the proposing step, and getting a *nay*, or refusal; then *tie* (*the nuptial one,*) for the marriage ceremony was gone through. The last syllable was represented by everybody getting on the tables, sofas, chairs, &c. The entire word I undertook to enact, by getting the huge head of a wild boar, which had been killed in the Maremma, near Sienna, and placing the same on my own shoulders, then on my hands and knees, with an ample black man-

tle of Madame D.'s placed over me, I crept into the room, when the *Consternation* created was awful—hysterics, fainting, and screaming, being done to the life.

For lack of better amusement, hunt the whistle, and hunt the slipper, were sometimes called into operation. Performing feats to the sound of soft music, is likewise often part of the evening's amusement, and the whole is generally concluded by a dance, in which Sir Roger de Coverley plays a great part. The manœuvres introduced are far more complicated and extensive than in England, and sometimes the leading couple, which you are bound to follow, dance you through every apartment in the house, from the garret to the coal-hole.

As a help to get through this dull season, I have just given a grand spread to the younger members of my host's family, to Monsieur H., a Swede, and a celebrated banker here, as well as to numerous military friends. This magnificent affair took place at Signore Jerolomo's, the best *cuisinier* in Genoa, at his house, yclepped "the Hole in the Wall," where I advise all travellers to go, who are fond of truffles and morels, and who want to taste an excellent Genoese dish, called *lasagno*. Cards were the order of the night; play was high, as it generally is here;

and next morning, on calculating my outgoings and incomings, I found that I had won a horse, and four times the cost of my fête.

I do not think I recounted a lucky *coup* I made, not long after my first appearance at Genoa, and that in the house of my hospitable entertainer, young D., who, although I was playing with his honoured uncle, at a game called *maccau*, looked sharply after my interests. We sat down previous to our departure for the opera, a new one, which here inspires everybody with an anxiety to be present at its first rehearsal, and the exciting agitation it creates appeared to me quite ridiculous. It wanted twenty minutes to eight o'clock, the hour of commencing; a stop-watch was put on the table, or rather into the hand of my friend André, whilst I opposed his fine old relative at the aforesaid most gambling game. The result was, that when our accounts were squared, I rose, precisely at eight o'clock, a winner of two thousand three hundred and fifty Genoese dollars; each of which was in value eight francs, making the pretty little sum of nearly nineteen thousand francs. The old gentleman never asked for his revenge, and I have never played with him since. They say, "What is got over the devil's back, is spent under his belly." At all events, I squandered away the whole of the

above whilst on my trip to Milan, Como, Alexandria, and Pavia.

On the 9th of the month, the society gave a grand ball, and on the 10th the handsome Madame P. gave another. This reunion was splendid, the *petit souper* was *recherché*, and the *agrèmens* great. The latter, however, were for a brief space interrupted by two hostile heroes, one of which was my friend Captain D., the other, an officer of the foreign troop of light cavalry, attached to the army, of which Captain Jacks of the 20th Dragoons had been made commandant. The fair hostess, as was her wont, had been using two strings to her bow, or to speak in the language of Isaac Walton, "had thrown her wicked and coquettish fly (for fly, read eye,) over them, and rose two *pesce spada*, or sword-fish, hooked both, and had for some time been playing them off. The lines of the fair angler had got entangled about a *reel*, (or quadrille,) she having engaged herself to both, and neither liked to yield the fair prize they had long been contending for. The tug of war was great between these rival Leviathans, and the fair lady was forced, by way of ending the dispute, to relinquish the dance. What a pity dancing dames do not keep regular squad-books, with the names of those next for duty, duly arranged!

My dear friend André soon restored the harmony of the company, by exhibiting the most wonderful steps, sometimes graceful, at other times grotesque; he certainly possesses the poetry of music, or of motion, in his toes.

Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most *outré*, most extravagant, and strangest character I ever beheld, or heard, in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he had been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face, and long forehead; his hollow and deadly-pale cheek, large black eye, hookednose, and jet-black hair, which is long, and more than half-hiding his most expressive, most Jewish face; all these render him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the *tout ensemble* of the strange physiognomy of this most uncouth, and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as holy writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful, the most heart-rending tones from *one* string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident, and very poor. The D——s and the impressario of the theatre got up a concert for him the other night, which was well attended,

and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pronounce him the most surprising performer in the world.

I must not omit to mention my astonishment the other morning, when passing near the English main guard, at the moment of relieving the same, to see two navy captains in the full uniform of that distinguished branch of the profession, advance from opposite quarters, halt for a moment, surveying each other, and then with a shriek of joy rush into each other's arms, and commence kissing, with all the amorous frenzy of two long separated old maids! How the English guards stared and tittered! During the operation, the gold-laced cocked hat of one of the saluters was knocked off. Unconscious of our amaze, these gallant sons of the sea hooked on to each other, and strutted off arm in arm. One of them was the captain of the man-of-war that had brought his Sardinian majesty from Cagliari; the other was the commander of a corvette, which had anchored and brought dispatches that morning.

February 24th.—As we say in Ireland, yesterday was a great day entirely. His Sardinian majesty reviewed us, and I can assure you the royal corps made a gallant show, and my friend black Jack explained in the purest Italian to his

majesty, everything connected with artillery — bombs, grape, canister, and case; which were no jokes to render in Italian.

I was also this day made a happy man, by receiving a message from *La bella Chiarina*, wishing to speak with me. On arriving *chez elle*, I found her looking more lovely than ever; when she, blushing, admitted she was now forced to ask, what I had so often proffered and pressed, and which she had as often refused, viz., a little *argent comptant*. So anxious was I to be the cashier of this disciple of Plato, whom I had long since ascertained was not in favour with Plutus, that I had on a previous occasion procured one of those pretty paper *conques* that *bon bons* are presented in, and filled it with dollars to the amount of one hundred, with a pretty speech, offering the same on bended knee, and immediately quitting the house. This delicate *ruse*, however, did not succeed; for the maid was instantly dispatched to follow me with the money, and with an indignant message from her mistress, whose pride, she said, had been mortally wounded at my rash presumption. But the aspect of affairs was now changed. I acknowledged the high favour conferred on me; and stooping to kiss the fair dame's hand, said I would instantly proceed *chez moi*, and send her my whole stock in trade, which I did, amounting to 1120 livres.

On returning home after the review, I was informed, that a priest had been waiting a considerable time for the purpose of seeing me. This was the third or fourth time the Padre had presented himself; at least so my orderly told me. What the deuce can he want with me? said I to myself. "Tell him to call again; and that I am not at home." "Sir! he saw you come in; he declares he must see you; that it is a matter of the greatest importance." "Well, send him up;" and I stood gaping, wondering, and rather alarmed—having called up to my mind's eye, the holy inquisition, an *auto da fé*, and being roasted alive. The reverend padre walked in, with a serious and mysterious aspect.

"He looked like Lent, and had a holy leer."

I asked him to be seated; he said, "Signore, *we must be quite alone.*" I ordered the servants to withdraw, when the holy man began with much solemnity, at the same time making the sign of the cross, to tell me that he had been charged by a repentant sinner with an important mission; which was no less than that of returning to me some money which, as father confessor, had been deposited in his hands by a now penitent and relenting criminal, whose conscience could not rest till he had made his confession and this atonement, for having some time previously robbed

and cheated me. The padre added, that their holy calling demanded secrecy; and that I must ask no questions, but receive the money!

"And no bad thing either," thought I; especially, as the fair Claira had cleaned me regularly out two hours before. The priest, now again crossing himself, rose, and fumbling in his pocket, took out something wrapt in paper, and with solemn pomp placed it in the palm of my hand; and then, re-crossing himself, very politely bowed himself out. As the padre vanished, I, with breathless haste, broke the well-sealed package, and after tearing open four distinct envelopes, found one *half dollar!*

To-day, I dined with my friend B——, the commandant of the Italian levee, who is a fine fellow, and lately threatened to horsewhip the Spanish consul, who is a consummate puppy and conceited don. We had a large party; and priming myself well with champagne and other vinous fluids, I went off to have my share of a magnificent ball and supper, given by my charming and kind hostess, Madame D——. Here I performed wonders in the dancing line, having, by the assistance of jolly Bacchus, thrown off all my insular *gaucherie*; and I was complimented by my fair partners on my excellent waltzing and quadrilling, at which, on our first arrival, many of

my friends and myself had been rather awkward. There was a professor lived directly opposite the castle, whose business was to teach grown gentlemen to dance. My windows looked directly into his saloon of assembly; and little did my friends know, that I was enabled to watch all their movements. Each pupil arrived at a separate hour, all stealing in by stealth, and seeming ashamed of their errand; and Signore Tosso receiving each as he presented himself in the most secret and mysterious manner.

February 26th.—A delightful soiree at the Marquis S——ra's, who is really what the French call a *bon enfant.* His house is open once a week, to which I have the *entrée;* and not only for the evening, but for dinner as well. I have several of these weekly invitations, which you are expected not to be absent from, unless on some special occasion. My hospitable reception at Genoa can never be erased from my memory. The marchioness is very shy, quiet, and amiable. *Checco* (as his compeers still call him, as *ci-devant* republicans) loves much company, and *a little play.* Madame D—— and Madame O——, the two reigning beauties of Genoa, were both there. I looked more at the faro table than at them; and thus, in saving my heart, I lost my money.

March 1st.—Last evening, I was at a most agreeable *conversazione* given by Madame La Marquise de Spinola, at whose house his Sardinian majesty is domiciled. She, in true republican style, is called, for shortness, *Momina*, is very handsome, and very fond of gossip. Her husband is a very nice fellow, likes playing ecarté and billiards, and has a very nice table, where I exhibit very often. It was last evening crowded with the *haute noblesse*, male and female, to behold the players; of which, I had the honour of being one.

CHAPTER IV.

Return of Napoleon from Elba—Consternation of the Italians and delight of the British officers—A rendezvous—Italian society—A military dinner—Recollections of service—Diplomacy and bonnes fortunes—Labedoyere—A mess dinner—Sir Neil Campbell—His account of Napoleon's escape—The landing at Frejus—The bivouack—Encounter with the Prince of Monaca—Interview between Napoleon and the Prince.

Genoa, March 2, 1815.

This evening, the astounding intelligence has arrived here that the restless, ruthless Napoleon, has left his abiding place, and again broken loose upon the world. From all I saw and heard, and all I thought, when I visited Elba, I made sure such would be the case. But I had better recount how and when I became acquainted with the fact. I have just returned from dining with my kind and hospitable friend Mr. Hill, the representative of our sovereign at this court. A tolerable sized party were there congregated, and the wine as usual was circulated freely. When

my friend Percy was called out of the room, he was absent a short time; when he returned, he approached Mr. Hill, whispered, and again retired. What flashed across my mind I know not,—but this I know, that I appeared in some measure to ruffle Mr. Hill's equanimity, by saying, "I'll bet a thousand, Napoleon has escaped from Elba!" Our ambassador passed the wine, looked glum, and said nothing. Soon after, he himself was called out. My conjecture spread amongst the guests. Mr. Hill returned, took his seat, and was received by an anxious and almost breathless silence, which he at length broke by saying, "Maxwell was right, and sure enough Boney's off."

The party soon after broke up, in a most feverish state of excitement, and I rushed first to my friend Black Jack, my gallant chief, exclaiming as I entered, "Cheer up, cheer up, Othello's occupation's not yet gone!" and I forthwith proceeded to put him in possession of the important news I was the bearer of. He immediately rung the bell, and ordered a fresh bottle of lachrymæ christi, to enable us to do anything but weep over the glad tidings of great joy, which told us, that our professional career was not yet closed.

The gloomy face of my chief brightened—he

* The Hon. Algernon Percy.

directed his faithful Achates to provide a *petit souper* to celebrate the event; and tossing off a bumper of the lachrymæ, exclaimed, "Richard's himself again!" He then seized the *holy book* which he has ever near at hand, and exultingly holding the same up, cried "Max! do you not recollect what I told you and showed you at Elba?" and he proceeded to read aloud the 1st verse of the 13th chapter of the book of Revelation, beginning thus:—

"And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise out of the sea," &c.

We supped, and conjectured till we were tired, as to the course this bold, reckless, and daring adventurer would steer with his intrepid followers; amounting, as Mr. Hill had informed me, to upwards of eleven hundred men. The report said, that Napoleon and his suite had embarked at Porto Ferrajo, on the evening of the 26th February, on board his brig of war, (our one, the Partridge, being absent from her post,) followed by several smaller vessels, filled with troops; and that the only persons belonging to him left on the island of Elba, were his mother and sister, with their respective attendants, and some of the officers' wives. On the previous night to this, to lull suspicion, he had given a grand ball, at which his mother, his sister, his generals, Bertrand,

Drouet, Cambronne, his staff, their staff, and all the principal inhabitants of Elba, had assisted.

Not coming to any conclusion, I took my leave and retired to commit to paper this surprising account; first going, as in duty bound, to convey the information to my host and hostess, who were already in possession of it; the news having spread like wildfire through the city.

March 3rd.—The stirring news of the preceding day has set all the Genoese speculating. Some are ready for strife, some for revolt, according to their different politics; whilst the more sober and staid citizens, afraid of war, are seen in small groups in various parts of the town, in deep and earnest confab.

In the evening, I consoled myself by going to Monsieur Serra's, playing deeply and losing handsomely.

March 4th.—Bonaparte has landed in France, the torch is in his reckless hand, ready to light up the flames of civil war in his adopted country, as he has been in the habit of styling *la belle France*, which he wants again to brutify and besmear with blood—thus to re-enact the *jeu de mots* of the Ghent butchers, when he visited that renowned city, who, when voting an address to his imperial majesty, aptly commenced the same by saying, "Les petits bouchers de Gand, à Napoleon le grand."

I like *coups*, but this appears to me a wonderful and desperate one. He has got the devil's dice-box in his hand, and is about to play *hazard* with a vengeance.

He has landed, report says, at the small fishing village of Cannes, close to Antibes, a seaport of France, whose harbour will only admit small vessels; it is not far from the Piedmontese and Genoese frontier. The news spread along the coast, and reached this amazed city like a flash of lightning, to dazzle all ranks. On the 6th, Lord William Bentinck arrived from Florence, and all looks warlike.

> "There was mounting 'mongst Greames of the Netherby clan
> Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran."

Orders issued, clerks writing, couriers starting, guns mounting, drums beating, trumpets sounding, troops parading—everything denoting the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." And once more, as Shakspeare has it—

> "The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
> Up to his knees in blood."

March 7th.—To-day I proceeded with my palefrenier and a led horse, to meet my fair friend La Signora Savio at the place of *rendezvous* appointed by her, where I found her seated in her carriage awaiting my arrival. It was rather in

a sequestered part of the road, in the neighbourhood of the town of Sestri; and on seeing me she quitted her vehicle, and proceeded to put on her riding habit in the public highway. It is only handsome women can afford to take such liberties.

In the evening, I went to my friend the Marquis of S——s, and was instructed in a Genoese game called goffo, and afterwards played *écarté*, at which I made some lucky hits. At these nocturnal meetings I have become intimate with Le Marquis C—e, who, although a youngish man, has buckled to with the mother of the fair hostess of this hospitable and princely mansion; notwithstanding which, it strikes me he occasionally casts a "sheep's eye" at the beautiful Marchioness O——.

The husband also of this lady's bosom friend and inseparable companion, the lovely Louisa Durrazzo, at the head of the beauty as well as the birth of the nobles of this once renowned republic, is also a constant frequenter here, and with him I have also become very intimate. He is a little fellow, very good-natured, but ill-matched with the sparkling, splendid Louisa; who, with her tall, stately, and elegant form, and noble features, always reminds me of a high-bred deer in all its forest pride, ready to bound over the plain.

I ought to mention, that on my return this day from Sestri, I found letters from Naples. My fair hieroglyphic correspondent is full of excitement and suspense. The news has just reached her of the flight of the Phœnix from Elba. Everybody is on the *qui vive* and alarm as to the result. Even the Princess of Wales had ordered a letter to be written to me, directing me to look out for a suitable abode for herself and suite. I have consulted my friends the D——s, who recommend the *Scoglietta*, a palace on the sea-shore, with splendid accommodation and large gardens, but at present occupied by a commissary of artillery's Lady, Mrs. V——, whose lord is absent.

March 9th.—Yesterday I dined with my game old adversary at Maccau, André's uncle, who entertained us well. A host of bankers and other monied men were present. No play, but much speculation and some betting connected with the movements of the astounding and astonishing Nap. Rumour is full of him, and he fills the world with it.

In the evening, I joined a party of convivials at my chief's house, who had given a dinner to commemorate the anniversary of the landing of the British troops, under the immortal Abercrombie, on the burning sands of Egypt, where my friend Jack had assisted as a captain of artillery; for which service he has constantly ap-

pended to his button-hole, a piece of yellow ribbon. I regretted much that my previous engagement had debarred me the honour of feeding in company with the assembled heroes. I arrived in time to hear some of their battles fought over again. I was regaled with crescents and cholera; ophthalmia and scarcity of provisions; the patience of the soldier under privation; their paucity of numbers and proud successes; the French invincibles; the battle of the 21st; the death of Abercrombie, and the final surrender of the French army, and the proud page all this will make in the annals of England.

Napoleon, sphinxes, pyramids, pillars, and the part he there acted, were mixed up with all this, as well as his present wonderful escape.

I again this day dined with my kind friend Mr. Hill. I knew he had got dispatches from the scene of action, but,

"Silence had pressed her seal upon his lips."

He was the diplomatist again, and he said little or nothing on the subject. On the first occasion, he was a man of too good sense not to be aware that such news as Napoleon's escape could not keep. Everybody else at table but our ambassador discussed the matter freely; even Monsieur

Strongonoff, the Russian charge d'affaires, to whom I sat next, was pleased to whisper strange sounds of fear.

This northern, by-the-bye, is a great admirer of *La belle Claire.* He has not the appearance of a formidable rival, being an ill-favoured, lank, tallow-candle looking personage; but he has the reputation of being a great ladies' man, with many *bonnes fortunes.*

As we were sipping our coffee, a stranger entered, and it was instantly buzzed about the room, that the 7th regiment of the line had proved false to their king and colours, and had joined the Emperor's standard. Still more extravagant stories were abroad; and later in the evening, at a ball at Madame Centurione's, another of the beautiful and fascinating noblesse of Genoa, I found the most extravagant fancies abroad, proving that

> "Rumour is a pipe,
> Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
> And of so easy and so plain a stop,
> That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
> The still discordant wavering multitude,
> Can play upon it."

At mess to-day the cloth had been but a short time removed, and the wine in circulation, when in walked no less a personage than Sir Neil

Campbell, looking very like a discharged lacquey, with the air of Doctor Pangloss, when he was an L.L.D.L. and A.S.S. Sir Neil, for he had now that honour tacked to his name, had been at our commandant's, and finding he was dining at the mess, came there. All eyes were turned on him as he took a seat near me, and the conversation soon turned on Napoleon and his rash and extraordinary enterprise. The gallant colonel, as if playing the wily Napoleon's game, had been induced to visit Leghorn and Florence. It was whispered, a tender *liaison* was the cause of his absence from his post. Be that as it may, during his absence Napoleon and his followers embarked and steered for the coast of France, making the land in the neighbourhood of Antibes. I give the recital in the words of my gallant countryman.

Napoleon, with his small fleet, came in sight of Antibes about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 1st of March. The brig that contained him, stood into the bay, fired two guns, and hoisted the tri-colored flag. A few of the inhabitants of that part of the coast assembled on the beach to take a peep at the intruders, but could not come to a conclusion as to the cause of their hostile display. It was, however, generally conjectured, that they were Algerines; for they mis-

took the white stripe in the once renowned tricolor for a yellow one. About one o'clock, the flotilla, (consisting of seven vessels, having Napoleon and his followers on board, amounting to about twelve hundred fighting men,) came to an anchor in a small bay not far from Cannes, and a boat then pushed off from the brig, having about twelve persons on board, and landed on the beach. Upon the health-officer approaching, and demanding from whence they came, and their object, they gave a short and evasive answer to his question, declaring they were discharged soldiers from the island of Elba, going to their respective homes; and pressing into their service two or three small fishing boats lying idle on the strand, they launched the same, and some of their party entered them, and again returned on board. These boats returned filled with armed men; other boats were then seized, and did likewise.

Napoleon himself landed about three o'clock in the afternoon, in his grey surtout and little cocked-hat. He took post under an adjacent tree, to witness and superintend the rest of the disembarkation; and as his followers in succession reached the shore, they cheered the Emperor —he in return, every time he was so greeted, moved his three-cornered chapeau and smiled.

About dusk, almost everything and everybody were on shore, and "*aut Cæsar aut nullus*" was the cry.

Earlier in the day, officers had been sent off on the main road, and on all the roads, to reconnoitre and bring intelligence; and twenty-five picked men were thrown forward through Cannes and Antibes as an advanced guard, while twenty-five more were moved forward in other directions as *videttes*. These intrepid campaigners lit their fires close to the beach, and prepared their bivouac with as much glee and confidence as if they had just gained the battle of Austerlitz.

About this time two guns, a howitzer, and Napoleon's carriage, were landed. This completed the disembarkation, and a mattrass, with its accompaniments, was spread for the Emperor under the afore-named tree, on which his majesty lay down, and covering himself up, to the exclusion of his head, from the external air, slept soundly until an hour after midnight, when the march commenced towards Cannes, which, being close at hand, they soon reached. Napoleon and the troops remained outside the town, but his officers entered the village, roused up the inhabitants, and made a hearty supper at their expense.

About three o'clock in the morning, the prince

of Monaco, who has a small principality, situated on the sea-coast, between the county of Nice and the Genoese territory, was quietly and peaceably returning *chez lui*, dozing most comfortably, and never dreaming of invasion, when his carriage was rudely and suddenly stopped by one or two of the old guard, with Count Bertrand at their head, and the agreeable information was conveyed to his highness that he was a prisoner. Of course, his surprise at this rude salutation was increased tenfold when he was informed he was the prisoner of Bonaparte. Bertrand and the Prince had been most intimate friends, having both been at the same period chamberlains to the Emperor.

The Prince was now conveyed to where Napoleon was, whom he found walking about on the sand. On approaching, the Emperor said, "*d'ou venez vous?*" To which the Prince replied. He then took a turn, with his hands behind his back, suddenly halted, remained in deep thought for a minute or two, and then said, "*Est ce que vous avez des nouvelles?*" To which the Prince in the most respectful way replied, "*Rien, sire.*" Napoleon again resumed his meditative mood, which he soon after broke with another question, "*Les Francais est-ce qu'ils aiment les Bourbons beaucoup?*"

The monosyllabic response of the master of Monaco, must have struck a dagger to the soul of Napoleon. It was, " *Oui, sire.*"

Napoleon, then, in rather a perturbed state, promenaded for some time with hasty strides, when suddenly halting and facing the Prince, he said, " *Vous pouvez suivre votre route; vous entendrez parler de moi avant le vingt quatre.*"

Meaning, I presume, with the calculation of a general taking the field, after allowing for difficulties, the length of his marches, &c., that by that day he would reach Paris. This is a natural conclusion. For we have had the news confirmed of Labedoyere and his regiment having joined Napoleon's standard. The bold and adventurous way in which he presented himself to that corps, was a perfect *coup de theatre*, which I am too tired to add to this lucubration.

CHAPTER V.

Lord W. Bentinck—His reinstatement as Commander-in-Chief at Genoa—The delight of the troops—The blonde beauty of Genoa—Breaking the Faro bank—The Princess of Wales—A difficult game—Supineness of the Bourbons—Intrigues of Murat—Panic of the English in Italy—Peter Linnet—A digression—A cruise—An African Prince—An English Lord——Arrival of the Princess of Wales at Genoa—Her dandy courier—Interview with the Princess—Her habits and conversation—The treachery of Marshal Ney—His junction with Napoleon—Flight of Louis XVIII.

Genoa, March 21st, 1815.

I HAVE already hinted, that at the period of my return, a certain baronet was left in command of the army, during Lord William's absence, and report was rife, of his having poisoned the Sardinian monarch's ear, by emptying his scandalous chalice into it, making the simple Sardinian believe, that his lordship was so embued with the republican principle, that he held the divine right

of kings in abhorrence. The on dit was, that this had preyed so on the monarch's mind, that he had addressed a remonstrance, through his minister, to the Congress of Vienna, saying, that if Lord William again reassumed the command, not only his throne, but his person, was in jeopardy. Lord William's wrath and indignation, when he heard this, (notwithstanding his cold phlegmatic temper, which he inherits from his Dutch descent, as also from the long period his diplomatic character had schooled him in the art of suppressing his feelings,) occasionally burst forth, and I heard him, on one occasion, at his own table, talk with bitter irony of the imbecile long-armed baboon.

Be all this as it may, the firebrand of contention between the lord and the baronet soon spread; Lord W. was beloved, the other detested, and the spark of friendship spread forth in a blaze among the staff of the army. I myself ranged as one of the heads of the movement party, and the result has been, that the heads of departments, this day, gave a grand dinner to his lordship, to commemorate his resumption of the command of the army, their esteem for him, and their utter abhorrence of Sir J. D., their late commander, who was deprived of the same, by a most energetic and severe general order. When

the cloth was removed, Doctor B., the head of the medical staff, who had been placed as chairman, got up, uttered a short and pithy preface, and proposed, "The health of Lord William Bentinck," which was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Lord William, as I have before observed, is a shy man, retired both in his manners and his habits, and certainly with no pretensions to be an orator. The occasion which had called forth this meeting, the groundless accusations which had gone abroad to his prejudice, his consequent indignation, had roused his feelings, and awakened his energy. Rising in his quiet way, still apparently unmoved, with his head on one side, and his right hand stuck into the breast of his waistcoat, he said,

"Gentlemen—I have now had the honour of commanding the Mediterranean army for upwards of four years, during which period, I have had opportunities of knowing you all well; and I trust you all know me. I have courted no man's favour, and I fear no man's malignity. As heads of departments, whom chance has this day brought together, I am happy to meet you, and to tell you, I approve of your conduct publicly, as commander-in-chief, and I esteem you all, individually, as friends."

This brief oration produced a great effect, and was most enthusiastically received ; for all must admit, that the object of the entertainment, and the subject of the speech, was one on which " the least said's the soonest mended." His lordship's speech was pithy, and to the purpose, as all military eloquence ought to be.

Later in the evening, I visited the Marquis Serra's, where there was, as usual, a brilliant assemblage of Genoese beauty ; amongst others, the Marchioness ——, who honoured me by taking an interest in my dashing, reckless, harum-scarum manner of playing, and occasionally placing herself behind my chair, did me the kindness to select three cards for me ; on all of which I staked largely, and won cleverly, much to the lovely lady's delight. We have only a kind of ogling acquaintance as yet.

" Her eye discourses ; I will answer it."

Not that there is any stiffness or formality observable in these charming and almost nightly re-unions ; but I suppose my respect and admiration for this beautiful *blonde*, this fairest of the fair amongst the Genoese noblesse, keeps me tongue-tied, not to mention that I might get my ears boxed by the gentle Claire, who has spies *partout*.

Madame S.'s husband, is, like myself, fond of a little play, and is a very clever person, although no beauty; whilst his *cara sposa* is in the first class, and I am told, is vastly agreeable, a first-rate musician, rides well, and dances beautifully. I have had personal observation of ———, her mother. La Marchesa di ——, is the most talented woman in Genoa; her father was ambassador at the court of St. James's; her brother, the young Marquis de ——, is also talented, and in the diplomatic service of France, from which country he takes his title. The fair lady herself, whose birth, parentage, and education, I have thus set forth, is also witty, clever, and with only nineteen summers on her shoulders; on which said shoulders, her head is placed in the most graceful and bewitching manner, supported by a round and polished neck, which might shame the lily with its whiteness; and her lovely and expressive countenance blushes like a vernal rose, at the sense of its own beauty. Her *tout ensemble* I will give you, in the words of my immortal countryman, Robert Burns:

> "Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
> Her skin is like the swan;
> Sae jimply laced her genty waist,
> That sweetly ye might span."

I remained very late, broke the bank, (Farone

the game,) and absolutely had such quantities of dollars collected before me, that they looked more like piles of shot and shells in Woolwich warren, than anything else. I then, to show my indifference for money, took the bank myself, and lent to every one that asked, till I was regularly cleared out, and have now returned rich in love, but poor as a church-mouse.

This was my first votive offering to the beautiful marchioness, to whom I wished to exhibit my carelessness for money, her company being my sole object for staying so late. I am now going to seek repose, and console myself with the words of Horace,

"Dulce est desipere in loco."

My kind landlord has brought to a conclusion the negociation about the house for her royal highness, and everything is now prepared for her reception. This awkward affair did not terminate until I went to Lord William, who assisted me in dislodging Madame V., who seemed determined not to yield, looking on "Possession as nine points of the law;" or, perhaps, as many here I am sorry to say do, set on by their politics, looking on the royal wanderer, as they would a dog with the hydrophobia. Indeed I have reason to know that "the powers that be" here would

sooner see Old Nick than the Princess; knowing the difficulty of serving both God and Mammon; for, by pleasing her, they offend elsewhere, and *vice versâ;* and the "elsewhere," is of far more importance to them and their official existence, than any other, where they have, in fact, a very difficult game to play; for a slight to the Regent's wife might be resented, and yet too much attention would certainly give offence.

Yesterday, the D—e had letters from Naples, from her royal highness's banker there, saying, that the Princess had acceded to the terms; that a frigate had been ordered for the purpose of conveying her, and due intimation had been sent to the authorities, of the royal intention to visit Genoa.

Murat's threatened movements have put all the world in motion. On one side of us, his brother-in-law, the great Napoleon; on the other, the confidence placed in British protection, and a strong fortress, garrisoned by the soldiers of Britain, make Genoa the centre of attraction, and fugitives from all quarters will here congregate.

March 23rd.—I have before mentioned, that Murat was critically situated, and at first fulfilled the fable of "the ass between the two bundles of hay," not knowing which side to turn to. It

appears by to-day's news, that his resolve has been taken, and he has again turned to the side, and thrown himself into the arms of his old master, and has thrown down the gauntlet, by making a hostile advance, and arriving at Ancona, full of his favourite plan of rescuing Italy from the iron gripe of Austria. Many have doubted whether Napoleon's design of landing in France was entrusted to Murat. But from all I saw and heard, in allusion to the military preparations going on at Naples, and the inuendos about "Pere Violette" et "le petit caporal," and which I also remember were occasionally bandied about in the boat that carried me from Leghorn to Elba, I have no doubt that when I was at Elba and Naples, and whilst the old Bourbons, with their antiquated, mindless, and incapable councillors, were quietly snoozing at the Tuileries, this vast and extended project, with its countless ramifications, was going on. Still, not one of their friends, ministers, and minions, had talent or discrimination enough to discover or develope a scheme that was to shake their feeble throne from its foundation. Such unheard of stupidity and supineness must eternally disgrace the unworthy descendants of Louis in the eyes of posterity, who will deem their fate a just one, and reckon them unworthy of reigning in, or watching over the des-

tinies of, the great kingdom entrusted to their care.

Lord William Bentinck had been in close observance of the pranks of King Joachim, both from Palermo and from Genoa, and I know for a fact that his lordship had written to Lord Castlereagh, early in the year, to put him on his guard. At the beginning of this year, Lombardy belonged to Austria, Genoa to Piedmont, and both, as I have before mentioned, much against their inclination. The Congress had the conflicting claims of Murat and the Neapolitan family, with old King Ferdinand of Sicily, to satisfy; besides, the urgent remonstrances of the Pope, at having Murat's revolutionary throne so contiguous to the papal dominions. In the month of February, I have lately been told, Lord Castlereagh announced to Congress, that Murat had failed in the performance of his promises; and that he had thus, in effect, exonerated the allies from theirs. Certainly, the attitude of King Joachim, when I was at Naples, was most imposing; he had possession of the Three Legations, Ravenna, Ferrara, and Bologna, and was in constant communication with the island of Elba.

All this leaves no doubt on my mind, that it has been a combined operation, and that the plan was concocted, that when Napoleon should touch

the shore of France, Murat should advance to the Po, display his banner, and declare Italian independence.

March 24th and 25th.—The English, like started hares, are all running upon Genoa. I observed several English families enter from the side of Nice, others from that of Turin, and some from Florence, via Lerici. In the mean time, the Pope has left Rome, the Princess of Wales has left Naples, and *hurry-scurry* is the word.

The two last days not having furnished me with materials for a long lucubration, I may as well here note, that soon after my return from my travels, my *compagnon de voyage*, poor Peter Linnet, was forced to go into hospital, his long indulgence in too strong doses of alcohol having brought on affection of the brain. His place I have supplied by another faithful follower of mine, Thomas F., whom I have promoted from groom of the stall to groom of the chamber. He is also from the Emerald Isle, but of a very sober, staid temperament, with no mercury in his nature, and nothing of "The two o'clock in the day, and never a fight in the fair, boys;" nothing savouring of "Donnybrook." He is meagre, hollow cheeked, sandy-haired, ascetic in his habits, inclined to have his own way, very imperturbable, and rather sour in his temper and looks. He ac-

companied me from Messina to Palermo, and from thence to Trepani, Girgenti, Marsala, and Malta, on our passage to which latter, we met surprising adventures, being nearly captured by corsairs, and ourselves in turn capturing a ship, after a sharp cannonade on our part, on a dark calm night. After blazing away at her for an hour or so, we gallantly proceeded to board, on doing which, we found nothing living but a dog! Thus, though we fought most gallantly with the empty ship, we ran away from the pirates.

My friend, Sir Robert Hall, commanding the Sicilian flotilla, had furnished us with one of his gun-boats, to take us from Trepani to Malta, at which place we embarked on board my brother's ship, the Alceste, which had just returned from the Adriatic, after her fight with three French frigates. There were angry feelings amongst the officers and men against the Actives, whom they alleged wanted to rob them of their due meed of praise. I never saw a crew more exasperated. My prudent and reserved brother, although he seemed to feel, never opened his lips to me on the subject.

We had Commodore Barrie as a prisoner of war on board, who commanded the Rivoli, and fought the Victorious, Captain Talbot, and was taken after a struggle, which the old French

commodore described to me, at the same time complaining of the false way we rated our ships of war, calling his opponent a seventy-four, when she carried, by his showing, *eighty-two guns!*

Amongst the motley group collected on board, was an African prince, with his suite, all in garb of palmers, with scrip and cowl, returning *via* Gibraltar, to Morocco, from a pilgrimage to Mecca, whither they had marched bare-headed, under a burning sun!

Mulley Hamet and myself became great friends; he gave me his name and address in Arabic, and I, at his request, handed him mine, in English. He told me, that on my return from England to Gibraltar, he would have there awaiting me, two splendid horses as a present. He seldom came into the captain's cabin, remaining constantly on deck with his attendants. I used sometimes to superintend their meals, which amused me much. It was *toujours perdrix*—always *pillau*—which they adroitly eat with chop-sticks.

His highness was about five-and-twenty, with a very kind, good-humoured face, and was nephew to the reigning Emperor of Morocco.

I may as well mention here, that the scripture was fulfilled to the letter, which says, "Put not your faith in princes;" for on my return to Gibraltar, I found that the Emperor's nephew

had entirely forgotten me and his own promises, which I looked on as good as the bank, considering a Mussulman's word as his bond.

We had another most unlicked cub of a lord, and his keeper, old Dr. A——g, also as passengers. The lord was in love in Sicily, and engaged to marry at Gibraltar; he was full of ills, bodily and mental; he had turned Catholic, and was ready to turn Turk, to get rid of his present *liaison*. He made me the depository of his griefs.

March 26th.—The curtain rose this morning upon a very different scene, a very different subject for this evening's lucubration. Tom Pipes (who had been so christened by one of my fair cousins whilst he was in England with me) presented himself at my bed-side, about seven o'clock, when I had just had my slumbers broken in upon, by the booming of cannon, which he informed me had originated in the Clorinde frigate, Captain Pechell, having anchored in the bay, with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on board. Having dressed, and breakfasted, I mounted my steed, and presently reached the spot where the Scoglietta Palace is situated, on a gentle declivity of the Apennines, and between two and three hundred yards distant from the margin of the sea, close to the old Mole, where

the whole of Lord Exmouth's fleet at one time lay, so that you could step on board from the shore. I arrived at the uncourtly and unceremonious hour of half-past ten, A. M., thinking it my duty to wait on her Royal Highness, to know if she approved of the house I had been the means of selecting as her abode.

Dismounting, and entering, I found seated in the hall, a stout, broad-shouldered, rather handsome-looking man, with curly auburn hair, mustachoed, and whiskered, up to a large pair of blue eyes, with a florid complexion, high forehead, a well-shaped nose, and a fine set of teeth. This hero, who, I am quite sure, I have before seen, was very tastefully arranged in a dandy courier's dress. On my approaching him, my gentleman, with a listless and rather supercilious air, did me the honour to rise, and ask what I wanted. He seemed a sort of chap one would have rather undertaken to sell than to purchase at his own price. He was tall, well-shaped, and exhibited a tolerable share of manly beauty, with the exception of his being considerably knock-kneed—not exactly a masculine beauty, whatever it may be reckoned in the Venus de Medicis.

I handed this Adonis my card, who leisurely walked off with it, holding it up to his bright blue eyes, to discover the name of the individual

who could presume to disturb the privacy of his royal mistress at so unseasonable an hour. The booted Mercury soon returned, and ushered me into a large and splendidly mirrored saloon; and I had only time to take one anxious peep at my figure, before the door of an inner room opened, and in walked, unattended, her Royal Highness. The affable Princess was apparently in the act of adjusting a black wig, which, in her hurry to receive me, she had put on rather awry, and I thought I perceived, peeping from underneath it, some of those tell-tales of time who make no distinction between the princess and the peasant, in the shape of a few straggling grey hairs.

Her Royal Highness received me most graciously, but had evidently been impatient to talk about her house, and the enormous rent that had been imposed on her by the D——es, which she said, she was sure Madame V. had not paid, nor would she.

A pause to this vituperation gave me an opportunity of hoping her Royal Highness had had a good passage, at the same time remarking on the roughness of the morning.

She replied, "O I am a very good sailor; I did turn out of bed at seven o'clock this morning, and did eat a beef-steak, and drink a whole bottle of porter!"

I bowed low to this astounding intelligence, and bethought me of the days of good Queen Bess. On repeating the circumstance to Captain P., whom I met in the course of the morning, he replied, that her Royal Highness might have added at least a pint of Madeira to the dose.

I was now led by her Royal Highness into several of the apartments, to show me her intended distribution of them. Trunks, portmanteaus, and bandboxes, were strewed about in happy confusion. I took the liberty (I rather think most incautiously) of asking after my friend Lady Elizabeth F., upon which her Royal Highness put on a most tigerish expression, which I had before observed on her entering a room, when her dark and curiously flashing blue eye lights up, as if she were ready to spring on her approaching prey. She shortly responded, "Do not talk of that woman!" Of course I ventured no farther queries about other acquaintances, having heard that Lady O. and her Royal Highness were no longer sworn friends, the bone of contention being, as was natural, the smiles of King Joachim.

The large suite that accompanied her Royal Highness, when I had the honour of seeing her at Rome, had dropped off one by one, and she has landed this morning with only one attendant, —Madame F., the banker's wife at Naples, most

likely employed by Murat to be a spy on her Royal Highness, as well as an observer and reporter of what is going on in Genoa. The Princess tells me she expects Lady Charlotte Campbell and Lady Glenbervie to join her.

I was at length invited to sit down, and encouraged, and intreated to give all the Genoese *chit chat*, which her Royal Highness listened to eagerly, and seemed especially to enjoy the *piquant* parts of it, which I introduced in the shape of the latest pieces of scandal in the Genoese beau monde.

The Princess, in return, told me, that it was her intention to live very retired, and to see nobody, adding, that she meant to ride a great deal on horseback, and flattered me, by saying she hoped I would sometimes accompany her. She also requested me to bring and present to her, Madame V., as she wished to thank her for giving up her house. This, I think, the lady does not deserve, after the difficulties she made and the manner in which she behaved, of which, however, I did not say a word to the Princess.

This visit lasted upwards of an hour, and I was glad when I was permitted to retire. Other domestics had landed, and on my egress from the apartments of the wife of the Regent of England, I saw no more of the coxcomical courier whose airs and graces had amused me so much.

During the day, detailed accounts have arrived of the wonderful proceedings of Napoleon. He has taken possession of Lyons, and was greeted as "Emperor" by the garrison, and re-assumed that title without the assistance of the Herald's College, and has prefixed to his public papers, "Napoleon, by the grace of God, and the Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French." He declares, moreover, that all changes made during his absence are null and void, and modestly dissolves the administration, military and civil, and confiscates the goods and chattels of the Bourbons.

Great expectations had been founded on the loyalty and adherence of Marshal Ney, who had gulled old Louis, by assuring him he would (as Tamerlane had been treated of old) bring Boney in an *iron cage* to Paris. He was accordingly dispatched to take the command of between twelve and fifteen thousand men, stationed (if my memory serves me right) at Lons le Saulnier, with which force he was to take Boney in the rear. But report says, Napoleon did not wait for this hostile demonstration at the hands of his old and distinguished marshal, but knowing his man, fearlessly advanced to Auxerre, when, instead of being attacked in the rear, he had a relief afforded him by the passage Ney made from one side to

the other, joining his forces to those of his imperial master.

The King, it appears, left Paris on the night of the 19th, for Lisle; Napoleon entered on the 20th. God pity the Frenchmen's throats, hoarse with bawling, "*Vive Louis dixhuit*" on one night —on the next, "*Vive Napoleon le grand!*"

April 1st.—To-day, I again made my bow to the Princess of Wales. On looking round the room, I found rather "a beggarly account of empty boxes," with the exception, that Lord and Lady G. had joined her Royal Highness. His lordship has a red nose, a bald pate, and a twinkling eye, full of good-humour. Her ladyship is a stiff, staid, prim old lady, whose formal and court-like habits must ill accord with the easy, kind, frank manner of the Princess.

I had a long confab with Madame F., the Neapolitan banker's wife, (now promoted to the rank of dame d'honneur,) on the affairs of Naples and Murat. It appears that this rash and ill-advised monarch changes his plans as readily as he changes his garments. As soon as the intelligence reached Naples, of the landing of Napoleon, he called together his council, and informed them of his determination to adhere to the cause of Austria and the allies; and a courier was immediately sent off to the Duke of Cam-

pochiaro, his minister at Congress, and his army was ordered to advance.

For days, Madame F. assured me, he was in a most agitated and distressed state of mind, during which period he had frequent interviews with the French officers at Naples. This vacillating conduct was attributed to the supposed failure of Buonaparte to get possession of Antibes. In short, poor Murat is evidently the victim of that doubt and fluctuation which attend all those who do not plan out and steer a straight-forward and determined course. When he heard Napoleon had reached and entered Lyons, this political weathercock turned short round, and took possession, as I have before said, of Ancona; on the 19th, entered the Pope's dominions; on the 22d, and with the main body of his army, has crossed the marshes, assailed the legations, and is about to declare the independence of Italy, pass the Po, and come to blows with Austria!

CHAPTER VI.

Reception of Pius VII. by the British troops—Interview with his Holiness—His dress, manner, and personal appearance—Procession of the Pope and Cardinals—A breach of etiquette—The Pope's levee—Toe-kissing—British politeness—Visit to Lady W. Bentinck—Interview with Cardinal Pacca—Singular coincidence—Audience of the Pope—Historical fact—The Pope and Napoleon—Singular anecdote—The Pope and Murat—The Princess of Wales's levee—Court etiquette—Presentation of the authorities—The Cardinals and the ladies—Probable attack on Genoa—Balls and dinners—Sporting anecdote—A match at ecarté.

Genoa, April 3, 1815.

Lord Willliam Bentinck having departed, which left my beloved chief (Black Jack) commander-in-chief, *per consequenza*, who but your humble servant to play first fiddle! Last night, over a bottle of *lachrymæ*, and before I went to view the illuminations, our arrangements were made, to receive with befitting form and ceremony, the sovereign pontiff. Orders

were issued to the respective heads of departments and corps, with the programme and part to be performed by each, in a ceremonial it has seldom fallen to the lot of we heretics to display, before the head of the arrogant, overbearing, and intolerant Church of Rome, whose proud pontiff was now a fugitive and a claimant for our protection. The old hackneyed Latin adage of "*Sic transit gloria mundi*,"* might well be applied here, if ever it was well applied. But I must turn to other topics.

After my dejeuné, I proceeded to head-quarters, when Jack dispatched me to the governor's, to ascertain (if possible) at what hour, and by what route, the Pope would arrive, as the British troops had been paraded at an early hour, and were lining the streets to receive and pay homage to his holiness. But his excellency, il Signore Governatore, who was a Piedmontese duke, knew nothing, and I returned again to L., who awaited the approach of the head of the Catholic church with as much *sang froid* and unconcern as he would the arrival of any expected common

* These words are pronounced by the Master of the Ceremonies, whenever a new Pope is elected; he first sets fire to a piece of tow, placed on the end of a gilt staff, and as it blazes and vanishes in smoke, as all earthly things do, he repeats, "Sancte pater, sic transit, &c."

guest. Meantime the troops were under arms, the artillery were ready with lighted matches, videttes were on the look out, and everything was duly prepared.

At length, about two o'clock, P. M., a royal salute was fired from the Mole-head battery, which announced to us that his holiness was approaching by sea. I was immediately dispatched, attended by two orderly dragoons, to receive and welcome the holy father at the landing-place.

I went up to him as soon as his fine old, saint-like, venerable figure had put its foot on the wharf, and approaching his sacred person hat in hand, bending low, to make my obeisance as profound as possible, said, (in Italian,) that I had been sent by the commandant of the troops to congratulate *Sua Sanctita* on his safe arrival at Genoa, and to hope he had not suffered from the fatigues of his journey. His holiness looked up in my face (for he was a little thin decrepit old man) with considerable doubt in the expression of *his*, and said, "*What troops?*" I presume he was led into this uncertainty by seeing me in a blue jacket with gold lace, my undress artillery uniform; and as we have no *barbarous* interferers with this army, I wore a huge pair of mustachoes. On my replying, *English*, and that I was an English officer, he immediately seized hold of my

hand, and in the most energetic manner, said, he was under great obligations to the English, and that he loved and respected them much, and felt happy and safe now that he was amongst them.

Pius the Seventh, as he stood before me, I observed, wore a kind of Greek capote cloak or tunic, a sacerdotal vestment, made of white challis, or cachmere, which hung loose about his person, with the exception of its being fastened by a girdle, or cord, round his waist. To the capote was attached a hood or cowl, fringed with gold, that hung over his shoulders. The dress was extremely long, loose, large, and touched the ground; thus hiding from public gaze the toe that kings of old were wont to kiss. On his head was placed a high white cap, apparently of *felt*, and representing a mitre, or episcopal crown, but quite plain. Round his neck was a rosary, consisting of very large-sized beads, on which he could count fifteen Ave-Marias and fifteen Paternosters; of what material the beads were composed I know not; they looked like Roman pearls of great size. To this rosary was appended a very large crucifix. His *tout ensemble* inspired me with awe and reverence; his countenance was radiant with goodness, and appeared the most placid, saint-like, and

divine, that I ever remember to have looked upon.

As all movements are made in the narrow, levelling, and unaristocratic streets of Genoa in sedan chairs, (four wheeled carriages being never used,) the Pope was placed in one; whilst I, the only *heretic* in the procession, (in which ten red-legged and red-capped cardinals walked,) had the honour of pacing by his side, his holiness some times holding my hand, whilst at others he rested his own pale emaciated one on mine, as it held on by the window of his portantino; that is to say, when it was not employed counting his beads, or making the sign of the cross as he passed the weeping, the kneeling, and even prostrate multitude. Some were viva-ing *Nostro Santo Padre*— others shedding tears of joy, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, and all showing the most extravagant and enthusiastic signs of fervent and fanatic joy, at possessing God's vicegerent upon earth within their walls; and on this solemn and interesting occasion, I must in justice say, that the softer sex were the principal performers. Among them I observed my beautiful Marchioness and the "unjust Calista," the latter looking like the most exquisite and perfect personification of a weeping Magdalen.

The procession was led by a cross-bearer, carrying a large and massive silver cross, followed by four of the cardinals,—who were more particularly distinguished by their red stockings, their "purple and fine linen" being either laid aside, or covered by outer and more convenient travelling garments. Two walked by the side of the chair, one of which was Cardinal Pacca, the Pope's prime minister; the others followed. Monseigneur Doria, a little, active, young-looking fellow, bustled about in all directions, and did duty as aide-de-camp, not a very sanctified situation for a bishop. He was quite at home on the present occasion, being a Genoese by birth.

We first bent our steps to the *Madre Chiesa*, or cathedral, a large, gloomy, gothic building, which his holiness blessed, and where a short mass was performed. The procession then moved on, and descending a rather steep hill, reached the *Piazza delle fontane Amorose*, where commences the main, broad, and beautiful streets called *Strada Nova*, *Strada Novissima*, and *Strada Balbi*, at the end of which range stands the palace assigned for the abode of the holy father. On this line, three thousand British troops were drawn up, facing inwards, with sufficient space between their ranks to permit the procession to pass through; and here was my honoured friend

and commander "Black Jack," with the whole of the staff &c., ready to receive and greet the Roman pontiff.

On reaching this *Piazza*, I explained to his holiness that it would be necessary to halt for an instant, that I might have the honour of presenting the British commandant. The crowd, the screaming, and the shouting was here tremendous, and I had much difficulty in lugging up my friend Jack, whom I named, when I had got him sufficiently near to his holiness's sedan. The Pope instantly rose and pushed out his delicate hand from the portantino, expecting, (no doubt,) as belonging to a sovereign prince, that it would receive a respectful kiss from the untutored and unsophisticated Jack. No such thing: to my horror and dismay, in a rough, soldier-like manner, he gave it a hearty British squeeze, and in his best Italian said, he was delighted to see his holiness in Genoa. The Pope seemed highly delighted with this truly *John-Bull-like* reception.

My friend now arranged himself on the right side of the sacred sedan, to the exclusion of Cardinal Pacca; I again taking post on the left. As soon as the pageant entered the line of armed men, the 14th regiment presented arms, and its band struck up our national air, which all the

British regiments did in succession as his holiness passed. The staff officers, taking their stations two abreast, accompanied him, amidst the acclamations of the assembled population, who naturally were struck with wonder and surprise, to behold the head of the Roman church in the midst of heretics, guarded by British soldiers and surrounded by British officers, all uncovered, and rendering homage and respect to the holy father, who continued to hold the hand of the wildest and most unreclaimed heretic in Genoa.

During our progress, the Pope asked me several questions with respect to places and persons, crossing and blessing every one as he passed along; many a sign of the cross, and many a benediction, consequently fell on my head before it reached the kneeling supplicants it was intended for.

When we arrived at the Palazzo D., his holiness retired for a few minutes into an inner chamber, and then returned to hold a kind of levee. The saloon was filled with British and Sardinian officers, whilst Cardinal Spinola performed the office of Master of the Ceremonies.

His holiness, on returning to the presence chamber, first asked for the Governor of the town, who, in gala dress, and covered with stars and orders, fell absolutely prostrate on the

floor, and crawled up to the sovereign pontiff, and most devoutly and affectionately embraced one of his toes!

The next on the list was the commandante, Delle Truppe Inglesi, when my friend Jack again stepped to the front, I concluding that the example of the Piedmontese governor would not be lost on the British representative, and that he would now act in a more becoming and respectful manner in the royal presence. The Pope again presented his hand, when the commandant, like an English mastiff, again seized it and gave it another hearty shake, in such guise, that I am quite sure, had there been any blood in it, it would have been forced to the tips of his pontifical fingers! And, as before, court etiquette was totally forgotten; instead of waiting to be dismissed from the royal presence, he again, after repeating his delight at seeing his holiness, gave him a familiar nod, and said, he was sure he must be tired after his journey, and wished him "good night;" telling him, he would have the pleasure of seeing him the next morning.

Thus ended a most extraordinary and interesting ceremonial, which in these turbulent and unstable times will do much for our cause in Genoa, and must have astonished this bigoted people, by proving to them how tolerant our religion is

in comparison with their own, and with what respect and attention we treat it; at the same time, that we give them a hint, how readily we could muster 3,000 British bayonets, to keep the riotous and disaffected under proper subjection.

I went by invitation to Lady William Bentinck's this evening, to recount to a select party the occurrences of the day.

April 4th.—This morning early an orderly arrived, to say my chief wanted me; so away I went, and over our morning meal we discussed the affair of the preceding day; I informing him of the fair assemblage of the preceding evening, and of Lady William's determination, as well as of all the ladies she had collected around her, to be presented to the Pope. Some resolved to crave the boon of sinning with impunity; others to get a *brêveté de pape*, to wear short waists and long petticoats; whilst nothing would satisfy another fair dame, whose husband was absent, but a papal bull!

I was then dispatched to his eminence, Cardinal Pacca, secretary of state, to know when it would be convenient for his holiness to receive in due form the staff of the army, heads of departments, and the officers commanding corps; and if possible, to arrange this ceremony for the next day, and at the same time to ascertain at what

hour this day the holy father would be pleased to give an audience to the immaculate John L——, our immediate commander-in-chief.

I was most graciously received by the Cardinal, and accomplished every part of my mission. It was arranged that I was to accompany the commandant, and that we were to be received at mid-day. We accordingly went, Jack in his morning dress, of a very ancient fabric; and mine not much better, with the addition of the uncourtly costume of overalls. We stood for a short time in the ante-room, amidst crowds of Genoese and Piedmontese nobles in court dresses, with ribbons and stars, making the contrast with ourselves quite laughable.

I took this opportunity of remarking to Monseigneur Doria, who was in full canonicals, and the aide-de-camp in waiting, that it was a strange coincidence that I had been selected on this occasion to receive his holiness on his entrance into Genoa; as about five years previous, when he before wished to place himself under British protection, a brother of mine commanded the frigate that had been sent to the mouth of the Tiber to carry his sacred person to Sicily. Monseigneur had a perfect recollection of the circumstance, and seemed to enjoy and hail it as a forerunner to our better acquaintance.

We did not wait long, and had the preference bestowed on us of being first called. As we jostled through the crowd, I took the liberty of entreating my chief to have a little more ceremony as well as humanity, and urged him to make peace with the little delicate hand he had so cruelly maltreated on the previous day, by imprinting on it a kiss of contrition. Having thus, half in joke and half in earnest, ventured to tutor my commanding officer, a person, who, oft times, would neither be led nor driven, we were ushered into a large, long, and lofty saloon, at the farther end of which we observed his holiness seated, and quite alone. The moment we entered, the successor of St. Peter arose and advanced to meet us; and I was charmed to observe that my *schooling* had not been thrown away, for my noble commander, who was in advance of me, made a sort of genuflection, and seizing the hand of Pius, lifted it to his lips. I followed this excellent example, and thus far all was right.

His holiness led us to the upper end of the apartment, and insisted on our being seated, and recommenced the repetition of the great obligations he felt under to the English, and his admiration and esteem of them, and added, that if Murat advanced farther, such was his confidence

and reliance in that great nation, that he had made up his mind to put himself on board a man-of-war, and sail direct for England. This he repeated twice. Here is an "historical" fact for messieurs the book-makers!

L—— replied to the high honour intended the Prince Regent, in his best Italian. The Pope paused, and the conversation dropped. I then had recourse to the circumstance of the Alceste, and my gallant relative, which I introduced by remarking, how strange it should so turn out, that it should fall to my lot to have the high honour of receiving his holiness, and to be the first British officer to meet him, and that my brother, who had for weeks awaited that honour, off the Tiber's mouth, when his holiness wished to free himself from French persecution, should have been disappointed. Pius recollected the circumstances well, and gave a short account of its failure. This led to Napoleon, and his relentless treatment of him. His holiness expressed great soreness and irritability on this subject; his hatred of the French is something quite extraordinary, and the old man ground his teeth together as he spoke of them; he also said, that he had told Napoleon, who wanted to dictate to him, that sooner than such should be the case, he would mount to the top of the dome of St.

Peter's, and there die in defence of his dominions and people, as being then the real *Head of the Church of Rome!*

Singular as this remark may seem, I declare it is a literal translation of what the holy father uttered. He continued for some time on this theme, and at length grew so excited, and spoke so quick and so thick, that I could not follow the thread of his discourse. Even the Pope, it seems, can have some of the devil in him, for the old gentleman was certainly very bitter on this occasion; although his general manner is most mild, gentle, and pleasing.

After another pause, the conversation turned on Murat, whom, he informed us, the other day, had requested him to go to Bologna, to crown and acknowledge him as king of Naples. But the Pope replied, that as the Congress was still sitting, and that as he was himself an interested party, he could not interfere. Murat replied, that he was certain of being acknowledged king of Naples; but the obdurate Pope would not yield to Joachim's solicitations.

Here the holy father again became loquacious, and at the same time facetious, and shrugging up his shoulders, said, "Eh! cosa volete? There is a certain Signore Ferdinando, king of Sicily, who also says he is king of Naples;" and with

another shrug of the shoulders he added, "Who am I to believe? cosi, bisogna aspettare—he must wait the decision of Congress."

We now took an affectionate leave of the Santa Padre, with whose manners and conversation we were both charmed; and, although with all the *bonhommie* and kindness possible, he wanted to shake hands with the commandante Inglese, the ceremonious Jack insisted on again saluting the papal paw.

Thus ended our popish doings; but the affairs of the day in the same line were not half accomplished. In the evening, we proceeded to the house of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, where all the British officers, with their wives and grown-up daughters, were assembled, for the purpose of being presented. Lady William Bentinck did the honours for the female part of the community, my honoured chief for the male, having been himself introduced by me to Doctor Holland, who then presented him to the Princess. Jack went through the official part of the ceremony with all the ease and grace of an old courtier.

Court etiquette is always more or less fatiguing to novices; standing bolt upright as if you had swallowed a ramrod, and being *sur-pied* for two hours, is no joke; so we retired from court,

with more pleasure than ever Gil Blas experienced on approaching it.

April 5th.—Jack, now in all his glory, became what Shakespeare describes,

"A man in all the world's new fashion planted ;"

a regular bred courtier. He this morning presented to the Pope the commanding officers of regiments, heads of departments, staff, &c., together with a sprinkling of travelling milordi; which reminds me of an anecdote:—The padrone of a felucca coming into port the other day, was hailed, and asked what he had on board. His reply was, "Rice, and milordi."

The imposing ceremony just referred to went off beautifully, and we all, in succession, kissed his holiness's hand, which seemed mightily to please him. He sat in a kind of chair of state, with his tiara and stole on; a cardinal stood on each side, with purple stoles, his holiness being, however, all in white. A stole is a long robe or vestment, worn over the surplice; and a cardinal, when he is in full costume, is like a fiery furnace, with red shoes, red stockings, red hat, purple vestment, and scarlet housings for his horse. All this, folks allege, is as an emblem of his readiness to shed blood for the Catholic cause.

April 6th.—This day our chief presented to his holiness all the ladies of the garrison; amongst others, Lady William Bentinck, Lady Bradford, the Ladies Bingham, Lady Sandwich, and Lady Elizabeth Alexander. In the anteroom, before the presence-chamber was thrown open, we had great fun, and whether it would be necessary to kiss the Pope's toe or not, was the general topic of conversation. For my part, I took the liberty of recommending to one young lady, my own mouth, as a fitter subject of the two for her to caress, which she promised she would do, when I had killed Napoleon.

April 7th.—Murat's troops have entered Tuscany, and we expect the Grand Duke here immediately. Either his court-like position has turned my chief's head, or I have lost his confidence, or he has been sworn to secresy, for he has evidently heard of some great event, of which he is so full that there is no approaching him. I wish he would turn his mind to put Genoa in a better state of defence. This, I have oftimes urged him to, but without effect. My opinion is, that we shall be attacked; at all events, I flatter myself with an active campaign.

April 19th.—I have skipped ten or twelve days, having little worthy of note, after our late great doings. I have been at two *petites soirées*,

given by her Royal Highness, a ball by Lady William, besides assisting at several Genoese dinners and conversaziones; in addiiton to which, I have been a votary to Dame Fortune, who like a fickle jade, on one special occasion, played me false, and threw me over. The circumstance is worthy of note, as marking a singular trait in my chief, who is considered to have, in his dark, unbending, iron-like frame, a heart of the same hard material. On the 17th instant, two evenings ago, after dining at mess, to assist at the celebration of the first anniversary of the battle of Genoa, which led to our getting into our present snug quarters, as luck would have it, I lounged into my friend the Marquis S——'s, where there was a very large party of the *elite*. I had been very successful at faro, and when the table broke up, the indefatigable *Checco* proposed a partie at *ecarté*. I, nothing loth, entered the *lists* with him.

But to make my tale more intelligible, it may be as well to mention, that my honoured and respected commander had an English lamp suspended from the ceiling of his room, that was the envy and admiration of all Genoa; it was of the newest fashion, highly finished, and had cost money for which it now could not be purchased. Jack had refused a great many tempting offers

for it; and amongst others, several liberal overtures had been made by my present adversary.

I seemed at first to have an immense run of luck, and to carry all before me. Checco was cleaned out, and retired to his closet, but soon returned, holding a large bag of dollars high in air; then tossing them on the table, he challenged me to stake against them the lamp that hung in my honoured chief's hall, being well aware of the power and influence I had in that quarter, and of the liberties I could take. This tempting bait, and my Midas-like luck of making what I touched change into gold, turned my head, and as all eyes were turned on me, even those of the beautiful marchioness, and all seemingly interested in my acceptance of this extraordinary challenge, I, in a heedless moment, exclaimed, *è fatto*, (done!) when there was a cheer, and a "Bravo, Maxwell!" echoed throughout, whilst ladies ran whispering in all directions, and the table was crowded in an instant.

The combatants took their station, with my lucky friend, André, on one side as an umpire, and the Marquis Cusane on the other. The best of three games was to decide. I won the deal, turned the king, and *voléd* the dismayed Checco! Bets run high in my favour, and I felt as light as a feather. Equal success attended me in the

next deal; I won the trick, and then the game. Fresh cards were called for; I again won the cut, and turned the king, but lost the point. To make a long story short, I lost the game. Now came the tug of war, and the breathless silence with which this game was witnessed was quite ridiculous. The marquis was three love, and I saw nothing but the dark stern features of my enraged chief frowning on me; not even the encouraging glances of my lady-love could banish the frightful vision from my mind's eye. I began to think I had not only been hasty, but imprudent, and offered a large sum to my antagonist to let me off. This he resolutely refused; the deal went on, and he marked the point, making him four, and it was his turn to deal; four-love, and the chance of turning the king—ten to one offered—no takers. Checco dealt—no king turned. I with fear and trembling, lifted my own hand, making a little bit of each card show itself, as I squeezed them in my hand. The second that met my greedy glance was the identical monarch of the suit he had turned; I now sat more easy, and making a bold stroke, asked for cards, which Checco refusing, I marked the king, and won the point, making the game three to four. I again dealt, amidst the smiles and cheers of those interested in my fortunes,

and weighing on the tip of my fore-finger for a considerable time the trump-card, before I took courage to show it, which I at length did, and exhibited the king of spades.

We were now four all, and I sat almost deprived of breath, without touching my hand, till my opponent declared his game. After great hesitation, and showing his cards to those behind him, first looking, then thinking, then humming, then hawing, for he was not allowed on this momentous occasion any advice from his backers, the generality of whom, I thought, looked glum and downcast, as if they thought his hand was bad, and that he ought to ask for cards. At length he played the nine of *diamonds, the curse of Scotland,* and so it proved. Well, thinks I, as I seized my hand, I can surely beat that, and my heart beat as I surveyed the three first cards. The king of clubs, the king of hearts, and the knave of clubs, a hand that anybody would have played ; but as ill-luck would have it, I found the seven of diamonds behind, which I threw down. The marquis then played the ten of the same suit; I had no more, and what was worse, no trumps. My opponent then played a small heart, of which I had the king. I then dashed out the king of clubs, of which Checco had a small one. Now came the crisis—four

all—two tricks all—and only one card each. I offered to increase the number of the game, or to withdraw the stake, notwithstanding that I still sat with the knave of clubs. My proposal was rejected, and down he went,—when Checco, waving his card over his head, gave me the *coup de grace*, by placing a small trump on the *unfortunate knave*, of which conscience told me I was at that instant a *type*, having lost what did not belong to me.

I asked for my revenge, and begged that the contents of the bag might be counted, which I offered to cover. "O, he would play for an equal sum, but never again risk the lamp he had so long wished for." I then offered to pay double the contents of the bag, if he would let me off. No! no! Like the Jew of old, he claimed the pound of flesh; and I returned to my roost, a disconsolate and ruined man, and went to bed to dream of black Jack, with the drawn sword of Justice in his hand, guarding his lamp. The only excuse I had for this monstrous folly, was the excitement of the previous celebration of our capture of Genoa, the whole of the prize-money for which I would readily have given, to have got out of this awkward dilemma,—my extrication from which I shall reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

A desperate enterprise—A generous action—An Irish woman—Lady Elphinstone—Reminiscence of Gibraltar—A Spanish grandee and his lady—A love affair—A soirée—Ball at Lady W. Bentinck's—The Duchess of Devonshire—Lady Charlotte Campbell—Lady Dalrymple—A rendezvous—Dinner at Lord W. Bentinck's—The Princess of Wales—A scene—Disasters of Murat—The merry month of May in Italy—Ball at the Prince of Wales's—Lady Charlotte Campbell in her youth—Death of Peter Linnet—Pope Pius VII.—Order of the golden spur—A party—A narrow escape—A picnic party to Sestri—Lover's quarrels—A contretems—Playing double-dummy—A rara avis—A good-natured old maid—A platonic passion—Shopping in Genoa—A family dinner—A party of pleasure in the Apennines—Dinner with the Princess of Wales—Bergami—A Sicilian prince—Downfal of Murat.

Genoa.

I WOKE the next morning—that was yesterday—with what the French call *La mer à boire*—in other words, a prodigious enterprise on hand.

With the impression that it was folly to fear what I could not avoid, I put a bold face on the matter, recollecting that the first blow is, in most cases, half the battle, and that it would be better at all events that I should break the intelligence myself, than that it should reach my commander second-hand, with ill-natured additions; so off I set, and found old Wild-goose, his servant, clearing away the breakfast things. As I entered the apartments, my eyes naturally turned to the lamp, which hung suspended in calm repose, looking, I thought, more brilliant and beautiful than ever, and apparently innocent as well as ignorant of the mighty fuss that had been made about it in the Genoese world of fashion. Not a breakfast table in the town, at the moment I allude to, that was not occupied with it.

"Well Mac, what's brought you so early?"

"Nothing, sir. I thought you might have some orders to give:" my eyes still resting on the object of all my inquietude.

"Have you turned a star-gazer?" said my gallant chief. "What the deuce is the matter with you, eh? Crossed in love, Mac?" For Jack's susceptible heart had always that object in view.

"No, sir."

"Well, what is it? You have been playing?"

"Yes sir."

"Ah, I thought so; you'll never give up that vice—and of course lost your money." And the kind-hearted Jack added, "How much? come now, tell us how much."

"None, sir."

"None, sir!" he repeated; "then, sir, you have lost your wits."

"No, sir, but I have lost *your lamp!*"

I was no longer a star-gazer. I hung my head and paused, when an awful silence ensued, which was broken by Jack ejaculating,

"My lamp! that I have refused to part with for love or money! How—where—when?"

As briefly as possible, I recounted my mishap, and confessed my imprudence. The bell was rung for the servant, the orderly was summoned, the lamp lowered, and the two bearers of it and its appendages were ordered forthwith to proceed to the Marquis Serra's with General L's compliments. Not another word was uttered on the subject; the noble Jack saying, "Come, Mac, let us go up and inquire after the Pope;" and when we got into the street, a thing of very rare occurrence took place—indeed, I believe it was the first time, (for I think I have before endeavoured to paint his character and habits as retired, blunt, unbending, and *dure*,)—he took my

arm, in a most friendly and familiar manner. I ventured, going along, to say, of course I would pay the original cost; he merely replied with a "Pooh! pooh!" and I really think that his vanity was more pleased by the *eclat* of the matter than if he had got a thousand pounds for it.*

April 22nd. — Nothing but re-unions and gaiety after gaiety. This evening I have been at an agreeable party at Lady William Bentinck's; yesterday, I dined there, and had the pleasure of sitting next a very pretty Irish girl, Miss B., a daughter of Lord B., of cooking celebrity. This young Emeralder hit up the ball of conversation very agreeably, which the generality of her countrywomen do; savouring in their manners more of the French than your stiff English dames, who will only condescend a monosyllable if you have the misfortune to be their next neighbour, unless they know your whole birth, parentage, and education. An agreeable addition was made in the evening, by the appearance of the beautiful Lady Elphinstone, and her nut-brown sister, Miss

* Whether I ever paid for L——'s lustre, I know not, as I can find no mention of it in my journal; but some years afterwards, when I paid a casual visit to dear Genoa, I showed my gratitude and my remembrance of the noble act, by going to shed tears over the grave of my early, my honoured, and valued friend General L——e, who some years after the date of the above-named circumstance died, and was buried at Genoa.

Elliot, both agreeable and handsome; their faces I remember amongst the belles of auld Reekie.

This morning, who should I stumble on but my formerly warm friend and travelling companion in the "Portsmouth waggon," Lord M., who had so abruptly left our party at Gibraltar. He had now fulfilled his bond, and has Lady M. with him, the lovely, light-haired, fair-skinned, blue-eyed Caroline C——.

April 24th.—Dined with my landlord, and went to Lady William's in the evening—a very large party, comprising all the recently arrived English fashionables. I had a long confab with Lady M. about Mediterranean skies, orange groves at Algesiras, fandangos and cachucas, and which ended by a deep-drawn sigh on the part of her ladyship. As I viewed her sylph-like form, I said to myself, "So young, so beautiful, so lately wedded, and yet so early sad!" and I thought how changed that mien since I had first beheld her laughing large blue eye, and sweet contented face, in the circle of her happy home, where I had on various occasions largely partaken of the kindness and hospitality of her honoured sire, the respected governor of old Gib.'s proud fortress.

Reminiscences will rise up. I recollect the last time I saw this fair lady was on the occasion

of going to her father the general's country residence at Europa Point to dine, the day before I sailed for England, in company with Lord M., his tutor, and my brother, the captain of the Alceste, which noble ship brought us all to the renowned rock. We had to wait for a considerable time the arrival of a Spanish grandee of the first class — the Duke De St. ——— and his Duchess. The Miss C.'s and the assembled guests, all became impatient, and were eagerly looking forth from the balconies for the approach of the Spanish Don. At length, to our joy, we heard the rattling of carriage-wheels and the jingling of the bells that generally bedecks the harnessed mules. Behold! a grandee of the first class descends, in a field-marshal's uniform, covered with stars, orders, and mustachoes; his Duchess follows, and seizes the arm of her proud and warlike lord, whilst all eyes from the governor's beautiful cottage were fixed on Spanish greatness. The proud and noble couple strut up to an adjoining wall, and whilst the fair dame still leans on by her liege lord's arm, he commences ——. But I must go no further, except to say that the blushing daughters of the good old governor rushed from the windows, and soon after, the Duke and Duchess were ushered in, as if nothing had happened. So much does custom differ in different countries!

One of Checco's coterie, the Marquis ———, and I had a long conversation and a long laugh about the lamp. He is a very clever and agreeable person, fond of a little play in a quiet way, but mad about English horses and riding; and moreover, he is the husband of the very handsome and accomplished Marchioness with whom I also had some agreeable chit chat, he politely telling me she was going to the *Manège* to-morrow, naming the hour and asking me to attend. I jumped at the proposal, and readily promised my presence—this being the lady that I had long had a kind of ogling acquaintance with.

April 25th.—This morning I studied my toilette more than usual, and gave particular orders to the groom to have *Tangier* turned out in proper form. I inquired the hour, and looked at my watch oftener than usual. I was also particularly impatient to get away from my kind friend L. after receiving his orders; and after all, I believe, I arrived at the *Manège* three quarters of an hour before the time agreed on—very Gil Blas like, when he had perfumed and prepared himself to meet Aurora, the only daughter of Don Vincent de Gusman, whose long-winded stories he had no patience for at the time, fearing to be late to his appointment. So it was with me, for after all my Dulcinea did not show; she

sent her husband to apologize for her non-appearance, and to say, she had over danced herself the night before. Here was "*love's labour lost;*" and I consoled myself with another agreeable *soirée* at Lady William's, where I danced a Scotch reel with Lady Sandwich, a very charming and agreeable woman. Lady Elphinstone and Miss E. were also of the party.

April 28th.—Yesterday I dined with the commandant of the Italian levee. Played, won, and went to the *Colonie* ball; flirted with Mademoiselle F——, *toujours petit paquet*, first going to the opera and quarrelling with Calista. To-day I have been riding with her, and afterwards dining with her; after which, jealous nonsense came into our noddles. She went to bed in a pet, and I went and dressed for Lady William Bentinck's party. This evening her ladyship singled me out, appointed me her extra A.D.C., and dispatched me to the *hotel de Londres*, to bring the Duchess of Devonshire and her party, which I accordingly did.

During the evening, I have been brim full of joy, with beauty smiling on me; and I finished it by dancing a Scotch reel, with no less a personage than the once beautiful and now *beaucoup enbonpoint*, Lady Charlotte Campbell; our third was Lady Dalrymple, also a very pretty person.

On the 29th, I dined with Lord and Lady M——, and accompanied them and the bonny blue-eyed lassie, Lady Elphinstone, to the opera; and what was more, saw them home again.

April 30th.—I was ordered to meet *my beauty* at the church of Carignano, an edifice bedaubed with paint, and bedizened with statues. The situation and bridge of the same name are worth looking at. I returned with the now pious dame, and resigning my patita-ship, (of which I began to be tired,) returned home and dressed for dinner, and proceeded to Lord William's. Lady William, who is far more the general and the diplomate than her liege lord, I must really one day attempt to describe. She is what my youthful fancy used to paint Lord Moira, who was the ugliest man alive, but from his noble, generous, amiable qualities and court-like manners, was, in my estimation, not only the *beau ideal* of perfection, but appeared to my eyes the handsomest man I had ever beheld. So was (as a woman) the polished, amiable, and queen-like Lady William.

Could this encomium have originated from her ladyship's having contrived to place me next the Duchess of Devonshire at dinner? Be that as it may, I found her grace charming, gay, and intelligent. I had no time to eat my dinner. Our

conversation was long and interesting; a great deal too long for me to note down; and her talent, information, and affability, almost turned my head.

After coffee, we were all talking of going to the opera, to have a peep at the King of Sardinia and his daughter, the Duchess of Modena, who were to be there; when who should be announced but her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Lady William, with all her diplomatic tact, looked confounded, and showed evidently symptoms of being embarrassed, and the ladies generally looked thunderstruck. All those arose who had not previously been standing about in little groups or lounging on the balcony, to enjoy the balmy breeze from the bay, the weather being completely summer; the intelligence flew from one part of the apartment to another, *sotto voce;* and whilst the host and hostess advanced to do the honours, the others seemed to stand aghast, as if they expected the entrance of a mad dog, or some such agreeable visitor. Poor little Lady M—— got behind me for protection; when, to her dismay, the first thing the Princess did was to ask for her. This was a little bit of state policy on the part of her Royal Highness. Lord M——'s father, Lord C——y, was very intimate, had great influence, and was one of the Prince Regent's cabinet.

Her frightened ladyship was drawn forth, trembling like an aspen leaf, and had many questions put to her, to most of which she returned a timid *yea* or *nay;* to others, she gave no answer at all, especially to those relating to her recent marriage. At length, the royal questioner remarked, how much she had grown since she had last seen her! When Lady M. took her seat, she, with great *naïveté* turned to me, and said, "I wonder when and where her Royal Highness saw me last; for I never recollect seeing her in my whole life before."

Now a kind of ring, or circle, was formed around the royal personage; and during the first pause, and before conversation had fairly commenced, the Duchess of Devonshire drew her tall figure up to its most majestic height, and with contempt on the curl of her lip, and disdain in her whole bearing, strutted out of the room like a ruffled swan, as if she feared contamination in such presence. It appeared to me, that considering we were in private society, her grace was carrying her partiality and partisanship for the Prince rather too far, and making her contempt for his spouse much too marked.

Lady Charlotte Campbell and Madame Falconet were the ladies in waiting. My conversation with the latter turned upon my friend (and would be

master) King Joachim, whose affairs were apparently going any way but the right. It appears that this rash, improvident, fool-hardy monarch, as famed for his irresolution in the cabinet, as he was for his courage and daring in the field, passed the Po, and issued a proclamation from Rimini, on the 31st of last month, blazing forth the independence of Italy, and telling the Italians he had eighty thousand Neapolitans at his beck. The main body of his army, under his immediate orders, first came to blows with the Imperialists, under General Bianchi, on the 4th instant, and on the 6th, a detached force took possession of Florence. On the 12th, Murat was in full march for Ferrara, when he met a check; this was effected by General Molir, who advanced from the *tête de pont* of *Occhio bello*, whilst Count Neipperg menaced his flank. This caused Murat to retrogade towards Bologna, and Ferrara was relieved. On the 16th, the Austrians entered Bologna; on the 21st, they attacked a strong position of the retreating King at Cesena, and after a sharp affair, poor Murat was again *en route*. The chief of his staff afterwards wrote to the Austrian head-quarters an explanation of his master's acts, which only proved that he had done what boys sometimes do whilst playing at marbles; that is, to cry *slips*, and be permitted to return to his old

position, *ante bellum*, "for that he never meant to forsake the allies, and that he had found himself engaged in war with a great power, without intending it." But old sour crout was not to be so bamboozled, and the answer was, "*Nein, Mynheer*," and the vigorous continuance of offensive operations. No doubt the Germans are delighted to have so good an excuse for dethroning a king who was in possession of a throne entirely at variance with their antiquated notions of divine right.

When the last accounts, on the 27th April, left the seat of war, poor Joachim had fallen back as far as Pesaro, and the Austrians were advancing from Bologna through Florence and Togliono, with the intent to cut him off by occupying the direct road from Ancona to Naples.

This is the first day of that merry month when all the milk-maids are mad in England, and all the chimney-sweepers dancing. Here, as all over the world, the same freaks are observable, and billing and cooing, May-poles and madness, are the order, or rather the disorder, of the day. Not so with my true-love and me. The Genoese still continue jealous of their greatest beauty deigning to smile on such a mad-cap, and many, who are trying to rival me in her affections, bring their *modicum* of scandal to

deposit at the feet of their fair and too ready listener, whose outward head is surpassing fine to look on, but I fear, is poorly furnished within, and it requires all my tact and address to neutralize the poison continually poured into her ears.

This evening, the Princess of Wales gave a grand ball to the *élite* of Genoa. Amongst the Genoese noblesse, I had the honour of dancing with my much admired Marchioness, whose husband was not there; she and her friend, Madame D., were amongst the fairest of the fair. Her Royal Highness, although on the wane, still showed she was a devoted disciple of Terpsichore; she quadrilled and waltzed with great zeal and alacrity, as did also the once lovely Lady Charlotte, whose two beautiful daughters were also present. It is an awkward thing, when mamma is closely followed, on going down a long country-dance, by two grown-up daughters, who are plainly telling her, whilst they are treading on her heels, that to grow old with dignity, is one of the most difficult of human lessons to learn.

Lady Charlotte is still a very handsome woman, with one of the most lovely faces that can be conceived, and had she but followed the maxim I wish to inculcate of sliding gently

down into the vale of years in a quiet unaffected manner, she would still have homage paid to her beauty. When I first went to Edinburgh, I remember Lady Charlotte the most lovely creature in "*a bonnie Scotland;*" she had just been buckled to her cousin, Colonel C., who was as great a paragon of manly beauty as the Duke's bonnie, fair-haired, white-skinned daughter was in the female line.

The merriment of this merry month has been blended with sadness; for it has seen poor Peter Linnet's mortal lamp put out, and my dear friend D. has departed for England. I had returned from a gay and great ball, given by Lady William Bentinck, after dancing and flirting to my heart's content with la bella Marchese, and walking by the side of her chair the greater part of the way to her house; but on reaching chez moi, my mirth was turned to mourning, by receiving an official announcement of the demise of my *fidus Achates*, whose dry drollery had beguiled many a weary hour for me, and drawn many a hearty laugh.

On the 4th of May, his holiness held a levee, being the anniversary of his first entrance into the Eternal City, as its sovereign pontiff, for he had been elected, in turbulent times, by a conclave formed at Venice, in March 1801, he then

being a monk of the order of St. Benedict—Cardinal Chiaramonte. This really pious man—for he is pious by name as well as by nature—had swam in troubled waters ever since he took possession of the holy see,—first a prisoner at Savona, and then at Fontainbleau. But Pius VII. is a perfect philosopher, with a clear unclouded brow, and a most pacific and unruffled temper.

It was hinted to me, that his holiness wanted to bless me, as a recompence for my daily attendance on him, (for not one passed over without my showing myself at the pontifical residence to take orders, and try to minister to his comforts.) It was proposed to make me a knight of the Golden Spur, which I foolishly declined, by informing Monseigneur D., that I considered a spur in the head worth two in the heel.

In the evening I went to a colony ball, and kicked my undecorated heels, having previously visited the theatre, where I saw my Calista coquetting, the pain caused by which, I cured by escorting the beautiful Madame——— home. On the 5th, I met in the street the husband of the latter, who told me his lady was at the *Manège*, waiting for some one to accompany her on horseback; so off I started, and accompanied this most charming person on her promenade *à cheval*,

during which she became very sentimental, and gave evident tokens of being a votary, if not a victim, of *la belle passion*. On parting, she half-promised to come to Lady William's in the evening, where I went determined to make play; but the Marchioness did not come. I went, however, and very narrowly escaped ever going again. Lady William teazed me to tell her how she could entertain her company, and I in an exuberant moment, told her that Major P. was a celebrated *whistler!* Her ladyship attacked him, and in turn he attacked me, and in rather an angry mood, when I had no less a personage hanging on my arm than her Grace of Devonshire, whom I was handing to her sedan. We happened previously to have been good friends, so the matter was made up. *Nota bene.*—Never bring forth merit again.

On the 7th, I formed one of a delightful country party to Sestri, where I had all kinds of romping, fun, and *petit pacquet*, with the splendid Mademoiselle F. In the evening I went to the theatre, and to the box of the bewitching Marchese, and afterwards walked home with her, her husband inviting me to their country-seat.

On the 8th, Lord Exmouth and his fleet arrived, and I went on board the Boyne to pay my respects to the chief, but chiefly, I must say,

to again behold a personage (if I may so dignify him) I had foregathered with on the last visit of the fleet to this port. This was no other than a tame tiger, who generally took possession of the poop, was very sensible of caresses and attentions, and allowed great liberties to be taken with him by a blue and white-spotted middy and a mizen-top man.

On my return I met Monsieur le Marquis, and we took a long ride together; he hoped I would come to his box whenever I liked, and amongst other engaging things, said, he trusted to have the pleasure of soon seeing me at dinner *chez lui*. I had scarcely dismounted, when the fair Clara sent for me. There had been a little estrangement between us; she did not like my assiduities in another quarter, and I made reprisals in the form of complaints about her coquettries with Prince Potemken, Monsieur S——off, and others. She had just returned from the bath, and had taken care to make her toilette in a most *soignée* and *seduisante* manner, before I was summoned to her presence. She was at the very *acmè* of her beauty, and I naturally forgot every object but the lovely one now before me.

In the evening I went to a ball, given by Madame Pallavicini, one of the *haute noblesse*, and where I had not only the honour of dancing

with my new beauty, but actually commencing my noviciate as her patita; for, whilst she danced with others, she regularly handed me her handkerchief and fan to take care of, and leant on my arm when not otherwise engaged. I never dreamt I was to be so near those heavenly beauty-spots, those captivating moles which are placed so attractively on a breast of snow, and which I early noticed as surpassingly fine, at the first ball I was ever at after my landing in fair Italy.

During our conversation, I thought I perceived a good many glances at us, and some whispering and tittering, as much as to say, "c'est une affaire fini." Pray heaven she be not treating me as the eagle did the tortoise—lifting me up with tender glances and honied words, only to let me fall and break, not my back, but my heart. Amongst other honied sentences, she informed me that her caro sposo had taken a great fancy for me, and that it was *simpatico* in the family.

On the next day, a thousand tongues had bruited about the flirtation of the previous evening. Clara was indignant and wrathful, and I led the life of a dog, not knowing which way to turn. The maid tried to awaken me to a sense of my danger, by informing me, that madame had discontinued to wear my rings, that the Russian prince was to succeed me, and I was to be forthwith discarded.

On the 10th, my journal makes mention of a terrible scene, composed of jealousy and love, which I will not inflict on my general readers; but if there are any dramatic writers amongst them, I can furnish them with a conflict of passions that would make a very pretty scene in any play.

The 11th.—After a storm comes a calm, and the surface is all serene, smooth, and placid, I having agreed to all the injunctions and restrictions which the exigent Calista has been pleased to place me under. Nevertheless, I was engaged to assist at a grand ball to be given that evening by the governor, Count Revel, to the Princess of Wales, and where, assuredly, my beloved and (by Claire) detested Marchioness would be. I dined with the former, and every blandishment was put forth to induce me to forego the ball, and spend the evening with her, and her project would probably have succeeded but for the entrance of Tom Pipes, who, in breathless haste, handed me a letter that had arrived express, and demanded an immediate reply. I broke the seal, and found the signature of Lady Charlotte Campbell attached to a command of her Royal Highness to dine with her that day, *at five o'clock*, it being then past seven! The invitation was dated two days previous, and I presume had been mislaid or forgotten.

It was clear I had no alternative but to attend the governor's ball, and make the best verbal explanation I could. Thus, the plots of the fair enchantress failed, and I took leave of her, promising to be a good boy, and not go near the seductive Marchioness. Alas! the very prohibition whetted my appetite, and I scarcely ever left the fascinating fair one the whole evening.

I made the necessary explanations, first to Lady Charlotte, and subsequently to her Royal Highness, who received them very graciously. What an extraordinary woman she is! During this evening, she once or twice called me to her, and expressing herself more in the masculine than in the feminine style, said of the lovely Marchioness, (grinding her teeth as she spoke,) "What a beautiful creature Madame ——— is? Tell her I'm in love with her."

May 13th.—I continued to play a double game, and followed suit with my fair inamoratas. As they were not on speaking terms, they could not compare notes, and I had it all my own way at this "double dummy."

I took tea with Chiarina, who made me promise to dine with her the next day, and attend her on the promenade. To avoid this dilemma, and offend neither of my belles, I proceeded to the place of rendezvous on horseback, where the

first person I encountered was the Marchesa, who was very kind and killing in her manner, and gave me several hints about dismounting, which I parried as best I could. At length "Calista" came, and I got off my horse and joined her. I only took one turn with her, when she returned home, and I luckily fell in with the Marchesa, who gently reproached me, whilst her husband gave me an invitation to dine with them the next day, which I readily accepted.

On the morning of that day I encountered the fair Clara on the promenade, leaning on the arm of the Russian Prince P. This was as it should be, as we had now entered into a mutual agreement to have confidence in each other, and at the same time to do as we liked.

It was my first dinner at the hospitable mansion of the Marquis, and there was a large party of the Genoese noblesse assembled. I had the honour to be placed next the fair hostess, who is clever, spirituel, and at the same time sentimental, and I accompanied her to the theatre, attended by a great friend and confidant of her's, and one who has also, for some time, thrown her protection over me. She is that rara avis, a good-humoured old maid; she kindly acts as a medium of communication between her amiable friend and me, and seems to approve my admiration of her beau-

tiful friend, and any difficult point between us is referred to Signora Maria, who is the sister of Cardinal S., now in attendance on the Pope, and in this city.

The fair Marchioness has also made me her confidant, and confesses she had a passion previous to marriage, and which, to this hour, has been carried on, though (she assures me) in the most platonic fashion! The signora tells me, however, (and I don't wonder at it,) that she is getting heartily sick and tired of him and it, and only seeks an opportunity of letting him down lightly. The hero, whose portrait she has shown me, is an employé in the government, and bred to the law, but not in her *grade* of society, and consequently is never seen in public with her.

This morning I met her, and attended her shopping, which is a great ceremony amongst the Genoese belles, and takes place each day between eleven and twelve, in Strada Orefici, the goldsmith street, which is generally crowded at this hour. Every trade has its street. This fair dame is certainly very clever, very witty, and very beautiful, and may be termed, a *bel esprit*, but I fear she is very difficult to manage. During our promenade, we encountered her "better half," who again asked me to dinner. This was a *partie en famille*, and I accompanied her

ladyship after it on horseback, and at a later hour to the opera. They are about to depart from Genoa, as all the fashionables take flight at this season, and I am pressed by both (most heartily) to pay them a visit in the country.

After the opera, Madame Durazzo, Madame Spinola, and a host of other mesdames and messieurs, the *elite* of the Genoese *beau monde*, adjourned to Jerolomo's, where we had a splendid supper, and I a splendid place next La bella Marchese! A merry party and plenty of champagne unbends the mind and opens the sluice-gates of the heart, to let the gentle stream of love pour in upon it. This charming reunion did not break up till the first rays of old Sol had gilded the tips of the surrounding Apennines.

On the next evening, May 20th, I again had the felicity to attend my friends to another *recherché* and most charming party, given by my tall, stately, and well-informed acquaintance, John Carlo de Negri, whose hospitable mansion is situated at the summit of one of the lowest ridges of the surrounding Apennines, and to which there is a rapid ascent. Here my friend, John Carlo, who is a billiardizing opponent of mine, has formed a perfect paradise, not a little enhanced this evening, by the presence of my wee Eve, with whom I wandered delightedly

through the carefully laid out gardens and sequestered groves, formed by orange, olive, and lemon trees, with rocks, bubbling fountains, rose-beds, and clustering vines, to cheer the heart and gladden the eye. The buoyancy of the air in this elevated situation, and the magnificence of the prospect on all sides, added to the enchantment of this fairy scene.

To make a long story short, I killed one passion by kindling another; thus following my own prescription for my friend D.—who, by-the-by, sailed yesterday for Gibraltar, in charge of invalids worn out in the service of the Great Guns.

Lord Exmouth's fleet has sailed for Naples, and poor Murat is at his last gasp. He struggled hard at Tolentino, and after two days' fighting fled.

The 29th of May, I had the honour of dining with her Royal Highness. The only remark I have to make on this event is, that her Royal Highness eat and drank heartily, and was waited on by Bergami, who admirably enacted the part of a booted Ganymede, and supplied nectar (in no stinted measure and frequency) to the lips of his royal mistress, with all the grace and ease of a practised cup-bearer. If the liquor was like what I got, it was admirably iced champagne.

I sat next a Sicilian prince, whom I had formerly known at Palermo. He was just arrived from Naples, and had been an eye-witness to the broken fortune and fallen greatness of poor Joachim, whose once brave Napolitani, after the affair of Tolentino, had fled from him like a frightened deer, and left this intrepid son of Mars, crest-fallen and alone, to embark for Ischia, and flee before his conquerors,—who took possession of the Neapolitan capital, by General Bianchi's cavalry, on the 22d, and the once ambitious but now broken-hearted Caroline, took refuge with her children on board the Tremendous, 74, Captain Campbell, to be conveyed to Toulon. I found too that my fair correspondent Lady O., had likewise fled, with her beauteous brood.

Napoleon, it appears, when he heard of the Rimini rashness, said that his *beaux frère* would ruin him, by now so precipitately rushing to arms, just as he had done the year before by refusing to take them up.

CHAPTER VIII.

Waterloo—An unlucky chance—A noble prospect — Sestri—An Italian freebooter and a noble beauty—A love story—A romance of the Apennines—A thunder storm—Italian constancy—A wedding—Smiles and tears—Extraordinary feat—Sir Hudson Lowe—Chiavari—Romance and mathematics—Bonnycastle—A wander in the mountains—An Italian castle—A sick lady—Amusements of an Italian country-house—A touch of an earthquake—An excursion to Carara—The ruins of Luni—Dante at Luni—News of Napoleon — False reports—The battle of Waterloo.

Genoa, June, 1815.

SHAKESPEARE must have known what was in the womb of time when he wrote, of Agincourt, that which is so singularly applicable to the present epoch.

"He that outlives this day and comes safe home
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of
WATERLOO!"

And where was I on that day? Alas! a poor spindle and ball player—a soft dangler in the leading-strings of beauty—a kneeler at the shrine of Venus when Mars was in the ascendant! making ignoble love when my friends and compatriots were making themselves nobly immortal on the field of battle! I blush to write it, though heaven knows it was no fault of mine. But so it was. In fact, whilst the great Duke was making his immortal moves on the great chess-board of Europe—moves which check-mated the greatest king of modern times—I was playing ordinary chess with the fair hostess of an enchanted castle near the small village of ———, on the banks of the Magra; a stream, by-the-by, which Lucan has immortalized, when describing the rivers of Italy.

"Thence Siler through Salernian pastures falls,
And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls."

I attended my kind and hospitable friends, the Marquis and Marchioness, a considerable way on their road to their country residence, near ———, for which purpose, after supping with them, we quitted Genoa soon after midnight, and proceeded in the Marquis's carriage to Nervi, to which village we had previously sent our horses; there being, beyond that place, no carriage road along this branch of the Apennines.

A smart Alpine shower forced us to remain here for a considerable time in our vehicle, and daylight burst upon us before we bestrode our dripping Rosinantes, when old Sol rose in all his splendour from his marine bed, and soon warmed and dried us; and moreover displayed to us the wonders of the surrounding Alpine scenery, with the blue andtr anquil Mediterranean sea stretched at our feet. Orange and olive groves, with an underwood of roses and myrtles, encircled us on every side, and the Marchese was so delighted with the view, that he exclaimed, "Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra!"

Sestri is situated on a peninsula, with the glorious gulf of Genoa on one side, now bursting on our enraptured sight, as it continued to be lighted up by the rays of the rising sun. I had for my *cicerone* an enthusiastic Genoese noble, who pointed out to me the beauties of this enchanting strand; and I had also the pleasure of listening to the lively, tasteful, though sometimes romantically tinctured conversation of his handsome helpmate, who now in merry mood warbled forth,

"Un clair ruisseau, de petits bois,
Une fraiche et tendre prairie,
Me sent un tresor que les Rois,
Ne purroient voir qu'avec envie."

The invigorating freshness of the morning air and the balminess of its gentle breeze, the beauty of the scenery, added to the beauty of my fair conductress, made the whole of this ride appear like one through fairy land. Yes, it will be long before *Sestri* is blotted out from my memory, with the gulf of Genoa refulgent in the west, and with that of Rappallo in the east.

The amiable Marchioness favoured us, whilst she ambled along, seated on her proud palfry, by recounting some of the deeds of *Barbarosso*, the great red-bearded freebooter, some of whose intrepid adventures were enacted in this neighbourhood. "See'st thou, "she said, "those ruins perched on yonder pinnacle? There, in days of yore, dwelt the lovely Momina Pallavicino, whose parents, much against her inclination, had betrothed her to the Conte de Malaspina, a Tuscan nobleman of great wealth, but who was treble her age, and at the same time loathed and detested by her." (Here the Marchioness sighed and said, that these *marriages de convenance* were, alas, too common in Italy, and that Momina was one of those reckless and wayward beauties who despised riches and rank when coupled with age and ugliness.) "As the story goes," continued the Marchioness, "whilst the count was denominated the Apollo

di brutto vedere, his intended was a perfect *Venere di Belvedere*. The nuptial day was already fixed and drew nigh, and the youthful Momina became every instant more wretched, and knew not what to do or where to fly. At length a most *bizzare* idea took possession of her; she wrote, imploring the assistance of Barbarosso, who was at this time on the coast, and committing the most daring depredations, to the terror and dismay of the inhabitants. She confided her letter to the care of an old and faithful domestic of the family, who had it safely conveyed to the pirate, who, from his spies and scouts on shore, had already become acquainted with the story of Momina, her beauty, and her sorrows, and being of a sanguine as well as of a bold and romantic temperament, he determined, with a few of his most resolute followers, to come to the rescue.

On the eve of the nuptial morn, Red Beard landed in a sequestered part of the bay of Rappallo, and made a midnight march to the neighbourhood of Chiavari, which, although itself placed on a plain, is so surrounded by the Apennines, that he and his adventurous assistants easily concealed themselves amidst these impenetrable strongholds. And at the very moment when the fair and disconsolate Momina (surrounded by her friends and relations) was about

to pronounce the nuptial vow in the Chiesa di San Giovanni di Chiavari, the bold, chivalrous, and renowned freebooter, entered the church, to the astonishment and dismay of its occupants, and carried off La Bellissima Momina Pallavicino, (not to mention the silver candelabra from the altar,) with which he reached Rappallo in safety, made sail for Tunis, and landed his fair prize, whom he treated with the most marked respect and attention, and won by such means the tender heart of the gentle Momina, who eventually became the wife of the Red Corsair.

"J'aime les mustaches rouges," added the amiable marchioness; a conclusion, by-the-by, which was a great consolation to me, as I had lately taken an exception to the colour of my own, from their having a strong tendency to the hue in question.

The lady had scarcely finished her love-story, when a thunderstorm drove us to seek shelter in a peasant's hut. I have said we, for the lady's maid, who, not being an equestrian adept, was, for safety sake, mounted astride, and also the groom, had grouped round the Marchioness to listen to the daring deeds of Red Beard. This is quite *en règle* in Italy, and the *bonhommie* that exists between master and man is quite patriarchal; and on a journey of this kind, I believe

the servants are admitted to the same table with their liege lord and lady. I have often seen them hold familiar conversation together, without ever overstepping the bounds of good-breeding and deferential respect. Conceive the case of a John Bull domestic admitted to this kind of familiarity!

Fairly housed in a nice clean cabin, it was now the turn of the Marquis to contribute his share to the amusement of the storm-stayed travellers; and having stretched himself out on a clean inviting-looking bed, he commenced a story, the cream of which was, that the Emperor Otho III. was in Florence in the year 996, and had with him an aide-de--camp, named Guy, who was desperately in love with the beautiful Galdrade, who was equally smitten with him. Guy, like a goose, vaunted of her charms to his master, whose curiosity led him to behold her, which kindled in the breast of the Emperor a most violent passion for the fair Florentine, and he tried by every imperial art to gain the lady,—having first obtained the consent of her father. But all his efforts were vain; her faith and chastity were invulnerable. At length her father came to her, hot from the blandishments and allurements of the Emperor, who had promised him every advancement and advantage a subject could obtain at the hands of his sovereign, pro-

vided he would favour his desires with the lovely Galdrade. The noble reply of the lady was as follows:—"Is it my father who uses such language to me—the father who has always taught me to look on virtue as the most precious of gifts?" And she added, (for the story was from a French source,) "S'il est vrai quel 'Empereur fût touché de mes foibles appas, je rejetterois avec le plus grand mépris tous les biens et toutes les grandeurs qu'il pourroit m'offrir, s'il falloit les acheter par le moindre foiblesse!"

Madame C—ga, whose country-house was in the neighbourhood, now sent a pressing invitation to us to take shelter under her roof, and the Marchioness was put into a portantino, or sedan chair, (the favourite mode of moving amongst the narrow paths of the Apennines,) and we all marched off to Madame C——'s, another of the Genoese noblesse, and who had been a celebrated beauty in her time. Everything was in admirable style. The Marquis and myself played billiards till dinner-time, which was served, as is customary in Italy, about two P.M.

The rain still continuing, my friends were entreated to pass the night, whilst I, having an engagement to fulfil, was forced to meet the storm, and after taking a tender leave of my friends, and promising soon to visit them, mounted Tan-

gier, and scampered off, *a briglia sciolta*, on my return to Genoa, and got to the Castello, more like a drowned rat than a bridesman, in which capacity I was this evening doomed to appear in behalf of my dear friend André, who was to be joined to his English cousin, Mademoiselle H—; thus assisting to bestow a prize of the first order on the fair lady; for a better, a more frank, open, honourable fellow than André, never breathed the breath of life.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev Mr. W——, and the whole party then placed themselves opposite a most splendid spread, where "all the delicacies of the season," moistened by all the wines of the south, served to dispel some of the gloom that the ceremony had created; for be it known, that at an Italian wedding it is the *ton* for everybody to be in tears, and most of all, the "happy couple!"—the one party, I suppose, weeping because they *are* married—the other, because they are *not*.

On the 10th, I again took the road to Chiavari, to which place I had sent my servant the previous evening, with fresh horses, as I meant to make one day's work of this rather fatiguing and mountainous journey at this scalding season of the year;—a feat, by-the-by, which had been accomplished by two officers of the 14th regiment, Captains

R———, (a distance of sixty-one miles, on foot,) between sunrise and sunset, each fully accoutered as a private soldier, in complete marching order, (with the addition of carrying two firelocks instead of one,) pack, necessaries, blanket, great-coat, camp-kettle, and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge!

Sir Hudson Lowe, who commanded at this period at Genoa, during the temporary absence of Lord William, (and who is a most amiable, kind-hearted, gentlemanly fellow,) had very good-naturedly granted me a few days' leave of absence, notwithstanding there was a good deal of fuss and anxiety on account of an expedition that was preparing, of which he was to have the command, the object being a secret, although Toulon and Marseilles were confidently hinted at. As I, from my position on the staff, could not be one of the select, I thought to solace myself by fulfilling my promise of making a trip to Sarzana.

I got away from Genoa so late in the day, that I found it impossible, with all my haste, to get farther than Chiavari, where, (after passing through Recco and Rappallo,) I halted for the night, and was forced to feed on kid chops and sour wine. Chiavari is thirty miles from Genoa, through most enchanting and picturesque scenery, which I have previously described.

I was on horseback by times the next morn-

ing, and well was my need, for it actually took me from two o'clock in the morning until half-past eight, to make my way over rugged and steep mountains, through deep dells and along fearful precipices, to get to Borgetto, a miserable hostellerie in the middle of the mountains.

Having allowed the heat of the day (which had been excessive) to pass over, as the evening advanced, I found myself getting entangled in the mazes of the mountains. Since long before sunrise, I had been wandering amidst the Apennines; precipices and pine forests meeting my eye in all directions, with rugged rocks and gushing cataracts, and mountain upon mountain towering in the distance; the scene constantly changing as the beams of the setting sun tinged the view that met each turn of my path. I thought of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," with which I used to store my youthful mind, to the exclusion of Bonnycastle, and Euclid, when a Woolwich academician; for in those days of kind careless Bonnycastle, you were never required to solve a problem; all that was necessary was to go glibly forward, for woe on the unlucky wight who came to a conscientious pause.

The sun had just sank behind the mountain-tops, showing their long shadows in the valleys below, and my mind was embued with the re-

membrances of all the frightful scenes pencilled by the powerful pen of Anne Radcliffe, when my romantic reverie was broken in on by meeting a most obliging peasant returning to his mountain home, who undertook to conduct us on our path; and as the twilight became more sombre, we debouched from the Apennines, and now riding on at a smart pace, came to the bank of the Magra. As there is no bridge across the river, we were directed to a ford, which we passed without impediment, and reached our destination in safety.

Arrived and welcomed by my friend the Marquis, I was informed the fair hostess was indisposed and in bed, of which circumstance I soon had ocular proof! for I was requested to follow the padrone whilst he ushered me into the chamber of sickness, where I found her ladyship coiffée in the most captivating manner, her fine face and beautiful auburn hair arranged in the most fascinating manner, and surmounted by a crown of roses. She was reposing on a lily-white Brussels lace-fringed pillow, whilst a Madame B—— and her daughter sat on each side the bed.

On introducing me, the Marchese merely said, "Il Signore Maggiore," and then left me to my fate. The lovely Marchioness stretched forth from out the bedclothes one of the most polished

and rounded little white hands I ever beheld, meaning me (I have no doubt) to salute it,—which, however, I was *gauche* enough not to do, but treated this sweet emblem of kind reception by inflicting a hearty squeeze on it, much in the manner my friend Jack had treated the sacred hand of his holiness,—to the no small discomfiture of the fair lady, and the utter astonishment and displeasure of her two attendants!

Later in the day, after having had some refreshment, and made my toilette, I returned to the bed-room of the fair Marchioness, when, judge of my horror and surprise at finding it filled with male monsters, regularly arranged round her bed—reminding one of the *lit d'etat* of *Louis quatorze!*—their eyes fixed on the interesting *malade*, as she lay recumbent in all the splendour of her charms, apparently more ready to inflict death than to meet it. The persons present were, "amici di famiglia"—commonly called the "hangers on"—consisting of the *sous prefet*, the *juge de paix*, the *avocat*, and the village apothecary. At a later hour the card-table was produced, and the celebrated Genoese game of golfo was played.

At midnight, supper was announced; the visitors took their leave, and the Marchioness was left to her slumbers, whilst the inmates of

the castle (myself nothing loth) went to table. The party consisted of Signore Louigi, mine host's uncle; the Count and Countess M——, the latter a sister of the Marquis; and a visitor here like myself. The supper was excellent, and was finished by sweet wines and champagne, which served to procure me a sweet slumber, of which I stood in need.

The next day the handsome hostess was up and well, only looking interestingly pale and languid, and we read Dante together, and played chess, at both of which interesting occupations the lady performed the duties of instructress.

On Sunday, the 18th, I accompanied the fair lady to church, and afterwards promenaded by her side through the streets of Sarzana, where the show of country beauty was considerable, this promenade being a humble imitation of the more stylish one that takes place in Strada Nova and Novissima in Genoa. In the evening, we drove to the gulf of Spezzia, a place that Nature has enriched when in her most bounteous mood. The land of the Marquis lays generally on the left bank of this most enchanting bay. We occasionally descended from our carriage and perambulated some of his rich and most picturesque placed olive groves.

This forenoon, as usual, passed in playing chess

and reading Dante. Playing battledore and shuttlecock was also introduced, and varied by the Marchioness at times condescending to give me a lesson in waltzing, whilst her sister-in-law played, and occasionally teaching my *gauche* fingers to hit the chords of the piano, to bring forth "God save the King;" which, to show my loyalty, I was anxious to learn, and my fair instructress to teach.

Monday, the 19th, on assembling at breakfast and comparing notes, it appeared that some of the party had been awoke during the night by a slight earthquake, a thing of rare occurrence in this part of Italy,* though not so where I had formerly been quartered, in Sicily, where the phrase "Terra muoto mi pare!" is a common exclamation.

This morning we drove to Sarzanello, where there is still the remains of a small fortress, situated on the summit of a hill, which commands a splendid view of this rich and luxuriant land. It is the citadel of Sarzana, which I have before said is now the Genoese frontier town, but once appertained to the grand duchy of Tuscany, and

* Upwards of a year ago, the author, whilst in this neighbourhood, felt a smart shock, which proves they are not quite so uncommon as imagined.

was given to the Genoese in the 15th century in exchange for the port of Leghorn.

We next proceeded to the famous marble mines at Carara, distant about nine miles. After leaving the high road to Pisa, we diverged and got amongst the Apennines, where Carara is situated, in a sweet sequestered spot, well adapted for the retreat of the studious. Hither artists come from all parts of the world to improve themselves in the noble art of sculpture. We visited the different studios, and saw a fine statue of Napoleon, which was doomed a few days afterwards to destruction by the populace, who broke into the academy and destroyed it, on hearing of his defeat on Mont St. Jean. The way of the world this—no sooner down than trodden on!

We dined at the only inn the village affords, visited some of the quarries, gazed our fill at the studii, and returned on a beautiful evening, first witnessing a village fête where the Sarzanese and Massanese peasantry were dressed in their holiday suits.

June 20th.—After my usual lessons and billiard playing, battledore and shuttlecock, &c., we dined early, and afterwards drove over to Lerici, from whence passage boats proceed regularly to Genoa, across the gulf of Spezzia, at the entrance of which it is situated. Here our party took

boat and went to one of the many islands that beautify this part of the bay, where the ladies left us, and the Marquis and I had a delightful swim.

This evening, we had an increase to our usual *conversazione*. Many ladies and gentlemen made their appearance, and we had, in addition to our other amusements, a most romping game, something in the style of blind-man's-buff, with the exception of being blinded, instead of which your arms are pinioned behind you, and you are to catch one of the company—of course, with your back to them.

June 21st.—This day our family party was augmented by the arrival of the intendente of the department, and the Marquis Malaspina and his lady. The Marquis bore no resemblance to his namesake of *Brutto Vedere*, for a handsomer young fellow I have seldom beheld. After dinner we all went to visit the ruins of the ancient Luni, distant about five miles, where several interesting ruins are still visible, with the remains of an amphitheatre. In the time of the Romans this was a town of great note, and its harbour capable of sheltering the navies of Europe. It must have been a splendid place, with all the fertility of the Lunigiana, bounded by the Arno and the Magra, with the circumjacent hills of

Carara, with their inexhaustible stores of white marble for its works of sculpture and of architecture,—all now vanished from the face of the earth, and its inhabitants, the slimy toad or the merry little lizard!

We all returned home charmed with our excursion, when acting charades, magic music, &c., wiled away the time, till supper was announced as usual at midnight.

The breakfast here is at eleven, and consists of chocolate, the Signor Englese being favoured with tea, which by the same token is green and very trying to the nerves. Dinner is at two P.M., and supper at twelve. A cup of coffee is brought you the first thing in the morning, which enables you to support yourself until the late breakfast hour. The longest interregnum is between dinner and supper; but the time flies agreeably, between riding and driving out at the witching time of night, and then returning to listen to soft music, acting charades, and a thousand other amusing as well as instructive pastimes. In these pleasant reunions, variety is studied, and you go alternately from grave to gay, and from gay to grave. At one period of the evening, the conversation reverted to our visit to Luni, *the Val di Magra*, the Lunigeana, and the palace of the Marquis Malaspina, where Dante, it was

said, remained some time in exile. The present Marquis, whatever his forefathers may have been, was evidently himself neither an admirer of learning nor of learned men, and he took no part in the discussion, although mine host did, and argued the question with the old *Intendente*, who both looked and was an antiquary.

Dante was exiled from his native city (Florence) in the year 1302, and was doomed to be burnt should he ever again fall into the hands of his countrymen. It appears he went first to Avezzo, and then to the princely residence of his friend, protector, and patron, *Cane della Scala*, with whom he afterwards quarrelled and again became a wanderer, and is traced to Padua in 1306, and on the year following is found in this neighbourhood, at the palace of our friend Malaspina. "Now," proceeded the Marchese, "it is well known that Dante was president of the *White* party in 1301, and that his friend *il Marchese Malaspina di Valdimagra* was at the head of the *Black* party, and defeated the first-mentioned in the *Campo Picino*, near *Pistoja*. Now how do you account for that, Signore Intendente?"

The Intendente shrugged up his shoulders and said, "C'e posibbile that the irritable poet

might have quarrelled with Malaspina as he had done with his great patron *Cane della Scala*; and moreover, that the prophetic threats made use of in the Inferno, and about which commentators are at variance, might not have alluded to the victory gained over the Bianchi, at Pistoja, but to the fatal effects of the malaria originating in the low and swampy grounds in this neighbourhood, and which at length caused the desertion and downfall of the ancient Luni, of which many of the Neri, (or *black* party,) were inhabitants."

Here this learned disquisition was interrupted by the entrance of an "amico di famiglia," just landed at Lerici, from Genoa, and who brought the important intelligence that Bonaparte had quitted Paris to take the command of the army; and handing the Marquis the French Moniteur, he read aloud Napoleon's address to his army, "Au quartier imperial à Avesnes, June 14th;" which began by reminding his men that this was the anniversary of the battle of Marengo and Friedland, which had twice decided the fate of Europe. They say the third time is the charm. Could he have looked only four days farther forward!

Nothing was now talked of but the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, and Napoleon

measuring swords with Blucher and with Wellington, and all seemed to think the star of Napoleon was again in the ascendant. The Genoese, ill contented with their present lot, are to a man his well-wishers!

The next courier brought me a letter from my friend Jack, filled with "war and rumours of war," and ordering my instant return. This day was passed in urgent and pressing invitations, from both the host and hostess, to prolong my visit until I heard again from head-quarters, but this I could not consent to; all I could I did, which was, to remain the day, and send my horses on to Borgetto, whilst I despatched my valet with my traps, *via* Lerici, and an hour after midnight I bade adieu to my hospitable entertainers, and again found myself in the mazes of the Apennines.

It was a glorious night, and I had no fear of missing my way, as the kind Marquis sent his own horses and groom with me to Borgetto, a distance of twenty-one miles. I then mounted my own horses, and took the road to Chiavari, where I made a considerable halt, and just managed to arrive at Genoa before the closing of the gates, on the evening of the 22nd.

June 25th.—This morning the buz in Genoa was, that Napoleon had gained a great battle

over the English, as he had before done over the Prussians. Men were beginning to show their minds and manners, for all were in favour of Boney. Another courier arrived, announcing that the English had been beaten back to Antwerp, and that the Prince of Orange was killed as well as the Duke of Brunswick, and that the Duke of Wellington was mortally wounded, and that the debris of the routed army were embarking. I declare, such is the frailty and waywardness, or in plainer words, the envy, hatred, and malice, of the human heart, that I firmly believe many of our army inwardly chuckled at this result, from the mortified feelings that they had not been present; and I am quite sure, that later in the evening, when the real results of this great day arrived, we all felt that "Othello's occupation's gone!"

I was at the mess, and dinner was just over, when Black Jack entered, having been sent for to head-quarters. He was looking like thunder, but not imitating it, for he spoke not a word; he merely took out a pencil, wrote the following words on a slip of paper, and threw it across the table to me.

"Mac, it's all up! go and give out an order for all the batteries to fire a feu-de-joye instantaneously. Bounaparte has been beaten, and

the greatest victory ever heard of gained by Lord Wellington."

I started off, and the loud cannon's voice soon proclaimed our triumph to the astonished and chap-fallen Genoese!

CHAPTER IX.

Lord Exmouth at Genoa—Moral effects of climate—Paddy B——e—Murat and Lord Exmouth—The Duchess of Bedford—The early doomed—Cousining abroad and cousins at home—The gossip of Genoa—Slander—La Bella Chiarina again—Labour in vain—A Sicilian princess—A patent prince—A scene—An accusation—Difficulty of obtaining leave of absence—Stolen pleasures are sweet—A secret expedition and its pains and perils.

Genoa, July 31, 1815.

On the 2nd of this month, Lord Exmouth, in the Boyne, paid us another visit, bringing with him the Impregnable, Pompee, Bombay, and Pilot; and on the 3rd, he thinned our garrison by carrying off Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Thomas Reade, and little G———r, with about 3,000 men.

These were all great friends, and I lamented their loss.

I may as well here state that there is some-

thing in the clearness, brightness, and buoyancy of the ethereal atmosphere of the Mediterranean which you breathe, and which mingles with your very flesh and blood, producing as it were finer feelings and purer friendships than elsewhere; and I have no hesitation in declaring that a more happy, harmonious, and united set of fellows did not exist under the sun than those composing the Mediterranean army at this time.

Of all my chums that now embarked, the one I lamented the most was the jovial, gay, kind-hearted, hard fighting Paddy B——e. Colonel B—— commanded the Italian levy, consisting of about fourteen hundred men, to which were added six hundred Piedmontese, and the 14th regiment under another Colonel B., but a man of a very different kidney from my dear friend, who promised to keep me *au courant* of their movements, and which he faithfully fulfilled.

On the 20th, he wrote to say that they had landed at Marseilles on the 14th, and that my friend Murat, *ci-devant roi de Naples*, had sent his aide-de-camp, General Roselli, on board the Boyne when she was off Toulon, to ask to be received on board and to be sent to England. The terms, B. writes me, were not acceded to; and the ex-king had taken the road towards Piedmont, at the head of his battalion *Sacre.*

Much about the same time, intelligence reached us that the fortress of Gaeta had surrendered, and a great ally of mine, Colonel D—— of the artillery, arrived with a reinforcement of artillery from Palermo and Naples, we being about to withdraw our troops from Sicily, and leave old Ferdinand to manage his own affairs and fight his own battles.

On the 22nd of the same month, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford landed from her pious pilgrimage to various parts of the Mediterranean, in search of that greatest of all blessings, health, for her niece, Lady J—— M——. As I claimed propinquity with both these truly interesting personages, I went the next day to pay my respects, and was most graciously received. Poor Lady Jane gave evident tokens that the canker-worm had fixed on her damask cheek, and that the grim tyrant, that spares none, had marked her for his own. Alas! she brought her fair and fragile form, rich in every grace, both bodily and mental, only to consign it to an early grave.

This painful subject I must change by informing you that young Lord W. R——, another cousin, was also of the party. He used to come and dine with me and occasionally ride my horses. I liked him very much; he was modest and unassuming.

There was also in constant attendance on the bonny Duchess, Lord E——, one of the handsomest, merriest, and best informed *T. G.'s* it was my good fortune to meet. I must not forget another clever and agreeable little fellow, S——t of G——, with whom I claimed cousinship; or rather, who did me the honour of claiming cousinship with me; for it is quite marvellous how different a foreign atmosphere acts on the score of cousinguinity, particularly if you happen to be a staff officer in a fine army, and to ride good horses, dance with handsome women, and give recherché dinners. But let you meet the very same cousin at a future day in the cold calculating climate of London, his visage, or it may be yours, is so changed, that he positively does not know you! As the Italians say, "*Ogni medaglia ha il suo reverso.*" I don't mean to say this will be his case; but like others he was spellbound in this sun-shiny clime, and the world gave him the credit of becoming a votary, if not a victim, of the tender passion.

If I were to give you one-half of the *on dits* at present on the *tapis*, I could fill a whole volume. I hate and detest that mischief-making wretch here denominated *si disce*, (they say,) as I have often proved him a lying slanderous scoundrel.

Two examples that occurred to me about this

time I now put on record. Towards the latter end of this month I was again summoned to the presence of La bella Chiarina, who had just returned from ruralizing. Not having any *gusto* for a renewal of the many scenes that had been enacted between us, I at first endeavoured to excuse myself, until pressed by repeated messages. Anything for a quiet life; so I followed at length the maiden Mercury who had so incessantly teased me.

I found the fair lady *en robe de chambre*, looking more like a lioness than a lamb. The old story of having said something disrespectful of her was had recourse to, which I positively denied; then came a rejoinder that she had proof positive, after which she observed in a marked and positive manner, that she hoped I liked my country excursion. I in return hoped she liked hers. We thus for some moments bandied compliments, when I, wishing to make my *congée*, the fair dame softened down and commenced her usual blandishments and languishments, which seemed to have no more effect on me than little boys would have produced by pelting marbles against the rock of Gibraltar, as I led her to understand her day was gone by, and that I had become as imperturbable as one of her old crippled lovers. This remark, I observed, drove

her half frantic. But she had "method in her madness," and artfully led the conversation to the arrogance and *amour propre* of the English, of which she was generous enough to accord me a full share.

I again essayed to withdraw, which she would not hear of, and renewed every artful stratagem to detain me, by playing the agreeable in her most fascinating manner; and seizing her guitar, she warbled forth the old troubadour song, in allusion to our ancient flirtations.

"Il y etoit dans l'année mille cinqt cens
Souvienez vous en,
Souvienez vous en."

This she did with all the skill of a practised political orator, who oftentimes talks on a particular subject, not to carry conviction, but to afford time for some of his party to arrive, to carry his point by making a *good division*.

The street-door bell was now violently rung, and to my astonishment in strutted the Princess S——. This princess, be it known to the reader, was a Sicilian, who had united her fortunes to my friend S——, a lieutenant of British Grenadiers, at this time with his gallant corps in British North America. The princess had not the fatal gift of beauty, neither had she riches to recommend her; but the honour of

marrying a princess, I presume, was enough for my friend S. Sicilian princesses were, in fact, extremely partial to broad-shouldered grenadiers; for whilst I was in Sicily, the beautiful Princess Leonforte, who was rich in all the gifts of this world, took unto herself another lieutenant of grenadiers belonging to the German legion, got him by patent made Prince of Butera on the demise of her father, and this once German lieutenant, in company with his splendid helpmate, afterwards sat as guests at the Prince Regent of England's table!

I have said the Princess S—— now stood before me—

> "Palida in vista, orribile, e superba,
> Che 'l lume di beltade spenta avea!"

That is to say, if she ever had any.

Previous to her arrival, Calista had confessed that she was the person who accused me of having said things injurious of her at the house of Madame S——. When this piece of Sicilian nobility made her *entrèe*, I endeavoured to make my exit. On seeing my intention, her utterance seemed entirely choked up, but she made signs for me to stay, and I never before beheld such symptoms of fury and of rage depicted in any countenance; her eyes seemed starting from their sockets the moment she cast them on poor

unconscious me; her cheeks looked a ghastly death-like yellow; her lips at times were perfectly black, at others pale; and her whole frame trembled with passion.

I naturally concluded that all this was to evince her deep affection and the interest she took in the cause of her friend, and I very quietly sat down to await the *denouement* of this unaccountable scene. Her highness again essayed to speak, and again her power of utterance failed her. Madame C——, the cause of this *embroglio*, now began to blush, to look foolish, and to whisper in the ear of the infuriated princess, (who had sunk exhausted from her overcharged feelings, by the side of Calista on the sofa,) and I overheard her say, "For God's sake let him go; we have had an explanation, and it is all settled." But the lady was evidently bent on mischief, and had other old scores of her own to settle with me.

Orange-flower water had been administered, and after a brief delay, the princess again rose in theatrical splendour, for she seemed determined this extraordinary scene should have as much tragic effect as possible, and I also stood up to await the onslaught. She began in the words of Metastasio.

Signor Maxwell!

"La gloria nostra
E geloso cristallo, e debil canna,
Eh'—ogni aura inchina, ogni respira affanna."

Or in English, "Our honour is like jealous crystal, or like fragile reed, that every breeze bends and every breath stains."

After this flourish, (which was pretty well from a Palermitana,) her highness continued, "I believe I had the honour of meeting you at one of Count Revel's balls?"

My reply was, with a profound bow, "Poi essere, madama." She then went on to say, "'Tis true I never was introduced to you, but (here she became more bland in her manner and tone) do you not remember having said to me, that you knew my husband well, and that you were a great friend of his, and that he ought to be bastinadoed for going away and leaving me?"

I was amazed, and could not comprehend the object of this most unlooked-for accusation. "I know it was all a joke," she added, when I again bent my head. But "now came the tug of war." The large eyes of the young princess again beamed with fury, her nostrils became inflated like those of a filly who has just won the Oaks; and drawing herself up in all the dignity

of conscious innocence, she demanded, "If on that evening she had squeezed my hand?"

On my declaring that she never had, and demanding to know who had told her I had said so, judge my surprise when she pointed to Madame C—— herself!

To shorten the story, the lady declared that she could prove her statement by a competent witness, whom, however, she declined to name or to produce; and I left the abashed and dismayed Chiarina with her *amica Palermitana*, to arrange the business between themselves as they best could.

This scena, be it observed, had taken place previous to my having broken my fast; and such scenes are ill supported on an empty stomach.

I find, on reference to my diary, that on the morning of——, my chief said to me, "Well, this is the day you talked of starting on your 'secret expedition;' for you know I cannot publicly permit your absence, although I may privately wink at it."

This was a great deal for Jack to avow, for latterly he had been very cross-grained with me. If the lady of his affections frowned, or the General spoke sharp, it was sure to be visited upon poor me. This morning, however, all was *couleur de rose;* which was the more lucky, as I

had already made my arrangements for a start, having previously sent off Tom Pipes to S——a with two horses, and one to Chiavari. It was now arranged between L—— and myself that I was either to be placed in arrest and *keep my room*, or be put on the sick list and *keep my bed;* in which latter case a pillow was to be painted as a face, and a red nightcap stuck on it.

The fact is, my honoured chief loved in his heart a little mystification and intrigue, and entered warmly into this project to hoax the natives. Besides which, he hated asking favours from the powers above him, as there was still considerable difficulty in obtaining leave; for in despite of the battle of Waterloo, the military spirit was yet abroad, and we were all kept on the *qui vive.*

They say "stolen pleasures are sweet." Certain it is that, "coute qui coute," I determined to go and see my friends, who had removed to sea-bathing quarters on the margin of the Spezzian gulf. I had, therefore, an early dinner at the *Hole in the Wall*, and a few minutes before five, P.M., I took to the road, a good hour, as I thought, to steal away unperceived from the good Genoese, all of whom, I concluded, would be at the fulfilment of their gastronomic duties.

After having encountered a friend who, spite of all my efforts to the contrary, *would* recognise

me, I reached Chiavari an hour before midnight, got fresh horses, again started, and after a cold, bleak, miserable ride, reached Borgetta as the day broke. I had some difficulty in awaking the inmates, whom I at length persuaded to give provender to my quadrupeds, and myself a wretched breakfast.

The padrone of this miserable Osteria anxiously cross-questioned me, alledging that "Il Signore" must have business of great importance, to be travelling at such unusual hours; adding that this was the second time I had visited this lonely spot as a "fly by night."

He got nothing out of me, however, and I again took the road, which was now tolerably good, and reached Spezzia about nine o'clock, where I found Tom Pipes ready to receive me; having extracted from his treasures a tea-caddy he knew I liked him to be provided with, and borrowed a saucepan from *la cuisiniere*,—for obscure inns are not provided with the implements for making that divine beverage so dear to old maids, and which to me after my fatigues tasted like renovating nectar. My careful caterer had also provided fresh figs, fresh butter, fresh-caught mullet, and fresh-gathered peaches; besides fresh eggs, though the hens that laid the latter had been feeding on garlic, which had impregnated the whole egg.

I now indited and dispatched a billet to my friends to announce my vicinity, and still wishing to observe a strict incognito for fear of getting myself into a scrape and embarrassing my kind commandant, I begged I might be received as privately as possible. I then recruited exhausted nature by a few hours of charming sleep, in a very charming bed, such as one meets with only abroad.

Towards evening, I was aroused by old Tom presenting to me a prettily folded rose-coloured *billet doux*, which, on opening, I found greeted my arrival, and gave me directions as to the mode of procedure, as my friends kindly entered into my desire of playing the *inconnu*. I was to take a boat, cross the bay, and at a spot indicated for debarkation, the party would be in attendance to conduct me to their rural retreat, a description of which I had also been furnished with. Reaching the shore of the bay, I was enjoying the fairy scene around, and hugging myself on the interrupted success of my journey, (for I had fairly seated myself in a boat and described what part of the opposite side of the gulf I wished to be landed at,) when a gens-d'arme arrived, and put to flight all my fairy dreams by rudely asking me where I was going, and demanding my passport!

At first, I became very indignant at this im-

pertinent intrusion, and ordered the boatman to shove off. But it was of no use; the rowers assured me they dared not stir; and the insolent jack-in-office strutted off, vowing vengeance against me. I then jumped on shore and called after him, hoping to subdue him by the usual remedy in such cases; but no, my gentleman would not be so pacified, and swore he would go direct to the *intendente*.

The difficulties of my situation now flashed across my imagination; my certain recognition by the antiquarian intendente, whose acquaintance I had made at S——; my betrayal of my kind commanding officer by the discovery of my being at such a distance from head-quarters without leave; and above all, my enforced absence from those I so wished to see, and whom I felt sure were at the very moment on the look out for me. These unpleasant reflections had just time to cross my thoughts, when my presence of mind returned, and I rushed back to the inn, ordered my horses to be saddled and a guide to be procured, being resolved to wend round the bay (a distance of eight miles) by land, as I was not permitted to cross the two miles by water.

On my conductor arriving, he gave me the disagreeable information that I could not proceed above three miles on horseback, and that

the other five must be walked: I was therefore compelled to take Tom Pipes with me, to bring back the horses.

Our guide now proceeded to lead the van, when the enemy again appeared, considerably reinforced, and determined, as I thought, to interrupt my farther progress. Whether I was taken for a *contrabandiere*, or for some one that wanted to infringe the quarantine laws, (as here all ships bound for the port of Genoa, on arriving from the Levant and other suspected places, are forced to enter and first receive pratique,) I know not; but this I know, that if all the plagues of Egypt had assailed me, I could not have been more annoyed when four high-booted, yellow-breeched, yellow-waistcoated, black-mustachoed, blue-coated, brass-buttoned, cocked-hatted, armed officials approached, and eyed me, whilst one stepped to the front, seized the bridle of my horse, and again demanded my passport!

I now summoned up all my dignity—swore I was an English officer—jumped from my horse—rushed into the middle of them—said I was their prisoner if they liked to take me, but bade them bear in mind that I was a British officer, and dared them at their peril to touch me.

At this they began to waver; and luckily one of them came forward, and I overheard him

whisper to the others that he knew me when I was quartered at Sarzana, and that I was an officer of the 14th regiment; on which information they let me off.

Much time had thus been consumed, and the shades of night were fast gathering around. The road was sometimes through heavy sand, and then over rocks and long precipices; and poor Tangier floundered and stumbled frightfully. At length our guide came to a dead halt, and declared if the signore did not wish to break his own or his horse's neck he must now dismount and proceed on foot. Accordingly, the cavalry were sent back; my guide got hold of my small valise or holdall, and away we started once more on as dark a night as I ever witnessed, a thing very rare in this lovely land, but which foretold a coming storm, that I had the advantage of before I reached my destination.

It must have long passed midnight when, jaded and worn out, I reached the village of S——; but every door was closed and every light extinguished; and to complete my perplexities, my guide, who had only bargained to bring me thus far, insisted on his hire, and retraced his steps to Spezzia, leaving me wet and forlorn, with my saddle-bag in my hands, to kick my heels in a deserted village in a dark night,

unknowing and unknown. I had some notion, however, by the description I had received, that the house I was in search of was on the other side of this hamlet, and almost on the margin of the sea shore; so I continued to grope along until I was startled by a tremendous vociferation of *qui va la?* I thought of my friends the *gens-d'armes*, and was about to retire, when I luckily heard one of these (who turned out to be *guardia costa*) say to the other, "*Chi sa che questo non è il Signore che la gente hanno si lungo tempo aspettato.*" I never heard the Italian language sound so pleasant before. One of the speakers approached and told me they had orders to look out for me, and they led me to the house, which was close at hand. Dry clothes, a hot supper, and a comfortable bed, soon set everything to rights; and on awaking the next morning the beatitude I felt after my fatigues of the previous day is indescribable. The calm rich solemnity of the olive clad hills that hemmed me in on three sides; the beautiful, unruffled, well-sheltered gulf; with its picturesquely placed islands in front; Fort Napoleon frowning over the whole, and the sweetly situated town of Spezzia on the opposing bank;—add to all this, the kind and amiable assiduities during three days of the inmates of this charmingly secluded retreat, and the reader will

easily believe that I was repaid for all my troubles and annoyances, including those which attended my furtive return to Genoa—thus ending my truly "sentimental journey."

CHAPTER X.

Shamming sick—An unpleasant reflection—Female curiosity—The stratagems of love—An accident—The defences of Genoa—The King of Piedmont—The Queen of Sardinia—The Duchess of B——A partie carrée—The old Duchess of G———Anecdote of her generosity—How to look handsome—The three post-captains—Ill-luck—Gallant action of the author's brother—Modest merit—How to get leave of absence—A royal levee—Abroad and at home—Another visit to the castle in the Apennines—A rough ride—Fording the Magra.

Genoa, Aug. 31st, 1815.

On the day after my return from my charming excursion, I sallied forth with a bold, but at the same time a sham-sick countenance, to make believe I had just come forth from a sick bed; rather a difficult matter, considering I had been bronzing myself under a burning sun, and bracing my frame amidst the high hills, rugged rocks, and nerving breezes of the noble Apennines. However, with the assistance of a little pipeclay,

to blanch my rather ruddy cheeks, I finished my toilette, and took the liberty of eyeing myself in a splendid mirror, (the largest I had ever seen, for everything in Genoa is *en grand*,) which my kind hosts had placed in my apartment, and which would have been much fitter for a fair lady's boudoir than for mine, and which always made me feel, whenever I had the curiosity to take a sly peep at it, that it threw an unpleasant reflection on me.

To the several salutations that met me on every side, were added certain cross-questionings, all of which I received with sufficient *sang froid*, succeeding in carrying on the joke with some, whilst I mystified others. I found the fair sex my most shrewd examiners, and the most difficult to satisfy as to the real state of the case. Like all other wonders, however, this one soon passed away, and it was never finally settled whether I had been to Florence, Rome, or Milan, or at home in bed.

To the latter place I was carried in good earnest, a few days afterwards, by my horse falling with me, from the slipperiness of the pavement, exactly opposite the Palazzo Durazzo, whose fair owner happened to be at the open balcony at the moment, and honoured me with a most piercing shriek on the occasion. I have

heard, by-the-by, of such an *accident* as this being resorted to, as a *ruse*, when all other modes of *entré* had been debarred you by some overscrupulous mamma, or some jealous guardian in the shape of a gouty and suspicious uncle, who had the fame and fortune of some fair daughter or niece to watch over.

All other modes of ingress having failed, you have only to choose your time and place, and get a fall from your horse directly in front of the forbidden domicile, taking especial care that you succeed in breaking your leg, or at least a couple of ribs. It is indispensable, however, that some good-natured Samaritan be on the look out, ready to carry you in and present you to the family, where, if you play your cards well, you may calculate on remaining at least a week, if not a fortnight; not to mention the chance of having the lovely inmate for whom you have made this successful *coup* your sick nurse during the interesting period:—thus breaking through the rigid and frigid guardianship aforesaid. And in the not improbable event of your not having previously secured the affections of the lady, you now awaken her pity, which, as every body knows, (or says, though I never found it so,) is ever akin to love."

On the occasion alluded to, I was on my return

home from the Polcevera fumara, where my chief had taken a very pretty palazzino to ruralize in, and enjoy the *otium* so necessary at this fervid period of the year. This retreat was sheltered on one side from the scorching heat of the sun, by a projecting peak of the Apennines, which was made to form one of the bastions of this mighty fortress, under whose walls it was placed; whilst it was open to the west, and commanded a beautiful view of St. Pierre d'Arena and Sestri, the sea and the rich *riviera* on this side.

My catastrophe led to no other result than the momentary commiseration of the very beautiful lady in question, who had danglers enough in her train without throwing her lasso around me. Besides which, she was the bosom friend of *my* friend, of whom we talked. As I had sprained my ancle and could not walk, and my horse had scampered off home, I had the honour of being carried *chez moi* in her portantino, by two athletic chairmen in state liveries.

A few days' repose put me once more on my legs, and again on horseback; for by my diary I find myself in company with Lord W. R. and Mr. S., with General M. for our guide, taking an evening ride round the defences of Genoa, which the general took great pleasure in, especially when pointing out the different positions

of our army on the day we took it, always fighting the battle over again with great animation. He also talked a great deal about the little king of Piedmont, and how bitterly he complained of the treatment he had received from his allies, the Austrians, saying, they entered his towns like friends, and turned his troops out like foes, and that the English government gave him guns and stores, and that the Austrian one took all from him.

On the 22d of the month, her majesty the Queen of Sardinia landed from Cagliari, to join her august spouse. We had a grand procession on the occasion, at which as a staff officer I assisted.

Two days after this, I dined with the Duchess of B., and was charmed to see her wooed by two sons of the sea. The one had brought her here, the other wished to take her away. I was amused to see how adroitly she hooked them both, held them as long as she liked, played them off beautifully, and then let them slip to their native waters. The way she baited her hooks too, by her winning ways and gracious smiles, and caught these overgrown gudgeons, charmed me. We had a regular *partie carré*, I facing the handsome Duchess, whilst she had one of these leviathans on each side of her. They both commanded line-of-bat-

tle ships. I could not have believed such "doing the amiable" to be in the rough sons of Neptune, had I not seen it; but "beauty hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

Her grace was at this time in the zenith of her witchery, and she forcibly brought back to my mind the days of my youth, and her gifted mother, to whom, as a mere boy, I was once sent on a mission by another son of the sea, at the moment when his anchor was a-trip. I think I now see the papering of the room where I was ushered into the presence of the Duchess of G., the windows, the drapery, and the sofa she was reclining on. After listening to my little say, and reading a note, of which I was the bearer, she rung the bell, ordered her carriage, told me she would go directly to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and dismissed me, desiring me to call on the morrow, which I did, when she put a hundred pound Bank of England note into my palm, and said, patting me on the back, "Montgomery, run with this to ————, and tell him I have procured for him the promise of a fine frigate." An urchin like me, entrusted with a hundred pounds, who never before had been the master of five shillings!

When this noble and generous deed took place, her Grace of G—— was an old woman, but her

features became so illumined by the nobleness of feeling, engendered by the act, that she seemed to renew her youth; her whole frame was so lit up by the lustre of the deed, that until my dying hour I shall never forget it. She seemed to me the most beautiful creature (which report said she had been in her youth) I had ever beheld; nothing short of an angel can ever come up to the impression thus early implanted on my mind—such is the beautifying power which the imagination lends to a generous and noble action!

As my present hostess played the agreeable to the two Jack tars, on the occasion just referred to,—led thereto by the circumstance of their being far from England, I seemed to catch glimpses of her noble mother's features and spirit.*

* I have given place to the above anecdote, because one of the guests on this occasion, a little fellow sitting on her right, and who had brought her and her fair niece to Genoa, I could not help looking at with the eye of scorn, from reminiscences that rose up in my breast, touching his treatment of a gallant relative of mine at sea, on his return from the coast of Africa, worn out with disease and the frightful fatigue of duty in that noxious clime, where he had been commanding, when the party in question ungenerously "topped the officer" over one of the finest fellows that ever stepped between stem and stern. If any one doubts that my brother claims this praise, let him turn to vol. iii., p. 149, of "James's Naval History," where he will find a record of his having performed one of the most daring achievements that adorn our naval

The handsome Duchess gave us, not "tea and turn out," but coffee and a graceful *congé*, and I

annals. I allude to the cutting out of the Cheverette from Cameret-bay, in the teeth of the combined fleets of France and Spain, then in the adjoining harbour of Brest. The subject has been pictured forth by the pencil of De Loutherbourgh, and afterwards to the world by the beautiful engraving of Fittler; it has also been farther immortalized since, by my friend Captain Chamier, in his Life of a Sailor.

It is possible that when I have finished these my Reminiscences, I shall endeavour to give the world a life of my beloved brother K., whose deeds of brightness could only be matched by the evil clouds that were ever at hand to dim them and rob them of their true lustre, as well as their just reward. He, poor fellow, as Pope says,

"Never was, but always to be blest."

Here is an instance of his ill-luck:—

After a painful and perilous cruize in the West Indies, he took a Spanish galleon laden with treasure that would have made his own and his ship's company's fortunes. But on the succeeding night, it blew a hurricane, and during a black squall, in their anxiety to keep close to their glorious prize, they had the misfortune to run on board of her, and sink her. Another instance is, that the credit of the daring deed of boarding and bringing out the Cheverette was first awarded by the London Gazette to an officer who was not even present on the occasion. The many other similar mishaps of this gallant sailor's life would fill a volume. Could I bring to bear on it one-twentieth part of the talent recently bestowed by a celebrated author on the bright deeds, and likewise cruel vicissitudes in the life of another gallant sailor, whom I am also proud to claim by the affectionate appellation of brother.

I had a third brother—all three post-captains, and all at the same period commanding fine frigates during the last war, and all of them had written their names with honour to themselves in the annals of their country. And I may add, in allusion to the

walked off arm-and-arm between our ocean warriors,—who, by-the-by, had a mess on shore at Genoa at this time, where I was a welcome guest and a happy one. Captains D., T., and U., I felt particular interest in, especially the latter, who had conveyed Napoleon to his resting-place in Elba, and from whom I was always anxious to glean information; but he seldom took a lead in conversation; his nature was taciturn; he was a type of the old axiom, that "modesty and merit generally walk hand-in-hand."

August 28th.—From some hints I had yesterday given to a fair lady, who seemed to hold firmly the affections of my susceptible chief, and her reply thereto, I began to entertain hopes of once more returning to visit my kind and hospitable friends at————, from whom I had again received a most pressing invitation to renew my visit. A hearty welcome, a splendid mansion, placed in a picturesque position, a witty host, and a handsome and amiable hostess, are never to be despised, especially where one is made much of, which was my case, and which forces comparisons on the mind, between the feelings and

gloom that has surrounded this gallant band, that the last of them, when stepping on board the Aurora frigate to set sail for the West Indies, only reached his cabin to sink a lifeless corpse.

At the time my journal was written, my beloved brothers were all in full force. They have now, alas! all passed away.

fashions of different countries. The fact is, that on the continent, if a man has a very little wit, and a very little money, provided he be by birth a gentleman, and chooses to make himself agreeable, he is treated *en prince*, and run after by everybody; whereas, in England, he may have a great deal of wit, and a great deal of money, and be a perfect gentleman to boot, and still be treated like a dog at a fair, and be trodden on by every one.

At all events, I had a very strong desire to pay another visit to my friends at————. I therefore resolved to pay my court with great assiduity to la signora and her very vulgar mother, which I contrived to do in the following fashion: This evening there was a grand aquatic fête, at which their majesties presided, and to which it had been arranged that I was to escort Madame S., a very beautiful woman, whose husband was in personal attendance on the King, and with her and others of the *elite*, I was to join the court circle, and it was settled, that during the series of court balls about to take place, I was to be on her staff, as her cavalier servente. This was arranged in the presence of the husbaad, and with the most amiable badinage on the part of two others of the court beauties, Mesdames Carrega and Serra, who were also to be of this party, and under my

protecting wing, which I meant should flutter in quite a different direction, and for a totally different purpose. Although I made no opposition to this arrangement at the time, I turned it to account and sold the court party, to make my court to another party; instead of forming one of the royal *cortège*, I joined Jack, his *chere amie*, and her mother, in a summer-house in his garden, which overlooked the beautiful bay, and where I beheld incog this brilliant aquatic fête; numerous boats plying in all directions, bearing torches, whilst the mole was brilliantly illuminated and adorned with various appropriate transparencies; and the various line-of-battle ships, frigates, &c. within it, were decorated with flags, and their yards hung with variegated lamps, and every now and then they burned blue lights and sent up rockets. The whole of this fairy scene closed at a late hour, with a magnificent display of fireworks.

I have played my cards so well, and paid my court so assidiously, taking care to make the most of having cut the court party, that Jack consented, and even urged my starting *sur le champ*, he offering to take all responsibility on himself. But this kindness I thought it prudent to decline, and it was resolved that regular leave should be obtained from the General on the next day. Re-

minding the ladies, therefore, that I depended on their keeping the Colonel in good humour and up to the mark, till this was accomplished, which they faithfully promised to do, I took my leave, and hastened to make my way to the royal cortège, to offer the best excuse I could for my apparent neglect, inwardly rejoicing that I had avoided the *eclât* of attending Madame S.

I got just in time to be too late, and had the honour of making my excuses, and then of handing the apparently piqued Marchioness to her carriage.

August 29th.—This morning a kind of *ad libitum* leave of absence was obtained for me, no day for my return having been specified; and as their majesties were to honour the theatre with their presence, which was to be splendidly illuminated on the occasion, it was arranged that I was to set off after the same. My cattle having again been sent to Chiavari, I attended the opera, where there was a blaze of beauty, a blaze of brilliants, and a blaze of light; this chiaro strongly contrasting with the obscura of common nights.

As I was about to retire for the purpose of mounting a horse, brought to the door of the theatre, a note was put into my hand from Mr. H., our ambassador, to say that their majesties had appointed the morrow at mid-day to receive,

and that my name had been given in for presentation. Here was the horn of a dilemma to hang my hat on! I was loth to abandon my enterprise, and went round to Mr. H.'s box to consult with my friend P. the chargé d'affaires, who recommended me by all means to delay my journey until after the levée. I took his advice, and consoled myself with going to a charming reunion, and a *petit souper*, at the sign of the King's Arms, where we kept it up until a late hour in the morning of the 30th, when I dressed and attended the Sardinian court, and was in due form presented to the King and Queen, the former of whom, who is a little old man, with the longest arms I ever beheld belonging to the human form, put a great many questions to me about artillery, &c.

I left Genoa immediately afterwards; took a little repose and a fresh horse at Chiavari, and again presented myself at the door of the astonished aubergiste of Borgetta. Boniface, once more disturbed from his slumbers, after rubbing his eyes, exclaimed, "Cospetto di bacco! ancora qui?" evidently taking me for what I had once supposed him to be, a brigand. Excellenzas and vos signoras were now not wanting, as well as much better cheer, and still better wine than heretofore, with which my groom and self fortified

the inward man; the outward one being evidently doomed to be well drenched.

On learning that my excellency was bound for the Tuscan frontier, mine host declared that I should have some difficulty in crossing a mountain torrent called the Varra, which I should have to do at least a dozen times before I reached the Magra. This information, accompanied by several significant shrugs, &c., could not stop me, but it induced me to procure a sturdy villager as a guide.

A more frighful morning than that on which we took the road was never witnessed, and that in the very bosom of the mighty and majestic Apennines. Nevertheless, I had resolved to go on, and on I went, absolutely crossing the mountain torrent twelve times, our guide, with pilgrim's staff and stripped, probing the ford before us.

At length the swollen Magra, in most angry mood, met our sight, and we were forced to call a halt, our guide positively refusing to pass it; for he had fulfilled his bargain of bringing us thus far. I knew that every moment's delay would add to the difficulty of crossing this dark, muddy, rapidly-rising river; so I urged my faithful, though now tired barb, who gallantly plunged into it, followed by my Fidus.

Our guide anxiously viewed our progress, screaming loudly to us his directions (dritto, or sinistra,) to keep up or down, as the safety of the channel lay. The groom's horse lost his footing once, and was carried a few paces downwards, but we reached the opposite bank in safety, our conductor vociferating bravo! at the very top of his voice. A smart canter brought us to our journey's end.

I found the Marquis and Marchioness Mala Spina on a visit there; and as I had come a slapping pace, I arrived in time to get an admirable dinner, and afterwards passed a most agreeable evening.

CHAPTER XI.

Tempus fugit—A visit to a Tuscan noble—Country amusements in Tuscany—Wine-making—Mode of cultivating the grape and olive—Climate—A merchant prince—Strange reverse of fortune—Murat in exile—Mount St. Julian—Extracts from a MS. poem—Its history—The Racolta—Italian olive gardens—Leave-taking—An interview with Madame de Stael—Monsieur Rocca—Madame de Stael's powers of conversation.

In Villeggiatura, near Pisa, Oct. 4, 1815.

Time flies when the wings of this unwearable nondescript are buoyed up and wafted along by pleasure; but how slow they are, and how they creak and croak, when they are rusted by the damp of sorrow! Never was I more astonished than when the Marquis reminded me that we had engaged ourselves to spend a day or two with a a Tuscan noble, il Cavalier R——, at his country seat, and that the day was fixed for the morrow. I started with astonishment, for here had I been

during the whole of September too happy and too much occupied to keep my usual diary. I prepared, however, to accompany my friends; but before doing so I must bring up my leeway, which I shall do very briefly, for my occupation had chiefly consisted in reading Dante and Petrarch, and listening to soft music during the heat of the day, and when cool enough, pic-nic parties to the most romantic and interesting sites in the neighbourhood; with a constant succession of visitors every evening, and an occasional dance; or, when there was nothing better to do, shooting pigeons and *beccaficos*, a bird as delicate as the French ortolans, which at this season are plentiful and live on fresh figs, as their name implies.

The Marquis had also quantities of bagged hares, brought in by his tenants; and a neighbouring friend had three mongrel sort of beagles with tolerable noses, but wretched notes, which used to afford me capital sport, and which were generally led by a little Scotch terrier I had, called Snap, who could draw a badger or kill a rat in gallant style. The fair Marchioness used occasionally to attend these runs, mounted on one of my horses. This pastime they had never before witnessed; many friends therefore joined us, and some became adepts.

I also tried my hand in the fishing line, having

brought my rod for the purpose, but without success; for no trout will live in these cold and rapid rivers, which are fed by the frigid Apennines.

This being the *vendemmia* and general *raccolta*, or harvest season, is a very busy as well as a very animating one in the country; and I was agreeably amused and instructed in the art of making two of the richest results and products of our mother earth, wine and oil. The Marquis, like most Italian proprietors, who are not only their own cultivators but their own general and retail merchants, makes his own wine and oil.

The wine made in this part of the country is, to my taste, small and sour—speaking generally; although that drunk commonly at the table of my hospitable entertainer is all manufactured by himself, and is excellent.

The process of wine-making is by no means an inviting one. Red, black, white, husks, stalks, spiders, cobwebs, cockroaches, and even less appetising matters still, are all promiscuously tumbled into a great vat or tun, where dirty, splaw-footed peasants tread it,—passing from the wine-press to the dirt, and from the dirt to the wine-press! But as they say here, "*Ogni soperchio rompe il coperchio;*" and as we say at home, "A man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies!"

I accompanied the Marquis and his fair rib

to their friend's house in Tuscany, whose vineyards are in high order, and who takes great pride in the culture and manufacture of this luxury. This gentleman informed me that a vineyard will sometimes last a hundred years, and that the older the vine the fewer the grapes, but the better the wine.

This jolly bacchanalian, (il Cavalier R.,) was with his family *in villeggiatura*, at his villa near Pisa. We dined and passed a most agreeable evening with him, and he treated us to some most delicious and highly-flavoured wines of different vintages, all grown on his own property and brewed by himself. He informed me that they prune their vines generally in December and January, but sometimes in March; those that are operated on latest being those that begin shooting the earliest. I listened also to a long dissertation on pigeons' and hens' dung being constantly used in the south of France, which they rarely had recourse to here, but which our host had tried with success, and for which purpose he kept an extensive establishment of doves.

The influence of climate as well as of different soils on different wines, was also treated of; and the expiring efforts of the vine on the banks of the Rhine, which there refuses to go farther

north, and bequeaths its dying flavour to the delicious produce of that favoured district.

In the evening, our party was increased by Mr. G——, commonly called "*Il principe de' mercanti.*" He drove over from Leghorn, bringing with him a party of travelling *mi lordi*, who were bound to Egypt and the Holy Land, with one or two fair Livornese.

This evening, il Signore G—— informed me that, previous to his quitting Leghorn this day, a felucca had arrived from Corsica, where it was reported my poor friend Murat had landed with his gallant and devoted little band. This brave but ill-fated soldier, who had so recently treated me with royal magnificence, and all the pomp of princely splendour, with a whole nation at his beck, was now a miserable outcast, a folorn wanderer on the face of the earth,

"With none so poor as do him honour!"

and shunned by all as if a pestilence surrounded and attended him!

October 5th.—We agreed to pass another day with the gallant, gay, and agreeable cavalier, and a pic-nic was got up, for the purpose of visiting the baths in this neighbourhood, as well as to mount to the top of the beautiful and picturesque hill of Saint Julian, which commands one of the

most enchanting and extensive prospects that can well be imagined.

Away we went, some in carriages, some on horseback, and others on donkeyback. The Italians are practical alchemists, and as there is no gloom in their sky, so there is none in their hearts; and all the acts of life, by some chemical process, are turned to pleasure. The cavalier led the way, vociferating at the top of his voice, *avanti! avanti!*

We examined the different baths, &c. This establishment seems well got up, although not generally frequented at the present day, except by the Pisans, as those of Lucca have greater attractions for the many. But the clear air and fine prospects from St. Julian's, (at whose base the said baths are situated,) make them superior, in my opinion, to those of Lucca.

This noble and graceful hill commands the whole of the Pisan strand, its city lying (as it were) at our feet. The meanderings of the classic Arno you can trace, as it divides the town, and unites with the sea to the right of Leghorn, whose noble port and gallant ships are brought directly under your eye, together with Monte Negro on one side the Serchio river, and the town of Via Reggio on the other; with the Apennines in the rear to close in this magic pano-

rama; and the Mediterranean, its pure waters and noble islands, (such as Caprara, Elba, and Corsica,) in the distance.

As I gazed in rapture from the summit of Mount Julian, after our merry and agreeable repast, and its accompaniments of Monte Pulciano and well-cooled champagne, I thought of my dear friend and his M.S. poem, which, were poetry now a marketable commodity, would turn to good account. It commences from the very spot I then stood on, and describes what I then saw and felt. It is a tale in ten cantos, founded on the history of the Pisan republic, and taken from an historical incident, said to have occurred in the tenth century. The style is a medium between the formal stateliness of the ancient classical epic, and the grotesque wildness of the modern romantic, and is called "the Battle of the Bridge," and which battle is said to have originated the triennial festival, in Italian'ycleped "*La battaglia del ponte*,"—which is every three years rehearsed in the good town of Pisa, and commenced about the very hour our party were standing on the brow of this beautiful mount, and occasionally directing our enraptured sight towards the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean sea, not with the same anxious gaze, as no traitors were expected on this occasion. It opens thus:

"From Julian's brow an anxious gaze
Bends far o'er Pisa's wide-spread plain,
Watching the half set sun's red blaze,
Like a fire island on the main;

"Till gradually, less and less,
It seems to burn to nothingness.
'Tis vanished from Saint Julian's hill;
But its last beams are lingering still,
Where northward, yonder golden streaks
Gild Apenninos snow-capp'd peaks.

"How pure, soft, rich, the evening sky,
That canopies fair Italy!
How lover-like retires the day,
The sweetest is the parting ray!
* * * * *

The approach of vessels is thus described:—

"Intent to reach the Pisan strand
When midnight wraps the slumbering land,
Midnight as dark as his dark soul,
Who leads them to a fiery goal.

"Reckless of kindred, home, and friends,
Of all save his own selfish ends,
He brings, by vengeful passions prest,
A dagger to his country's breast.

* * * *

"All level spreads fair Pisa's plain,
And Arno smooth and tranquil glides,
And flowing westward to the main,
Its spacious city it divides;

" Reflecting from its gracious bend,
The quays that on its bank extend:
That crescent, which from morn to eve
The sun's unclouded beams ne'er leave;

" Where rows of palaces arise,
Stretching their tops along the skies;
And where yon bridge, in graceful pride,
Throws its three arcs across the tide;

" Where citizens and ladies gay
Enjoy the cool of closing day;
Where simpler groups grotesquely move
In mirth, in friendship, and in love;

" And where, if evening bell should sound,
Amid the scene, sudden, spell-bound,
The groups in marble stillness stand,
As if by the Divine command;

" While every noise and motion stayed,
Until the evening prayer be said;
Then, as at once by magic chain,
All move in joyous sound again."*

* The history of this neglected piece of poetry is not without interest. When the author of it was in bonnie Scotland, many years ago, the MS. was shown to the Wizard of the North, who highly approved of it, and strongly recommended its publication, as did other good judges and talented men. Accordingly, it was put into the hands of Constable and Co. for that purpose. When they failed, I made application for it to the assignees, the result of which was, that two large boxes arrived to my address at Woolwich, which were put into store, consisting of a thousand copies of

On our way home, our cavalier instructed me still farther in the art of wine-making, telling me that besides the large cuve or vat for general use, smaller tubs are kept, where the grapes, after being selected and gathered with care, are deposited, and a choicer and richer wine is produced.

Wine is very cheap in this part of the country, and a flask of Florence only costs twopence. The names of the different grapes are very numerous. The muscadel and picardin, were those that pleased my palate the most.

We passed another gay evening at the cavalier's, who gave us in front of his house a kind of a fête champêtre, where numerous prettily dressed Tuscan peasants were assembled, and where we all promiscuously danced until a late hour.

On the morrow we took leave of our gallant and joyous cavalier, who is a fine type of the old

this poem in sheets, as it issued from the press, and there it lay for many years neglected and forgotten. My connexion with the Royal Regiment ceasing, "the Battle of the Bridge" was removed elsewhere, and on my being ordered to the West Indies some years afterwards, I consigned the said sheets, with other papers, to the keeping of a bookseller in London, who, during my absence, also became bankrupt, and this unlucky poem fell into the hands of the Philistines, and I presume was disposed of as waste paper. I tried hard on my return to repossess myself of it, but in vain,—not a trace or vestige of it could be found; I luckily had one copy bound, which is still forthcoming in case poetry, so long a drug in the market, should again become sought after.

Tuscan gentleman, previous to the introduction of the revolutionary manners of the Bonapartean school. To the last he continued his assiduous attentions to his fair visitor, and on escorting her to her carriage, most graciously and gracefully bent to kiss her hand, repeating in chivalric style, and in a tragic tone,

"Ella parte, piange Roma."

We returned to ——— by the small sea port of Via Reggio, at whose inn we stopt to refresh our cattle, and the Marquis and myself also refreshed ourselves by a delicious dip in the briny ocean. On our return we had a harvest home, and a splendid pic-nic, at the romantically situated village of Nicola, in the heart of the Marquis's property, and where the peasantry seemed devoted to their master and his handsome wife. Lots of dancing, lots of beauty, and lots of fun; the whole finishing by a chorus in honour of the Marchioness.

"Viva, viva là padrona;
Sempre bella, e sempre buona!
Là padrona e un angellella
Sempre buona e sempre bella."

I must here mention another grand operation in which I took great delight whilst on this, to me, real pleasure trip; I allude to the gathering

of that richest of all crops, the olive, which grew in the neighbourhood in great profusion, and of which the padrone was a large proprietor. The gathering in question was only of those that were intended for home consumption; the real racolta not commencing till the latter end of November.

The Marquis has mills on his estate, into which, after being gathered, the olives are put and ground; they are then shovelled into a stone trough, with wood shovels; and thence again the pulp, by a similar process, is placed in baskets, called frails, which are put on pedestals and piled one above another, when the press is put to work, and the oil exudes.

I went to visit several of the Marquis's olive-groves, and he explained the different kinds, of which there are many, some of which have existed for two hundred years. They are planted in strait lines, and at distances of about thirty or forty feet asunder, and round them trenches are dug every year, and fresh soil laid to their roots.

October 14th.—I this day received my chief's commands to return forthwith to Genoa. Well! six such weeks I have never before spent, and in this transitory life, perhaps, shall never spend another six so agreeably. Treated, fêted, and run after, and my every wish gratified—to make a long story short, I had so gained on the good-

will of all the inmates of this charming family, that from the cook to the cameria, I had a sigh, and a word of regret from every one; my fair hostess giving me a tear at parting, and my kind host a hearty *kiss* on each cheek; not (I confess) without a secret wish on my part that the respective testimonies of good-will had been *convertible!*

I slept at Chiavari, and arrived at Genoa to dinner, and found my chief in excellent tune, with the exception that a discordant note had been put forth by General Philips, who now commanded, and had observed my prolonged absence.

On my arrival, the news was communicated to me of the inhuman murder of poor Murat.

During the rest of this month, I occupied myself in writing Italian letters to the Marquis, and French ones to his fair lady. They do not return to Genoa until the latter end of this month, (November,) at which period the Italian winter begins, and all hasten to their town residences.

This being Sunday, the first part of the day was dedicated, as usual, to religious exercises, the latter to pleasurable ones. I drove to Piglia, a few miles on the western *riveira* of Genoa, to spend the day with my friend H., who had a

charming country residence in this quarter. After walking about the grounds, admiring the beauties of the place, and playing billiards, and battledore and shuttlecock with the ladies, I was placed at the festive board next the celebrated Madame De Stael, with whom I got on wonderfully, considering her prodigious reputation, as not merely the author but the *heroine* of "Corinne." A plainer and more masculine person for a *heroine* I never beheld; though it must be confessed that her mind was as masculine as her person,—at the same time that it was softened and beautified by all the most tender and feminine passions. She was, in fact, at this very time acting Corinne, and had her *Oswald* with her, who seemed to hold her heart under the most absolute control. The object of this tender passion was a young Genevese, Monsieur Rocca, who had belonged to the light cavalry of Napoleon's army in Spain, and had exhibited great courage, conduct, and talent. He had been severely wounded, besides having had his lungs pierced by a lance. He was now evidently dying of consumption, and she told me she was hurrying off to Pisa with him. He sat opposite to us, pale, interesting-looking, and emaciated; and she watched him with incessant anxiety, for fear, as she said, "he should eat something that might disagree with him."

Her devotion, her love for this young soldier, considering the disparity of age, appeared at first, to my romantic mind, like a touch of bathos in poetry; especially as the lady's daughter was of the party, and old enough to he engaged to the Duc de Broglie. But I had not sat long *a côté* of this remarkable woman, before all the fascination of her mind was thrown over me, and I forgot age and absence of beauty, and became myself spell-bound and deeply enamoured; and as her intellectual countenance lighted up, at last I thought her perfectly beautiful. She described all her anxieties about her interesting invalid, and his deeds of renown in the battle-field. This led to Napoleon and his deeds, and Mons. H. having informed Madame De Stael that I had visited Napoleon at Elba, I was induced to give a long description of my interview with him, and my impressions of his figure, face, &c., which the lady flattered me by saying were excellent, and exactly corresponded with her own; and she added, that in a book she was then writing they should be introduced.

Our conversation was generally carried on in English, which Madame De Stael spoke fluently and elegantly. She painted in glowing colours the power of the human passions and their influence; she seemed to detest Bonaparte and respect England.

As this extraordinary woman is extremely intimate with my kind hosts of il Castello, I shall have plenty of opportunities of seeing more of her; besides which, she has made me promise to visit her at her hotel.

CHAPTER XII.

Visit to Madame de Stäel—Jean Carlo di Negri—Table-talk at Madame de Stäel's—Ancient architecture—Godfrey of Bouillon—A learned discussion—Monsieur Rocca—A bas-bleu in a passion—A Genoese ball—Alarming news—The Princess of Wales—Bergami—Billy Austin—Disgraceful scene in presence of the English army—Bergami's sister—The Princess's embarkation for the east—The Leviathan—A ball to Madame de Stäel by the British officers—A fit of illness—A dangerous experiment—A sad dog.

Genoa, Tuesday, Nov. 1815.

This evening I paid a visit to Madame de Stäel, and found her surrounded by *savants*, the only one of whom I knew personally was my friend Jean Carlo di Negri, who stood *high* amongst the circle that surrounded this celebrated lady. I talk now of my friend Jean, physically not morally; he was upwards of six feet and a-half in length. His mental calibre, I was not capable of judging of, but he looked what the Italians term "*sbalordito*;" — however, when the ball of conversation was struck he

had his hit at it as well as others. The learned table-talk was carried on alternately in French, in Italian, and sometimes in English. One subject was Italian architecture, and a great deal was said about that species called *Gotico Moresco*, which was introduced about the eleventh century, as well as of that styled the *Gotico Tedesco*.

This was followed by a dissertation on my present abode, *Il Castello*, the possessors of which, I have before stated, were compatriots of the great Madame, besides being her sworn friends. Then came Godfrey de Bouillon, who, as I have previously stated, was there located before his departure for the holy wars. A discussion followed about the Crusaders, which led to a dispute about the *sacro catino*, or vase composed of emeralds, which some declared was captured in the first crusade under the renowned Godfrey, and contained the ashes of John the Baptist. Some said this curious relic was found at Smyrna, whilst others described it as being a hexagonical dish, found at Cæsarea, and formed from a single emerald, and declared that it was handed over to the Genoese crusaders as their share of the general booty. It was said by some of the company to be now kept amongst the archives of the city. Others denied this statement; and one, more bold than the rest, asserted, that Napoleon had

seized this precious object with other valuables, (such as the picture of the Martyrdom of St. Stephen,) and transferred it to Paris, where its material had been tested and found to be glass.

This latter statement I myself believe to be the case, as I had seen the article in question. Another of the disputants informed us that it was at one time (when the Republic stood in need of the circulating medium) pawned to the Jews for nearly forty thousand Genoese scudi. This belies what Napoleon told me of my dear friends the Genoese, when he said it took nine Jews to make one of them; for one seldoms hears of an Israelite being imposed upon in the matter of precious stones; although it is said he practises this calling on others. Some one declared that the Queen of Sheba had palmed off this fictitious jewel on King Solomon!

The next topic touched on was Mount Calvary, and one more learned than the rest of this sage coterie, having history at his finger ends, announced that De Bouillon, by a curious coincidence, stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem on a Friday, at three o'clock, P. M., on the anniversary of the day and hour of the Redeemer's passion.

Godfrey composed the "Assive" of Jerusalem, a splendid *morceau*, as Madame informed us, of

feudal jurisprudence. She explained that the final correction of this code was promulgated by him, after his conquest of Jerusalem, and coronation as its king; and she went on to say, that from this code emanated the old feudal system of deciding lawsuits by personal combat. This brought forth Jean Carlo's long figure, who was very fond of a little theatrical display, and now throwing himself into attitude, he favoured us with the commencement of the Gerusalemme Liberata—

> " Canto l'Arme pietose, e'l capitano,
> Che il gran sepolcro liberò di Cristo," &c.

spinning out his repetition to a length that tired us all, and made Madame yawn most undisguisedly; on which the learned John ceased. Others of this erudite throng then proceeded to give quotations about Goffredo, the loves of Tancredi, and the woes of Armida; on which " Corinne" became much excited, probably in virtue of her own loves and woes in connection with Monsieur Rocca, who remained all the while recumbent on a sofa, the picture of death.

This adroit and brilliant talker now struck the ball in a different direction, by informing the learned throng, that she had that morning been to the Albergo della Villa, (or Poor-house,) to con-

template the splendid relief by Michael Angelo, of the Virgin Mary supporting the dead body of our Saviour. She favoured us with a learned discussion on the merits of this capo d'opera, and also with one on the Assumption of the Virgin, by the inimitable French artist, Puget, who was long a resident in Genoa, and many of whose works adorn the city; and his birth, parentage, and education, were freely entered into.

I luckily, at last, got into a corner with Mademoiselle De Stäel, who really is a nice, unaffected, conversible girl, and *sans pretention;* but my friend Frank S——h soon interrupted my share of the discourse, and I again became a listener.

On Sunday evening, the 12th November, I again presented myself in the salon of this *dotta dama,* hoping to get as much credit as a fortunate showman at a fair, after having exhibited a learned Bruin, surrounded by dancing dogs and intelligent monkeys; for I had during the morning been entrusted by the lady to be bear-leader to Monsieur Rocca, and cicerone him round the principal defences of this fortress; for which purpose I had mounted him on Tangier, and taken him amongst other places to the Sperone, a fort on the highest pinnacles of that part of the Apennines, and which from its position is styled

"the Citadel of Genoa." We had a good deal of up-hill work, the day was excessively hot, and the soldierlike enthusiasm of Monsieur Rocca made him forget his wounds and his ailments. As ill-luck would have it, however, we both dismounted to minutely examine a curiously constructed horn-work, consigning our quadrupeds to the care of a Genoese peasant who was working near the spot, and who, to my utter dismay, was stupid enough to let the horses get away, and they both kicked up their heels and scampered off, the invalid and myself being thus forced to walk for a considerable distance, until the steeds were again secured. This *contretems*, the heat of the day, the occasional climbing, &c., was too much for Monsieur Rocca; and his cara sposa (for it is said they are privately married) flew at me, like an enraged tigress robbed of her young. When I first entered the apartment, (where a large party was assembled,) I walked up to make my obeisance and receive my boon; for I had an hour or two before conducted Monsieur Rocca to the door of his hotel, when he was full of gratitude for the interesting and agreeable day I had procured for him,—so I never calculated on the reverse of fortune I was doomed so soon after to experience. Monsieur R. was extended on a sofa, "dead beat," Madame sitting

close by him, and as I went up to her, she majestically rose, tall and straight as "the poplar tree," looking blacker than a thunder-cloud; and pointing to the victim of my imprudence, she sent forth a torrent of abuse that nearly annihilated me, and from which I was glad to escape.

Monday, Nov. 13th.—The next morning I received a soothing billet from the hussar, saying he was much better, and that Madame hoped to meet me this evening and make friends with me, which she accordingly did.

Monsieur and Madame D——, my kind and hospitable landlord and lady, gave a ball to Madame de Stäel and her fair daughter, and I was constituted master of the ceremonies, and presented all the English officers in rotation to the great "lioness" of the day, and her luxuriant looking daughter, with whom I danced, but could not hold a candle to the continued assiduities of S——, to whom the fair damsel seemed to listen with a decided preference.

November 14th.—This morning, the garrison, or rather the heads of it, were thrown into a state of alarm by the news reaching them that the Princess of Wales had broken up her establishment on the Lake of Como, and after visiting the Villa D'Este, Milan, &c., and sleeping last night at Novi, was bearing down on the city of Genoa,

preparatory to embarking in the Leviathan, commanded by Captain Briggs, to start on her eastern tour.

All was now helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, council and counter-council, as to the manner in which she was to be received. Lord William Bentinck ordered General M. to attend her, and General M., ordered some one else! As Shakspeare says,

"Men turn their backs towards the setting sun."

The Milan commission and other *on dits* had thrown an obscuring cloud over this once fair princess.

In the pell-mell decision that was come to, I found myself on the strand opposite to Scoglietta, her old residence, with others of the understrappers of the staff delegated to receive and escort her Royal Highness to the place of embarkation. C——, Gen. M.'s aid-de-camp, Captain M., another major of brigade, and myself, were amongst the dubbed heroes, to do honour to England's future queen.

We took up our position about mid-day, and soon after one o'clock, P.M., double-thonging and cracking of whips in the direction of the Lighthouse, told us the royal cortège was approaching, which soon halted directly opposite our well-chosen position. The avant courier was no

longer the famed Bergami, who performed that office whilst her Royal Highness sojourned amongst us. This worthy was now safely ensconced *inside* the royal carriage, and was doing duty as a gentleman, occupying the same side with his royal mistress.

When the vehicle came up, a lump of a lad was standing up and looking out of the window towards the sea, on the side we were. I was informed this was the celebrated Billy Austin. Of this I cannot speak confidently; but to this I can testify, that the *ci-devant courier* Bergami, who had, when I last saw him, acted as the menial servant of her Royal Highness, standing behind her chair, &c. and sometimes behind her carriage, now stepped out of the carriage, dressed in tights, with hessian-boots, screw-spurs, a white hat, a frogdeg great-coat, and a splendid pair of mustachioes. He then, with the greatest ease and *nonchalance*, handed out the wife of England's Regent; and on her alighting, he offered her his arm, which was readily accepted, and the pair proceeded to the barge of the line-of-battle ship, escorted by Captain B. and the rest of us in attendance, who had first formed an alley for this singular cortège to pass through. I tried in vain to catch the eye of the Princess as she

passed; it was fishy and glazed, and seemed to recognize no one.

On the opposite side of this family coach, and *vis-à-vis* to her Royal Highness, sat a vulgar-looking personage, with a very young infant on her knee. This lady was officiating as *dame d'honneur* to her Royal Highness, and I was informed, was the sister of her present chamberlain, Bergami.

We all returned to Genoa, filled with wonderment, at the same time too loyal to give utterance to our private opinions, and the only public remark that we gave vent to, was an inquiry as to whom the babe belonged that we had just seen.

Nov. 15th.—The Leviathan, with her precious burthen, is still at anchor in the bay. Soon after the embarkation of her Royal Highness, it came on to blow a regular south-easter, and the gale still continues, to the imminent danger of his majesty's ship, which repeatedly, during the day, has dragged her anchors, and great apprehensions have been entertained that she would be stranded on the very beach we yesterday saw the Princess embark from. At last, however, they got safe off.

It had been resolved by the officers of the garrison to give a ball to Madame de Stäel and her fair daughter, and I was selected to fulfil the

functions of master of the ceremonies, with one or two assistants in the shape of stewards, and my time this morning was fully occupied in fitting up the ball-room with flags, flowers, transparencies, &c. &c., as well as giving orders to restaurateurs, wine-merchants, pastry-cooks, and a host of others; and I must say, that although our preparations were somewhat hurried, they at length succeeded in giving general satisfaction. The scene may not have been quite so grand as when Corinne was crowned in the capitol; but it came somewhat near it.

It was with great difficulty that Madame had been persuaded to stay and accept this testimony to her celebrity. Love in different shapes was the assailing cause, but striving in opposite directions. Her chief motive for wishing to avoid the honour, was her desire to proceed to Pisa instanter, for the sake of the health of her beloved and interesting *protegé*, Monsieur Rocca, "the wounded hussar." On the other hand, her affection for Mademoiselle de Stäel, who was her only daughter, and at that time of life when a ball, and that a red-coated one, was everything to her, made her wish to stay. Add to this, the "flattering unction" that was applied to her own soul by this marked token of respect from British officers, and the balance of "go or stay" was

decided in favour of the latter. So, on this evening, a brilliant fête was given, graced by the presence of all the élite, Genoese, Piedmontese, and English, at present in Genoa, and which I was again deputed to open, by dancing an English country-dance with the future Duchess de Broglie. During this interesting ceremony, mamma stood on tip-toe, her tall figure towering on high, to watch the progress of Ma'am'selle, and to witness with pride the homage and attention that were paid her.

The sister of my friend the Marquis —— had arrived with her husband from the country, and was present at this ball. They had brought me, as a present, a very fine alabaster bust of Julius Cæsar, from Carara, with injunctions to present the same to my chief, it being a fac-simile of him, to induce him to grant me more leave, to enable me to pay another visit to them previously to their arrival in Genoa, which would not be till next month.

A day or two after this fête, I took to my bed, having had for some days previously that general precursor to illness, a gloom and melancholy hanging about me, which I tried in vain to shake off. The husband of Madame M., (sister to the marquis,) came daily to sit with me, whilst he remained at Genoa. In my impatience to get

well, I very nearly verified the Italian epitaph, which says:—

"Stetti bene; per stare meglio, sto qui!"
(I was well, I wanted to be better, and I am here.)

The case was this:—The doctor had given me a dose, in which there was a considerable quantity of laudanum; this was in a small phial, and as he was about to proceed to Savona to visit a sick patient, he left with me a ditto repeated, or double one, to take the next night; but wishing to do business quickly, I took both at once, and got so ill during the night, that I alarmed the whole house, and nearly frightened Tom Pipes out of his wits. It was immediately circulated throughout Genoa that, in a fit of despair, I had attempted to commit suicide,—love, of course, the cause.

If, instead of this rash experiment, I had followed the example of my friend Jack, I should have encountered no such mishap; for, whenever any Esculapius sent him medicine, he exclaimed, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none of it!" And he literally verified this exclamation. He had at Messina an unfortunate pointer, who was doomed to swallow every drug sent to his hard-hearted master, and a sadder dog could seldom be seen; he became lank, lean, and weak, his hair gradually dropped off, and he looked for all the world like a scalded pig, without his plumpness.

CHAPTER XIII.

Recovery — Scandal—Hospitality of the Genoese—The Marquis Durazzo—A cavalier servente—Italian Constancy—A faithful shepherd—Lord Stewart—The obsiqueous lieutenant — The way of the world—How to play your cards—A novel hero—A cure for headache—Lord Duncan—A grand dinner—A petit souper—Hobnobbing in Italy.

Genoa, December.

On the 22d of last month, I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, and had many visitors; amongst others, Lord William R. who told me he was sent to make the most tender inquiries by Madame Durazzo, the bosom friend of the fair Marchioness at——, whose sister-in-law, Madame M., with her husband, came in the evening to take leave of me, preparatory to returning to their own home, which is on the western side of Genoa, and near the confines of Nice. She also told me that Madame D. had been sounding my praises, and taking my part relative to some stories that had got into the Chronicle Scanda-

leuse, respecting my repeated trips across the Apennines to my friends at ——. So I hope, at last, truth and virtue will carry the day, for no man has studied more to protect the character of my friends, and to give less room for scandal. But it is enough to be young, handsome, and fascinating, which the Marchioness is, to make the world join issue with Shakspeare, when he says—

"Can she be fair and honest too?"

I certainly about this time received most warm, kind, and flattering letters, from both her and her husband, after they had heard of my illness, announcing, that on Sunday the 3rd of December, ("the better day the better deed,") they would be in Genoa, and invited me to meet them at Nervi, which I accordingly did, and saw them safely housed in their own hospitable mansion, and where I was invited to dine the next day; and I believe such to be their kindness and hospitality towards me, that I might enjoy this pleasure every day. But as I have informed you before, such is the charming hospitality of this country, that I might have invitations for every day in the year, could I accept them.

December 7th.—All the Genoese noblesse are again returned from their different villeggiaturas,

and nightly reunions take place; the Palazzi Serra, Doria, Durazzo, and Brignole, and many others, are at this season thrown open, and you have only to present yourself to meet a hearty welcome, and pass a pleasant evening; that is to say, provided you are considered one of the *habitués* of the said palaces, all of which, be it known to you, I have been made free of, and have the entré to.

I must not even attempt a description of these sumptuous abodes, where silks and satins, damasks, velvets, and draperies, are in rich profusion, with paintings of the first masters, marble staircases, marble statues, marble fountains, marble columns, with terraces where all kinds of rich flowers constantly flourish; where bloom (in the open air) the myrtle, the orange, the oleander, and other sweet plants, which are exhibited as exotics in an English conservatory; and then you have large, lofty, elegantly proportioned rooms, filled to overflowing with wit, beauty, and kindly greetings.

This day I dined with my hospitable friends, and accompanied them to the last named of these gorgeous palaces most of which are huddled together in Strada Balbi, Strada Nuova, or Strada Nuovissima, and the once rich owners, not content with their inside embellishments, have

painted them all outside also. You are not to infer from this, that there are no other palaces in Genoa, for almost every house is one.

La bella padrona of the one we visited this evening, is the sister of Madame Durazzo, and also a great friend of my Marchioness, to whom I am at present looked on as a kind of *cavalier serventé*, and wheresoever she goes, I am expected, whilst my friend C., the A. D. C. of General M., has been dubbed such (by general consent) to Madame B., whose husband, the Marquis, is a very nice fellow, and very fond of the English, and belongs to the corps diplomatique.

I forget if in any part of my diary I have ever attempted a picture of the often-alluded to *nondescript* here 'ycelped a *cavalier servente*. He is supposed to be, as it were, the shadow of some fair dame, for where she is he must be also, and she cannot be seen in public without him. His duties behind the curtain I cannot paint, as I have not as yet been initiated in the mysteries (if there are any) of my new calling, to which I have not even now got my own consent, being somewhat of the disposition of a Presbyterian minister I once, when quartered in Edinburgh, heard hold forth at the general assembly, when he stoutly maintained " he would neither be led nor driven." Now I am not quite so bad as that,

preparatory to embarking in the Leviathan, commanded by Captain Briggs, to start on her eastern tour.

All was now helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, council and counter-council, as to the manner in which she was to be received. Lord William Bentinck ordered General M. to attend her, and General M., ordered some one else! As Shakspeare says,

"Men turn their backs towards the setting sun."

The Milan commission and other *on dits* had thrown an obscuring cloud over this once fair princess.

In the pell-mell decision that was come to, I found myself on the strand opposite to Scoglietta, her old residence, with others of the understrappers of the staff delegated to receive and escort her Royal Highness to the place of embarkation. C——, Gen. M.'s aid-de-camp, Captain M., another major of brigade, and myself, were amongst the dubbed heroes, to do honour to England's future queen.

We took up our position about mid-day, and soon after one o'clock, P.M., double-thonging and cracking of whips in the direction of the Lighthouse, told us the royal cortège was approaching, which soon halted directly opposite our well-chosen position. The avant courier was no

longer the famed Bergami, who performed that office whilst her Royal Highness sojourned amongst us. This worthy was now safely ensconced *inside* the royal carriage, and was doing duty as a gentleman, occupying the same side with his royal mistress.

When the vehicle came up, a lump of a lad was standing up and looking out of the window towards the sea, on the side we were. I was informed this was the celebrated Billy Austin. Of this I cannot speak confidently; but to this I can testify, that the *ci-devant courier* Bergami, who had, when I last saw him, acted as the menial servant of her Royal Highness, standing behind her chair, &c. and sometimes behind her carriage, now stepped out of the carriage, dressed in tights, with hessian-boots, screw-spurs, a white hat, a frogdeg great-coat, and a splendid pair of mustachioes. He then, with the greatest ease and *nonchalance*, handed out the wife of England's Regent; and on her alighting, he offered her his arm, which was readily accepted, and the pair proceeded to the barge of the line-of-battle ship, escorted by Captain B. and the rest of us in attendance, who had first formed an alley for this singular cortège to pass through. I tried in vain to catch the eye of the Princess as she

passed; it was fishy and glazed, and seemed to recognize no one.

On the opposite side of this family coach, and *vis-à-vis* to her Royal Highness, sat a vulgar-looking personage, with a very young infant on her knee. This lady was officiating as *dame d'honneur* to her Royal Highness, and I was informed, was the sister of her present chamberlain, Bergami.

We all returned to Genoa, filled with wonderment, at the same time too loyal to give utterance to our private opinions, and the only public remark that we gave vent to, was an inquiry as to whom the babe belonged that we had just seen.

Nov. 15th.—The Leviathan, with her precious burthen, is still at anchor in the bay. Soon after the embarkation of her Royal Highness, it came on to blow a regular south-easter, and the gale still continues, to the imminent danger of his majesty's ship, which repeatedly, during the day, has dragged her anchors, and great apprehensions have been entertained that she would be stranded on the very beach we yesterday saw the Princess embark from. At last, however, they got safe off.

It had been resolved by the officers of the garrison to give a ball to Madame de Stäel and her fair daughter, and I was selected to fulfil the

functions of master of the ceremonies, with one or two assistants in the shape of stewards, and my time this morning was fully occupied in fitting up the ball-room with flags, flowers, transparencies, &c. &c., as well as giving orders to restaurateurs, wine-merchants, pastry-cooks, and a host of others; and I must say, that although our preparations were somewhat hurried, they at length succeeded in giving general satisfaction. The scene may not have been quite so grand as when Corinne was crowned in the capitol; but it came somewhat near it.

It was with great difficulty that Madame had been persuaded to stay and accept this testimony to her celebrity. Love in different shapes was the assailing cause, but striving in opposite directions. Her chief motive for wishing to avoid the honour, was her desire to proceed to Pisa instanter, for the sake of the health of her beloved and interesting *protegé*, Monsieur Rocca, "the wounded hussar." On the other hand, her affection for Mademoiselle de Stäel, who was her only daughter, and at that time of life when a ball, and that a red-coated one, was everything to her, made her wish to stay. Add to this, the "flattering unction" that was applied to her own soul by this marked token of respect from British officers, and the balance of "go or stay" was

decided in favour of the latter. So, on this evening, a brilliant fête was given, graced by the presence of all the élite, Genoese, Piedmontese, and English, at present in Genoa, and which I was again deputed to open, by dancing an English country-dance with the future Duchess de Broglie. During this interesting ceremony, mamma stood on tip-toe, her tall figure towering on high, to watch the progress of Ma'am'selle, and to witness with pride the homage and attention that were paid her.

The sister of my friend the Marquis —— had arrived with her husband from the country, and was present at this ball. They had brought me, as a present, a very fine alabaster bust of Julius Cæsar, from Carara, with injunctions to present the same to my chief, it being a fac-simile of him, to induce him to grant me more leave, to enable me to pay another visit to them previously to their arrival in Genoa, which would not be till next month.

A day or two after this fête, I took to my bed, having had for some days previously that general precursor to illness, a gloom and melancholy hanging about me, which I tried in vain to shake off. The husband of Madame M., (sister to the marquis,) came daily to sit with me, whilst he remained at Genoa. In my impatience to get

well, I very nearly verified the Italian epitaph, which says:—

"Stetti bene; per stare meglio, sto qui!"
(I was well, I wanted to be better, and I am here.)

The case was this:—The doctor had given me a dose, in which there was a considerable quantity of laudanum; this was in a small phial, and as he was about to proceed to Savona to visit a sick patient, he left with me a ditto repeated, or double one, to take the next night; but wishing to do business quickly, I took both at once, and got so ill during the night, that I alarmed the whole house, and nearly frightened Tom Pipes out of his wits. It was immediately circulated throughout Genoa that, in a fit of despair, I had attempted to commit suicide,—love, of course, the cause.

If, instead of this rash experiment, I had followed the example of my friend Jack, I should have encountered no such mishap; for, whenever any Esculapius sent him medicine, he exclaimed, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none of it!" And he literally verified this exclamation. He had at Messina an unfortunate pointer, who was doomed to swallow every drug sent to his hard-hearted master, and a sadder dog could seldom be seen; he became lank, lean, and weak, his hair gradually dropped off, and he looked for all the world like a scalded pig, without his plumpness.

whose upper servant he appears to be. She dispatching him on all kind of errands. The captain, although by birth a Genoese, and of noble family, was brought up in the naval service of Holland; he takes quantities of snuff and chews tobacco, (two alluring attributes for a *cavalier servente*,) has a cutlass-wound across his forehead, and when permitted, can tell a tough yarn! He was a lieutenant in the Dutch Admiral de Winter's flag-ship, in the battle of Camperdown, was wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to England, where he remained long enough to acquire a smattering of that language, which, from long disuse, has been almost entirely obliterated from his memory, but which (to honour me) he insists on inflicting on me, to my annoyance, it being an almost incomprehensible jargon, compounded of English, Italian, and high Dutch. He sometimes describes the fine, tall, majestic figure of the British admiral, his benignity of countenance, his noble deportment, his firmness of character before the action, in crushing the mutiny, as well as the handsome and generous treatment he received from the officers of The Venerable, Lord Duncan's flag-ship, to which he was conveyed after the battle.

I this day had a violent head-ache, which the captain undertook to cure, and he certainly suc-

ceeded. He made me sit down, seized hold of my caput, and placing a thumb on each of my temporal arteries, pressed them in such a way, as almost to stop the whole circulation of my blood; he then directed me to *heave as long a sigh as I could*, and I walked into dinner, completely cured. I have seen ladies in this country, whilst suffering under such malady, appear with a wafer stuck on each temple, which I presume was only a milder way than my friend the captain employed of driving off this tormentor.

In the evening I gave at Signore Gerolemmo's, (whom I have already celebrated as the Prince of Genoese *restaurateurs*,) a *petit souper* to Madame Durazzo, Jean Luchino, (so styled,) her merry little Marito, and to Monsieur and Madame Brignole, as well as to some of the dinner party I have been describing, especially to my friend the Marquis and his fair partner. Champagne and hob-nobbing were the order of the night. This ceremony is performed by the company rising, and each, with his or her next neighbours, as well as those on the opposite side of the table, touching each other's glass before drinking its contents, first by its bottom saluting the brim of the other, and *vice versâ*. This ceremony is here y'celped *brindisi*, and it took place as the clock struck twelve, in order to welcome in the year

1816; the end of which year, by-the-by, will certainly not see the British troops still in Genoa. Indeed, reports are rife that the order has already arrived for our removal, and weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, have in consequence commenced.

CHAPTER XIV.

Evacuation of Genoa by the British troops—Metastasio—Character of the Genoese—Irish horses—A coup de vent—A traveller's tale—Italian vengeance—A cure for the rheumatism—Leave of absence—A horse-dealing expedition—A bad spec—Embarkation of the English army—Horse dealing extraordinary—Great feat of an English fencer—A new horse medicine—A German officer.

Genoa, Jan. 1816.

TOWARDS the end of the first week in the present year, the report of our relinquishing Genoa was confirmed, and great has been the sorrow evinced by all classes. During the whole month it has been the general subject of conversation, as well as of regret; and Metastasio's celebrated lines have been quoted and requoted by all classes, in illustration of this dire and dreaded event, each repeating—

"Ecco quel fiero istante.
* * * *
Pensa, mia vita, a questo
Barbaro addio funesto;
Pensa . . . ah chi sa s mai
Si sovrai di me?"

The Genoese are a warm-hearted race, and there is the greatest kindness and *bonhommie* displayed by all classes towards the component parts of the British army, which I have before said is rather heterogene. The Sicilians and Neapolitans are the least liked; but then, as I have before observed, some unhappy impulse makes one part of Italy detest the other, and this Michiavelian policy is fostered and encouraged by those in power.

The Brunswick Oels (next to the English) are the best beloved, and likely most to be bewailed. They are ordered to be broken up, and the horses brought to the hammer, as are those of the artillery. This has already made a spirit of speculation burst forth amongst the Italians; and my friend the Marquis has proposed that we should join issue and purchase a number of the best, and send them to different parts of Italy, whither we should also journey.

I jumped at this proposal, as there were some parts of Italy I was sure I should profit by visiting in such company; and as Black Jack and myself are both wedded to this fair land, he has made an application for six months' leave of absence for us, to commence on the embarkation of the troops: firstly, to give over the artillery and stores left behind to the Sardinian government;

and, secondly, for the purpose of returning overland to our native soil, from which we have been absent many years.

This fine Hussar regiment was mounted in "*Ould Ireland*," and they have a very nice description of that celebrated horse, the *topper* and *double ditcher*. But these will "waste their sweetness on the desert air," Italy being furnished with neither the one nor the other. These animals are stout, and have been well looked after by their German masters—I should rather say friends and companions, for that is the real position held by these kind-hearted and excellent troopers —which made them stand the Peninsula better than a better breed.

This month is rather a trying one here, for at one period of the day you have a hot southern sun fiercely darting his rays on you, and at another you are assailed by the bleak northern blasts coming sharply on you from the snow-clad Alps.

A *coup de vent* made me miss several parties and balls, and I was forced to take to my bed, suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism in my face and neck, and which was at first conjectured to be erysipelas, a common complaint at this season of the year at this place.

This illness procured me, during my convalescence, many kind visitors, amongst others *Il*

Capitano Hollandese, as he was termed, and many a long and amusing yarn he spun for me as he sat by my bedside. One of a most extraordinary nature, on his retiring from my chamber, I committed to paper in my best English, although he favoured me with it in Italian. It was to the following effect, and the weather-beaten mariner swore to every word of it being a true bill, although I hugely suspect the captain is fond of dealing in the marvellous.

He said, that in the year 1789, he was midshipman in a small man-of-war brig stationed in the Mediterranean, whose head-quarters was Naples, and that a most extraordinary circumstance had then occurred, which had made a lasting impression on him, and which he took care to evince whilst reciting it, by the most theatrical gesticulations. They were about to set sail for Palermo, and a Sicilian doctor, by name Guiseppe Tiraboschi, (who had been some time established at Naples, and was a friend of the commander of the brig,) had been given a passage, and had already embarked, as the captain meant to take advantage of the land breeze, or at all events put to sea early next morning.

After dinner a boat pulled off, and brought a letter to the *medico*, requiring his assistance ashore, and promising a large fee if he would

lend his assistance, as it was a case of great emergency, and attended with fever; and he was requested to bring his lancets with him. The letter farther stated, that a carriage would be on the *Chiaja* for him at such an hour, and hoped, as it was a case of life and death, that he would not fail. The Esculapius consulted the captain, who consented to his going on shore, as the wind was foul, and at a late hour of the evening I was deputed to land the doctor.

"I walked up to the appointed place with him," continued the capitano, "when he was handed into a carriage and hurried off, whilst I returned to my boat's crew to await his coming. The wind rose, the clouds lowered torrents of rain fell, and the extreme darkness that surrounded us was at times broken in upon by vivid flashes of forked lightning flying across the bay, and lighting up its scenery, showing us the sulphury and smoking summit of Mount Vesuvius frowning on us, followed by the most awful and tremendous peals of thunder, as if to mark the bloody tragedy that was then enacting, and of which we had been passive (if not active) agents, in having brought the said Guiseppe to the beach.

"He returned to us two hours after midnight, flushed and out of breath. On recovering him-

self sufficiently, which was with considerable difficulty, he unburthened himself by unfolding a tale of a most frightful nature, after first swearing me to secrecy, for he well knew the superstition of sailors, and that had they known he had assisted at such a foul deed, they would either have refused to go to sea with him, or have mutinied and thrown him overboard.

" It appears he was driven at a rapid rate for some distance, and through various streets, and on getting a glimpse of his companions in the coach, he found two masks, and both prepared with stilettos. They begged him to have every confidence in them, that he need fear no harm, but that it was absolutely necessary to observe secrecy; that they knew his professional reputation, and as he was about to quit Naples, they thought him the fittest instrument for their purpose. They said that he must submit to be blindfolded, as they were about to conduct him to the presence of a lady of high rank, and that her name and abode it was absolutely necessary should be concealed.

" Thinking it was to give birth to the fruits of some illicit intercourse, (a thing not uncommon in Italy, and more especially at Naples,) the doctor now more readily lent himself to their proposals, and submitted to be blindfolded.

" After what appeared to be a long journey, the

carriage suddenly stopped, and the two gentlemen alighted, assisted the doctor out, and placing themselves one on each side of him, took an arm each, and conducted him to a house, where they made him ascend a narrow staircase and enter an apartment. They then removed the bandage from his eyes, and one of them informed him, that from circumstances it had become absolutely necessary to deprive a lady of life, who had dishonoured her family; that they had chosen him to perform this office from his known professional skill, and that he would find her in the adjoining chamber, ready and willing to submit to her fate; and that he must proceed to open her veins with as little delay as possible, and for which service he should be liberally rewarded.

"The Sicilian was a man of stronger mind and more determined courage than the generality of his countrymen, besides possessing great bodily strength, and he resolutely resisted the commital of so foul a deed in cold blood. But the masks used the most violent imprecations, and vowing vengeance on him should he continue farther opposition to their wish, the one drew a pistol from his girdle, whilst the other brandished his stiletto. Guiseppe, finding further remonstrance in vain, entered the lady's chamber, whom he found in her *robe de chambre*, with a splendid

figure, youthful, and extremely beautiful; and she was apparently perfectly aware of his mission, and perfectly resigned to her fate.

"The doctor had scarcely recovered from his surprise at beholding the lady, when her *femme de chambre* entered with a large tub of water, in which the lady immediately immersed her small ivory-looking feet and polished limbs, and seating herself, begged him to proceed, and put her out of pain with as little delay as possible,—as she was well aware that no pardon would be accorded her, and nothing short of her death could expiate her trespass.

"After a brief consultation with his own mind, and perceiving no escape for himself or his fair victim, and the masks becoming impatient, threatening to execute vengeance on himself if he longer delayed, he, in a fit of despair, seized his lancets, and in a short time she bled to death.

"The strangers having ascertained, by a careful examination of the body, that the deed was done, expressed their satisfaction at the manner in which he had peformed it, and proffered him a large purse of gold, which he peremptorily refused, and requested to be conducted from the scene of horror with as little delay as possible. With this request they instantly complied, and he had the bandage again placed before his eyes, and made

his egress in the same mysterious manner in which he had entered; the masquers adding, that if he ever took any means to give publicity to the business he had been employed in, he should be sacrificed to their just vengeance.

"Without allowing himself to be deterred by these considerations, and the elements still continuing to mark their detestation of the foul deed, we decided not to farther tempt their fury during the remainder of the darkness, and I accompanied the excited descendant of Galen to the house of the chief of the sbirri, where he proceeded to relate every particular, which was taken down in writing. After this the storm ceased, and we proceeded on board, and I faithfully kept the doctor's secret till we landed him in Sicily."

Whether or not any farther light was thrown on this affair, the loquacious captain could not inform me, farther than that a certain duke was suspected, whose sister was very lovely, and who was high in favour at the Neapolitan court at the time.

January 18th.—My friend Jack, who hates the look of sick people, as much as he hates the physic they take, never came near me during my late illness; but this morning he took compassion on me, and sent me a nostrum worth a thousand drugs, in the shape of a *billet*, to announce

that by this morning's post he had obtained six months' leave of absence for both of us, to commence from the embarkation of the troops, to enable us to hand over the guns and stores left behind, to the Sardinian government, and then return to England. Generous John Bull is always doing the polite, and contrives it in such a way, that he seldom gets credit for it. On the present occasion, this act of grace was imputed to necessity, and to our want of means of transport for the removal of these superfluous articles, for which we were not even thanked.

Two days after the receipt of these glad tidings, I made my first *sortie* in a sedan chair; rather an unmilitary mode of procedure, but a very convenient one for an invalid to pay visits in, as he is not only carried into the portico, free from wet and wind, but even up stairs and into the reception saloon.

February 1st.—The Marquis and myself made a purse, and I this morning attended the sale of the Brunswick Hussar horses, and bought seven. This is rather a *bizarre* speculation, considering that I have plenty of my own to dispose of. The Marquis accompanied me, and I not only thought myself very knowing, but easily pursuaded him to think so too. I looked well into the animal's eyes;—for which precaution I had good reason.

They say "a burnt child dreads the fire." I once bought a horse at Tattersal's that was *stone blind.* I well recollect the adroit auctioneer on the occasion in question, and the encouraging smile on his countenance as he lifted his hammer high in air, and praised the animal's *action!* my admiration of which blinded me to my blind bargain.

I then examined the animals' mouths; grasped them tight under the throat, to find if their windpipes were clear; felt their legs and examined their feet; talked of the difference between a common and a blood spavin; professed to detect a ringbone, a sandcrack, or a splent; and was marvellously knowing about corns and thrushes; notwithstanding all which prodigious display of knowledge, il Signor Marchèse and myself made about as bad a speculation as I before had done at Tattersal's, or as the Vicar of Wakefield's son, Moses, did when he returned exultingly, with his gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases. Mine, at all events, was a real *case of chagrin;* for out of a purse of nearly six hundred dollars, which we had embarked in this mercantile enterprise, our dividend was *nix.* In short, what with travelling expenses, overstocked markets, and the exorbitant bills of the jockies we entrusted them to, these renowned cattle eat

their own heads off, and we were glad to get rid of them at any price.

The Genoese *bourgeoise* bought lots of these horses. Sixteen Spanish dollars, or about four pounds sterling, was the average price they fetched; and the citizens were seen cantering about in all directions for a short time, and for a short time only; for every one of these old troopers had been taught a trick or two, which enabled them at pleasure to rid themselves of their riders,—to the astonishment of the sober Cit, and to my no small amusement. I seldom at this period rode out without seeing some of these tailors measuring their own length on the roads or ramparts.

February 19th.—The *fiero istante* I have before alluded to, has arrived, and this morning the British forces embarked, and abandoned Genoa, leaving Black Jack and myself alone in our glory, with six months' leave of absence, to return to England at our leisure. In the meantime my company was destined to garrison Malta, which, instead of being an annoyance, after the many years I had spent in the Mediterranean, I rather looked on as a consolation, as it ensured me another visit to this favoured and happy land.

Betimes this morning, the whole population of Genoa was awake and abroad, and all the streets, leading to the Acqua Sole and Bisagno

gates, on the western side of the city, were crowded to excess, as was the ancient palace of Andrea Doria, and every part affording a glimpse of the old mole, from whence the English army embarked, after a residence of nearly two years, amongst this kind-hearted and most hospitable people. Loud and heart-stirring were the cheers of the men, and lily-white were the hands of the ladies, as they waved in the wind their pocket-handkerchiefs, bedewed with tears, as each corps in succession embarked and departed from the strand; whilst many a fair dame, with tell-tale eyes and pallid cheeks, unable to give utterance to their feelings, reminded me of Burns's celebrated words, so truly illustrative of this affecting scene.

> "Had we never loved so kindly,
> Had we never loved so blindly,
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

February 27th.—I this morning disposed of a quadruped of my own, on rather better terms than those of my Brunswick Oels speculation; but even here I was overreached by a young German officer, an aid-de-camp of Count Bubna, the Austrian commander-in-chief in Italy, who had despatched this young fellow expressly to

buy my horse, which had acquired a great name in Italy for his beauty, symmetry, and other qualifications. He was a thorough-bred, dark-brown, without a white speck about him. He was bred in Yorkshire, and my friend, Captain Foljambe, of the twentieth dragoons, was killed from off his back during a charge. The father of Foljambe had paid three hundred and fifty guineas for this animal, and presented him to his early-doomed son. He was a splendid fencer, and crowds of Genoese used to assemble at the *manège* to see me take him over a five-barred gate erected for the purpose.

This horse had become my property under rather singular circumstances. Captain G——, of the engineers, had brought him to Genoa from the eastern coast of Spain, after the death of Foljambe, and I was one of a party that went out to view a feat of his, in consequence of a bet at the mess the previous evening, that he would clear a six foot wall. The difficulty was, to find the wall,—which however was at last done, and the horse cleared it beautifully; but unfortunately the landing-place on the other side had not been sufficiently looked to, as the fence had been formed from the projecting wall of an old house, and the rubbish had not been sufficiently cleared away; so that when the jump was taken, the

animal alighted amongst the rubbish, which cut him severely just under the knee. He was laid up for some time, but his leg got well, leaving a rather formidable induration, and consequent blemish below the knee-joint. His owner was soon after ordered to England, and I bought the horse, and actually made him sound again—by what process, think you? Why, neither more nor less than constant hand rubbing, and *liberal use of eau de Cologne*, the virtues and attributes of which were in high repute at this time. For myself, I not only every morning used to expend at least half a bottle in my bath, but I was accustomed constantly to drink a small quantity mixed with water, whenever I awoke with a headache, which this beverage instantly served to dispel. In short, whilst it was in vogue every body used this infallible nostrum, and all with success. Such is the power of imagination blended with faith!

I should observe that the use to which I applied the panacea in the case of my steed, was entirely suggested by my own view of its qualities. It struck me that its subtle and penetrating nature would cause it to be the means of dispelling the tumefaction alluded to;—and, accordingly, after about three weeks rubbing, and the expenditure of half a dozen bottles of Cologne water, the lump entirely disappeared.

This fine animal was of an extremely fiery and impatient temper, although with no real vice ; but he was not easily ridden, though the Marchioness used often to mount him, on which occasion he appeared as docile as a lamb—a fact which I believe to have arisen from the circumstance of a lady's hand being so much more light than a man's, besides the absence of that spurring and pressing which are so calculated to irritate an animal of a fiery temperament.

To return to the Austrian aid-de-camp. After minutely examining all the horse's points, he mounted him in the *manège*, and rode him at a walk, a trot and a gallop, with his cocked-hat and sword, his immoveable seat, no rising in the stirrup, no easing his horse, and with an imperturbable air, looking like Frederick the Great. He also repeatedly took him over the five bars expressly placed for that purpose. My price was one hundred guineas, which his principal was aware of, as I had had a correspondence with the Count on the subject; but my gentleman kept bating me down: and at length it was agreed that I was to give him an acknowledgment for a cool hundred, whilst he was to pocket five, as, I presume, what in his country is termed *drink geld*, whilst I only received ninety-five. Such a transaction for an officer to be guilty of, struck

my mind forcibly; but I was glad to get rid of my nag on any terms, (for the purpose of putting myself into light service order,) and I was ready to pocket the affront and the remainder of the cash.

With regard to my other horses, I sold an Arabian charger that I had brought from Sicily with me, to the Prince of Villa Franca, a Neapolitan; and poor Tangier I had determined to leave in the care of my friend the Marquis, as I could not make up my mind to bring him to the hammer.

CHAPTER XV.

The Carnival—Scandal under a mask—A dangerous experiment—The privilege of masquers—Carnival anecdotes—An Italian pic-nic—Leave-taking—Good advice—Apostrophe to Genoa—Divine right of Kings—Andrea Doria—Lord W. Bentinck and the Genoese—Victor Emanuel—Female beauty—The Hon. Algernon Percy—Lady Oxford and her family—Alessandria—Tunis—The Hon. G. Noel Hill—Anecdotes of his hospitality—A moderate drinker.

Genoa, March 10, 1816.

On the 5th of this month the carnival ended, it having lasted all the month of February. The only interruption to its festivities and gaieties was the embarkation of the troops, previous to which many extraordinary scenes took place, and I got myself into rather an awkward position one evening. I was in Madame Durazzo's box, when a mask entered and thought proper to attack Madame D—— and her friend the Mar-

chioness, and amongst others most personally assailed me, pouring forth quantities of ill-natured abuse, which I peaceably bore for a considerable time, and tried to parry in the best humoured way I could. But this only increased the audacity and virulence of the unknown, who seemed to give great offence to Madame D—— and her friend. At last I could bear it no longer; I caught hold of the mask, and made a desperate effort to pull it off, and endeavoured to shove the wearer out of the box. He cried out lustily for protection, and during the scuffle I got a glimpse of a face I had not the least knowledge of. The ladies became very much agitated, and implored me to leave the box, which I did, following the mask out, to whom I told my name and place of abode, both of which this impudent and foul-mouthed personage seemed perfectly acquainted with; but I never heard more from him.

At a later period of the evening, when my fair friends recovered from the fright and confusion I had thrown them into, they were pleased to give me great credit for the way in which I had acted. It is, however, an affair of a most serious nature, laying hands on a mask, which is held sacred in this country, and the wearer could have had me incarcerated for the offence.

On another occasion a mask entered a box (where I was,) dressed *à la Turque*, and as a vender of otto of roses. On his entrance there was a general scream of alarm; for the Italian women have the greatest horror of scented beaux, and perfumes of any kind have the most singular and powerful effect on their olfactory nerves. I have witnessed several scenes of this kind; many a fine gentleman, who comes to a box to play the agreeable, having previously added, as he thought, to his irresistibility, by profusely perfuming himself, to his dismay and astonishment, has been ordered by the indignant fair, whom he came to honour, to quit her presence in double quick time.

The opera, this season, was well attended, and very good; a recruit to the corps dramatique came forward in the shape of Cattarina Liparini, a beautiful blonde, and an admirable actress, with a charming voice.

I have assisted at some agreeable pic-nics, which the Genoese ladies are wise enough not to have in the open air, as they do not like to procure for themselves what the English ladies seem to set at defiance during these rural fêtes—red eyes, red noses, and flushed and sunburnt necks, the sure result of sun and wind from without, with champagne from within, acting on their

delicate skins, with broad daylight, glaring on them to exhibit the chemical process their complexions are undergoing. The Italian women understand all this well, and the light and shade produced in their well-arranged boudoirs and reception rooms, proves they have an eye to the mystic art of showing themselves to the greatest advantage.

At this season the Lomelini gardens was a place of great resort. I also sometimes used to amuse myself of an evening by fishing in the bay, which is done by hundreds of boats at a time, traversing the same, each carrying a light. This *coup d'œil* of a calm evening has a splendid effect, as they move along. You stand with a spear ready to strike the fish, who rises and rushes at this dazzling attraction. At the stern of each boat an iron pole is placed, on which is hung a kind of wicker basket, containing a sort of flambeaux.

I now began endeavouring to put my house in order, preparatory to a start, and whenever I had any spare cash, I disbursed the same in preparing little presents, to make my return acceptable to my country cousins, &c.; for a person that comes empty-handed from foreign parts, may as well not come at all. The Marchioness and others of my female friends assisted at the pur-

chase of Genoa velvets, and selected some of the richest and choicest. I also accompanied them to the Zurbino convent, (on the road to the Sperone,) where the most perfect imitations of the rarest and most beautiful flowers are made, some of which were selected by my fair companions; and even shoes were not forgotten,—one of my fair cousins having sent me a model slipper. My advice to travelling gentlemen in reference to these matters is, to leave all their purchases till they arrive in London; thus avoiding much expense and unnecessary trouble and risk; provided they keep their own secret, their foreign *cadeaux* will be equally acceptable, although manufactured at home.

The merry month of May at length arrived; but it was a sad one for me, for Black Jack and I determined, during the course of it, to tear ourselves away from Genoa, at thoughts of which he looked blacker than ever, and I heaved sighs to the bursting of my ill-sewed waistcoat-strings. The only consolation I had was, that I was to travel homewards in a handsome chariot, which Jack had purchased for the occasion.

Such visitings, such embracings, such swearings of eternal love, and never-ending friendship, and such leave-takings!

An apostrophe seems due to Genoa and its

inhabitants on the eve of our departure, May 19th, and I write it with a heavy heart.

Dear Genoa! I quit you with heartfelt regret. I have been feasted and fêted within your walls to my heart's content; I have found there virtue, honour, and unbounded hospitality; honest-souled men, and tender-hearted women, as plenty as citrons, oranges, pomegranates, mulberry-trees, and silk-worms!

Formerly (as now) the Genoese form of government was aristocratic, at the head of which was the Doge, whose place has been taken by Victor Emanuel, with this difference, that the former was subject to be changed every two years, but now (such is the divine right of kings!) it is perpetual. The greatest power was vested in two councils: the great one was composed of all the Genoese nobility above the age of twenty-two; the smaller had only one hundred members. The nobility were divided into the old and new, the old comprising twenty-eight families, the new nearly seventeen times that number. This independence was achieved by the exertions of the celebrated Andrea Doria, in 1528, who, by the same token, has a very handsome descendant, and a particular friend of mine; she is as all-conquering as her ancestor, but not with the same weapons, nor on the same element.

Andrea was the first to arrange that the nobles should consist of twenty-eight families, the members of which were the only persons capable of holding the principal posts in the government.

The nobility, it is said, were permitted to establish manufactories of velvets, silks, and cloths, and to have shares in ships, but all other business and handicrafts were strictly forbidden.

Lord William Bentinck promised the Genoese independence, and rocked them to sleep under this promise; but he counted without his host, and the Congress of Vienna gave them to Sardinia. This was trying to amalgamate fire and water—an impossibility, one being sure to subdue and annihilate the other. Piedmont and Liguria could not easily forget their ancient animosities, and this could only be accomplished by time, or the influence of a superior government. Liberal institutions had been introduced; Victor Emanuel detested them, and attributed to them the calamities and persecutions his family had suffered; they were also odious to the greater number of the nobles, the priests, and the courtiers. Still Victor is a kind-hearted prince, and wishes well to his subjects; but he is surrounded by bigots and incapables; his army is large but ill-constructed, and his finances badly administered; the convents re-opened, and priest-

craft in the ascendant, betoken ill. Still, with all its drawbacks, Genoa is a charming place, and all that is in it is delightful; and as I pass across the plains of Marengo to-morrow I shall turn my parting glance on it, and sing,

"Oh wat ye wha's in yon town
The ev'ning sun is glinting on,
The fairest maids in yon town
That e'er the sun went down upon."

Beauty is a woman's best possession till she is old, and when done with the graces, let her take up with the virtues. This is what is constantly done in Italy; and this refinement is carried still farther, for when a woman cannot longer award you her love, she, as a poor recompense, proffers you her "eternal friendship."

Turin, May 20th.

Here we are in the capital of Piedmont, Black Jack and myself, with two serving-men, the one styled Tom Pipes, the other Jonathan Wildgoose, having at length torn ourselves away from the attractions of Genoa. In fulfilment of an old promise, we intend passing a day or two with my long-tried and warm-hearted friend, the Hon. Algernon Percy, chargé d'affaires to the British embassy at this place. It is the fashion to call

my friend Percy a *roué*, the exact meaning of which word is rather undefinable; but this I know, that a better hearted and more generous fellow, and a warmer friend, it has never been my lot to find. Many a frolic and many a mad scene we have mingled in together while at Genoa; which place, by-the-bye, my chief and self quitted on the morning of the 21st, in a comfortable chariot, with four posters.

After the said horses had been ordered, who should I stumble on but Lady Oxford and her charming family. Lady Charlotte was looking more beautiful than ever, and more advanced in womanhood. As I was on horseback, they in an open carriage, I promised to visit them in the evening, and resolved to postpone my journey for another day, for the express purpose of seeing them, and hearing their adventures since we parted. But Jack was obdurate, and I, alas! saw no more of my friends; and about ten o'clock A. M. we quitted the walls of Genoa.

We arrived at the same inn at Alessandria, where I had left two years before.

We left Alessandria betimes on the morning of the 22nd, and after passing through a fine level country, we approached Turin by the left bank of the Po, with a magnificent view of the Alps on our right.

On dismounting at our *albergo* we hurried off to see Percy, now officiating for another long-tried and valued friend, the King's representative in these parts—the Hon. Gerard Noel Hill; and if a more eccentric character, a more talented mind, and a warmer heart, can be found anywhere, I should be glad to know him. In his unbounded hospitality, he used to say to me—"Maxwell, whenever you meet a gentlemanly-looking I. G., tell him not to bother himself to call, but you name your day and bring him to dinner." And whenever I ventured to comply with this desire, we always found sumptuous feeds garnished by graceful manners and a hearty welcome.

Kind Mr. Hill, however, is killing himself by inches, by his habit of tasting every wine at table, sometimes amounting to nearly a dozen different kinds,—champagne, claret, hermitage, hock, port, Madeira, and others; and when he is attacked about it, he says he only wants to prove to his guests that he has no intention of poisoning them, or of asking them to drink what he himself declines to partake of. His practice in this particular reminded me of the man who expatiated on his forbearance and sobriety, assuring his hearers, that during dinner he seldom took

above six glasses of either sherry or Madeira, a like quantity of hock and hermitage, with only a bottle of champagne, followed by three pints of port, for that, in fact, *claret was his drink!*

CHAPTER XVI.

Turin—Its resemblance to Edinburgh—The Po—A robbery on the Alps—Susa—Fort of Brunetta—A bad inn—A flirtation—Astonishing the natives—Chamois hunters—Perils of the sport—Subject for a picture—Habits of the chamois—Lanslebourg—Descent of Mont Cenis—St. Jean de Maurienne—Gens d'armes—The Grenoble plot—Monsieur Dedier.

Turin, May 24th, 1816.

HERE we have been for the last three days fêted and lionized by our hospitable entertainer Percy, as well as by another of the *corps diplomatique*, the brother of my friend the Marchioness, who here represents the French government. He has given me despatches for the Duke de Richelieu, with the express understanding, that I am not called on to use dispatch, as Jack and myself intend to jog gently on towards Paris, halting when and where we like. My respected commandant having a great partiality for the

juice of the Burgundy grape, I expect I shall have some difficulty in getting him through that renowned land, as he learnedly argues, that the delicacy of this celebrated wine is such, that to be duly appreciated, it must be imbibed on the spot, as its qualities deteriorate by transportation.

Turin is situated at the conflux of the Po with the Grand Doria, and a few miles from the foot of the Cottian Alps. Pliny says the inhabitants derive their origin from the Ligurians. If so, they now hate their progenitors, and no love is lost between them. Hannibal, we are told, destroyed the town. Be this as it may, it is now a fine one, and reminded me of the new part of Auld Reekie. The approach to it is magnificent, and the environs are superb. The streets are almost too wide to allow of carrying on that eye *warfare* so common in Italy. The streets are built at right angles, and no house is allowed to be erected higher than another, (as is the case in the modern part of the ancient capital of Scotland,) and no inhabitant here is permitted to repair or rebuild his house, except on this plan. The similitude to Edinburgh is increased by there being an old and a new town.

The fortifications are regular, and kept in constant repair. The citadel is a pentagon, and it is

reckoned impregnable. The arsenal is fine. We visited that and the laboratory, library, the foundry for casting cannon, &c. Jack not being fond of sight-seeing, I visited alone the military academy, as well as the palaces most worthy of observation, amongst which, the Duke of Savoy's I thought the most interesting. Turin, like most continental cities, has had many masters. The French have been often in possession, consequently many have been in authority here, and at the beginning of the last century, Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy, by masterly movements, raised its siege, when beleaguered by the French army, under the Duke of Orleans.

Turin is divided by the noble Po, on whose banks quays are formed to constrain his angry moods and occasional efforts (in which he has sometimes succeeded) of inundating this fair city and the adjacent country. I need scarcely stop to remind you that the Po is the prince of Italian rivers, rising in one of the Piedmontese mountains called Viso, and dividing this fairy land, (which it winds through and waters,) till it joins the sea in the Gulf of Venice.

Late this evening I took leave of my friend Algernon Percy, who entrusted me with a parcel for his father, Lord Beverly, who lives near Moulins, at which place I was to deposit it. This parcel,

amongst other things, contained a medal, that had been voted to him as a mark of esteem from a distinguished public body at Turin, and he seemed extremely anxious that it should be conveyed to his noble sire.

I may here anticipate my journal by a day or two, by mentioning, that on the top of Mont Cenis I discovered, to my horror and dismay, that in consequence of our *voiture* not being properly secured on the previous night, at Susa, where we halted, this precious parcel had been extracted from it. I sent back to the postmaster at the last-named place a description of it, and wrote to Turin to announce to my friend Percy the loss I had sustained; I also addressed him from Paris on the same subject, and as I passed through Moulins on the banks of the Loire, I felt conscience-stricken, and reproached myself for not having removed the package to my own room at the commencement of our journey; but the landlord of the Susa hotel had assured me that everything would be quite safe in his lock-up coach-house.

The kind magnanimous heart of Percy, instead of upbraiding me with my neglectfulness, seemed to wish to soothe and soften down my self-accusation. There happened to be other coins of value in the parcel, which had no doubt attracted the cupidity of the unknown thieves.

Mont Cenis, May 26th.

Here I am, on the summit of one of the Maritime Alps, far above the low and vulgar world, at least nine thousand feet. I do love the moor and the mountain; a glen and a grove are all well in their way, but commend me to the eagle's eyrie and the mountain top.

After quitting our friends at Turin, we called a halt for the night at Susa, where, if I had been a Suzerain, I certainly should have hanged the plunderer who there caused me so much uneasiness.

Susa is at the very base of the Alps, and a sweet secluded spot. Immediately on our arrival, we took a guide, and directed our course to the fort of Brunetta, which is in a fine position, commanding two fertile valleys. It was once a place of great importance, and our cicerone attempted to point out to us the spot where Marshal Belisle was killed in 1747. He also told us, that by an article of the peace concluded between France and Piedmont in the year 1796, this fort had been dismantled.

On our return to our albergo, which looked neither clean nor comfortable, we were furnished with miserable fare, which we thought to wash down by something good in the shape of vinous fluid; but, alas! we were disappointed, for of the

two, the wine taken in, after trying various sorts, was worse than the viands.

We were astir betimes, meaning to get to Lanslebourg, but as sometimes happens, notwithstanding the most prudent resolves, after being dragged up first by horses and then by bullocks, when we found ourselves at the top of Mount Cenis, it was still covered with snow. But the inn looked comfortable, placed, as it were, in a sheltered hollow, the rim of the mountain running round it, and a lovely piece of water in its front, and the breakfast was admirable, with lots of the most delicious trout caught under our very noses, from a beautiful lake from which old Sol's ardent rays were endeavouring to banish the winter's ice, which still floated about in large flakes.

As I visited this place whilst the dejeuné was being prepared, I saw a fly on the water somewhat resembling the May-fly. I hurried back, caught hold of an old grey drake, plucked some of its plumage, applied to the landlady for a silken thread and a pair of scissors, got some bees-wax, pulled out a Limerick hook, and scraping some of the nap off an old white castor, I made two excellent flies, one a tail and the other a drop. My fishing-rod, which was a very portable one, and had been my companion for years, was at

hand; I put my tackle in order and sallied forth, promising my impatient companion to return in an hour. There was a pretty ripple on the water, and a bright and warm sun, occasionally obscured by passing clouds, with the wind at my back. On my first throw, to the astonishment of the bystanders, I hooked a fine trout and landed him, and continued to make almost every cast of my line a successful one. The natives looked on me as a necromancer, most seriously examining my tackle, and eyeing and smelling my flies, which they concluded were bewitched, to attract in such an extraordinary way the finny tribe.

Whilst I was hooking fish, my travelling companion had himself got hooked; the landlady's sister, a very pretty Savoyard from Chamberry, who was at the inn on a visit, had smitten my ardent chief, and when I returned, long after the proposed time of our departure, I found, instead of grumbling, he was all amiability, in raptures with the place, and listening to the sweet sounds of the fair Savoyardess, who was warbling *la ranz des vaches*, and accompanying herself on the guitar, with Black Jack sitting entranced by her side,—having thus already forgotten the *chere amie* he so lately left. But soldiers have very accommodating hearts, and lucky it is they have so. He now extolled the inn and its inmates, the

buoyancy of the mountain air, the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and finally proposed we should spend the day here. I, nothing loth, readily assented to the proposition of the spell-bound Jack; and whilst he listened to the sounds of the fair enchantress, (who seemed not a little proud of her conquest, and who perfectly understood the art of coquetting,) I went to the kitchen of the hotel, and listened to the exciting stories of three chamois hunters, who had been several days in pursuit of their game, and had actually with them a young chamois, which they had continued to track for two days and nights on the snow; and, after scrambling amidst fearful precipices and undergoing the most imminent dangers, they had this morning captured near the southern summit of Mount Cenis, killing the dam, whose body was extended in triumph on the floor of the clean kitchen. The heroes of this romance were solacing themselves with mountain dew, here called *kirchwaser*, and to my palate as good as any whiskey I ever tasted.

They pressed Milor Inglese to purchase the bleating little chamois, who, with a most piteous glance and weeping eye, was gazing on the dead body of its prostrate mother.

Here was a subject for a painter! the three

athletic mountaineers, grouped around the blazing fire, with two fine blood-hounds extended on the hearth; a handsome black-eyed brunette, as kitchen maid, listening to the exploits of her lover, which one of the hunters evidently was, whilst a half idiotic girl, with a large goître, was spinning in a corner with the most apathetic indifference.

The hunters stated, that they had fallen in with a small flock of these animals, who are always on the alert, and place on the highest pinnacle a regular sentinel, who, on the appearance of danger, gives a shrill whistle, and thus alarms the herd. The deepness of the snow enabled them to chase the herd, and at length perceiving from the tracks made in the snow that one old and one young animal had separated themselves from the rest, they had wisely given chase to them, and with the advantage of a bright moon had captured them, after two days and nights of excessive labour and danger.

They seemed to think I could easily carry the young captive to England with me; but I declined the purchase, having some years before burthened myself with a troublesome customer of this species in the shape of an antelope, which this litle creature greatly resembled; indeed, the chamois and the antelope are nearly the same, being here called chamois antelopes.

I got so warmed and excited with the vivid pictures my companions drew of their sport, that I now went to the landlord, borrowed his rifle, and prepared myself for the chasse; but on referring to the time of day, and dinner being announced and night coming on, and my chief urging me not to go, I postponed my hunting propensities for a more fitting opportunity.

The next morning we literally slid down the mountain to Lanslebourg, which is at the foot of Mount Cenis, and so situated and obscured by the same, that for two months in the year, (that is, from the 21st of December until the 20th of February,) it never sees the direct rays of the sun. This piece of information we acquired from an old labourer who makes a point of paying a visit to all travellers who stop at the post-house, to exhibit the freshness and greenness of age in these salubrious sites. This garrulous old lady is a hundred and fifteen years of age!

Lanslebourg was our first stage in Savoy, "*Che commincia bene fa la meta del opera*"—(who begins well has half finished his work,")—not our case, for we began by having a row with the post-master, who forced us to take four horses and made us pay for five.

After coasting along the river Arco, which falls into the Iser, hemmed in on every side by

cloud-capped and snow-covered mountains, we were pulled up at St. Jean de Maurienne by some gens-d'armes, to visit our passports, and inspect our persons. Black Jack got furious at this, forgetting that we were no longer at Genoa, with a British garrison to back us. The chief of these troublesome gentlemen, by way of consoling us, said he had, a few days before, arrested the head of the Grenoble plot, Mons. Dedier, and despatched him to Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

The mountains of Savoy—Aiguibelle—Avalanches—Chamberry—The mineral baths—Les Charmettes—Pont Beauvoison—The Semplon—Beautiful waterfall—Pas des Echelles—Rousseau—Dauphigny—Napoleon at Grenoble—Singular anecdote of his conduct and reception.

Chamberry, May 27th, 1816.

We continued our route on the bank of the Arco, and stopped for the night amidst the lofty mountains of Savoy, at the romantically situated village of Aiguibelle, surrounded by mulberry-trees, and where the country begins to look more rich and cultivated.

This part of Savoy is subject to avalanches, and while dinner was preparing we went to visit the remains of some houses and a church, that had been destroyed by this frightful alpine visitation.

We were *en route* early this morning, (after disputing about our bill, and quarrelling with the post-master,) determined to reach this place, the

capital of Savoy, to breakfast. The country is pretty about Multaverne and Mount Meillant, both of which have that seductive enchantment about them which induces the traveller to fancy that he would like to pass the remainder of his days in them.

Before arriving at the last-named place, we crossed the river Iser by a bridge, from which you can proceed by water to Grenoble. We found a comfortable inn at Chamberry, and soon solaced ourselves with a good breakfast, for which the keen alpine air had prepared us; after which I procured a guide, and strolled out to visit the castle, the cathedral, the market-place, the town-house, the shooting gallery, and the ducal palace. The streets are narrow, but the houses are high and well built, with a sombre-coloured stone. The women are handsome, and the inhabitants have a gay and graceful *tournure;* this we were enabled to observe at the public promenade outside of one of the gates of the town, which is walled and fortified, and where rows of trees are planted to afford the advantage of shade to pedestrians.

In 1742, this town was taken by the Spaniards, restored in 1748, and taken by the French in 1792. It is situated at the confluence of the Albano and Laise; its suburbs are fine, the sur-

sounding country rich and level, with mineral baths in the vicinity.

After dinner we drove to the *Acque Gratiane*, called after their founder the emperor Gratian. These baths have a pretty lake near them; they are hot, and are said to cure everything! Near them, we saw the ruins of a Roman triumphal arch; we also visited some sulphurous waters close to the town, as well as *Les Charmettes*, celebrated by Rousseau, and also *Les Abimes*, where folks declare that a town bearing the name of the tutelar saint of my country was destroyed by an earthquake in the thirteenth century.

I must also inform you, that the houses of this ancient and interesting town are built on arches, under cover of which you can promenade during wet weather at pleasure.

Echelles de Savoie, May 28th.

This is the last night I shall pass in fair Italy; to-morrow we shall cross the *Guier*, which marks the confines of Savoy on this side, and crossing *Pont Beauvoisin*, which is only two posts distant, find ourselves in *La Belle France*. I must say, that when I first heard of our army occupying it, that country, till lately so inaccessible, I envied every corporal and bombardier, who, in copying orders entered in his book, " Head Quar-

ters, Paris." Who could have dreamt of such a thing, when Napoleon was in the ascendant, perched on his proud pinnacle of glory, and when men's minds were filled with awe, and his deeds bruited about, till he was deemed to be more than mortal.

I advise all travellers to enter Italy by the Semplon, and retire from it by the Cenis, after mounting which, the descent into France through Savoy is not only gentle but delightful, and you glide into the rich province of Dauphiny, through woods, rocks, precipices, and waterfalls, ever varying and ever charming.

Leaving the rich country, which we did, after taking another stroll through it and its handsome suburbs, and visiting a very fine barrack, we passed a most beautiful waterfall, close to the road side, soon after leaving the town, near the first post St. Thibaud de Coux. The rock from which it precipitates itself is so bold and perpendicular, that the water, in its rush forth, forms a splendid arch, under which (after descending from our *voiture*) we promenaded perfectly dry. The sun was shining on it at the time, and no more enchanting *arc en ciel* ever appeared.

The plain that surrounds the capital of Savoy is rich in wine, corn, and cattle, and covered with mulberry-trees, for the nourishment of that in-

dustrious animal the silk-worm, which here enriches its owners. The contrast soon became great, for before reaching our present sequestered domicile we had to pass over precipices the most fearful, and roads cut through the solid rocks, or scooped out from the mountain side.

This road was first constructed by Charles Emanuel, second Duke of Savoy, in 1670, but has lately been greatly enlarged and improved upon by that mighty, universal genius, Napoleon.

Our present abode is situated in a plain, with heights on every side, and in our front the Pas des Echelles, with old ruined castles, that once defended this noble pass.

Having plenty of daylight before me, I induced the landlord's son to act as a guide, and borrowing a gun, I sallied forth, to visit the Echelles and the Pass of Chailles, celebrated by Rousseau in his confessions, when he journeyed homewards as a pedestrian, to get one more kiss from the maternal lips of his dear "maman."

Not far distant from the hill called the Pas des Echelles, I had a fine view of the province of Dauphiny, lying as it were at my feet, presenting to my delighted sight, not the promised land of "milk and honey," but what is more generally useful, of *wine and oil*, and which I had so long

wished to visit. I descended, and arrived at a most romantic spot, where the terrific gulfs are, and where, in one of the vast chasms, a little river is boiling and fretting from the obstacles opposed to it, as it works its way through. Looking over a parapet which bounds the road, for the safety of the passing stranger, my senses were assailed by the noises of many waters, and the screaming of many birds, in the shape of rooks, with numerous sparrow-hawks, at which I had splendid sport, firing as they rose from the abyss below, and I flatter myself I made some good hits, although the difficulty of possessing myself of the spoil was greater than the prize was worth.

At length I returned to my impatient chief, who having found no handsome Savoyarde to solace him during my absence, received me in his gruffest manner. I got him into a good-humour, however, by reminding him of the last song the fair warbler at the top of Mont Cenis had favoured us with, and which had tickled the strings of Jack's heart, as well as of my own, and which, I could swear, although it was given in a mountain *patois*, composed of French and Italian, was neither more nor less than the good old Scotch air I used to listen to in my youth, running thus:—

"Up among yon cliffy rocks
There the maid attend o' her goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes."

We had excellent mountain mutton and choice wine from the Cote de Rhone. The latter put Jack into such glee, that he invited mine host to come and partake of the contents of his own cellar. He was a fine old silver-headed huntsman warrior, who had chased the chamois and bear amidst his native hills, had shot eagles, marmots, hawks, &c., and had served with Napoleon in some of his early battles, and had been in Egypt with him. The conversation, therefore, turned on Napoleon and his return from Elba, and the old fellow informed us, that when this wonderful *coup* was struck, he happened to be at Grenoble, on a visit to a daughter who has married there, and who was the landlady of the inn Bonaparte took refuge in. He said the landlord had been one of the imperial guard, an old soldier like himself, (although young enough to marry his daughter,) and that Napoleon, to get rid of the crowd that surrounded him in the streets, had slipped in unperceived by either Count Bertrand or the Polish Colonel Termanouski, who were in dismay at first, and afterwards with great difficulty forced their way into the room where their master was, when they

found the Emperor surrounded by a dense crowd, and with not a single soldier near him, every one desirous of touching him and speaking to him. At length the officers succeeded in clearing the room, assisted by himself and son-in-law, and placed tables and chairs against the door, to prevent another interruption from this volcanic body, in vain, for the crowd made good their entry a second time, and Napoleon remained in their hands upwards of an hour.

During this period the gate of Bonne, by which the Emperor should have entered in triumph, was brought under the hotel window by a part of the populace, who roared out at the top of their voices, "Napoleon, we cannot offer you the keys of our good city of Grenoble, but here are its gates."

When our loquacious entertainer had refreshed himself with another glass of his own wine, we asked him what troops were in the place, and how his Majesty had found his way to the hotel of his son-in-law. He proceeded to say, that the town had been in a state of extraordinary excitement during the whole day, that two regiments had arrived, the 7th and 11th of the line from Chamberry, as being totally unacquainted with the person of the Emperor, and that General Marchand commanded, who was entirely devoted

to Louis; in addition to which there were two batallions of the fifth, and nearly two thousand of a regiment of engineers. But then (fatal error) there was the 4th regiment of the artillery of the line, in which Napoleon, in the commencement of his career, had been promoted to the rank of captain, and which they naturally hailed as an imperishable honour. General Marchand on the evening met the 7th regiment of the line marching out. He ordered these troops back; the gates were shut about half-past eight in the evening, the cannon loaded, matches lighted, the troops lining the walls, with the national guard in their rear, and the whole population of Grenoble to back them.

It is said that soon after this Colonel Tremanouski, with eight Polish lancers, presented himself at the gate of Bonne, just as Napoleon had entered the suburbs, and resolutely in his name demanded the keys. Previous to this, it was pretty well known "how the cat would jump," for the said colonel had met an officer who came up to him on the road at full speed, exclaiming, "I greet you in the name of Colonel Henry Labedoyere," who soon after arrived at the head of his regiment, the 4th hussars, with an eagle that had been long concealed in the military chest, but which was now expanding his victorious wings at their head.

When the Pole demanded the keys, he was informed that General Marchand had secured them. At this instant a loud shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" commenced with Napoleon's old corps, the artillery, and was carried round the entire ramparts. This astounding cry was again taken up by the whole population, which made the welkin ring, and many rushed to the gates, battle-axe in hand, and laid them level with the ground.

The advanced guard, as they entered, were met by a crowd of citizens bearing torches, issuing forth to meet Napoleon, who entered in front of his troops alone, when the crowd rushed on him, threw themselves before him, and seized his hands, knees, and feet, which they began to kiss, but, as before said, he slipped into the house of our host's son-in-law, Jean Jacques Labarre.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lyons—French postilions—Dauphiny—Cradle of the Revolution — Soult — French hatred of Prussians — Public buildings of Lyons—Its antiquities—The Federation of 1790—Decree of the convention—Splendid view—The theatre—Reception of Napoleon—Feelings of the French army—Departure for Macon —Macon—The wines of Burgundy—A catastrophe—The handsome widow.

Lyons, May 29, 1816.

It was on the 29th of May (a celebrated day in England) that my friend and self first trod on Gallic soil—a soil inhabited by as versatile and volatile a race as ever breathed the breath of life; who can one minute abandon the *fleur de lis*, and the next caress the eagle; who in its turn is scared, takes flight, and is forgotten.

As these thoughts passed across my mind, I interrupted the reverie of my *compagnon de voyage*, by exclaiming, " *Vive la France! vive*

Napoleon! vive Louis Dixhuit, et vive la bagatelle;" which latter is, of all other "*vives,*" the most agreeable, and the one which the French understand and appreciate to perfection.

Very different sensations from mine seemed to light up the stern features of Black Jack, (who had long fought against *la grande nation* in Flanders, in Egypt, at Maida, and various other places,) as we passed over the "pont de Beauvoisin," and entered *la belle France.*

We had our passports *visé* at the barrier by the douaniers, who, (although smuggling is carried on to a great extent on this frontier,) when they found we were British officers, did not overhaul our traps, but let us pass on with a kind of sulky civility, as much as to say, "Voilà! ce sont des sacres Anglois, la cause de tous nos chagrins et de tous nos desastres."

For my own part, I was taken up with the French postilions' jaunty air, jack boots, powdered pates, dandy jackets, and smartly-clubbed cues, bobbing about in the wind as regular as the pendulum of an eight-day clock, as they trotted along, without rising in their stirrup, to the sweet sound of soft music comprised in an eternal *crack, crack, crack;* thus expending more whipcord in an hour than would have served the four-in-hand club for a month!

We had been *en route* betimes in the morning, and had again visited the sublime scenery of the Echelles, set off to advantage by a splendid sunrise. Leaving behind us the cloud-capped mountains of Savoy, with their woods, precipices and waterfalls, we passed the Guier, which separates them from France by a one-arched wooden bridge, called, in honour of the scenery that surrounds it, "the bridge of *beau voisin*," (beautiful neighbourhood,) and got into the rich plains of Dauphiny, and breakfasted at Tour-du-pin, the principal place of a district in the department of the Isere, and situated on the little river Bourbre.

I need scarcely remind you, that from this province the elder sons of the kings of France derive their titles.

By a strange coincidence, this district was called the "cradle of the Revolution;" and Soult, in his wisdom, ordered large bodies of troops to assemble between Lyons and Chamberry to check this spirit; but many people here shrug up their shoulders, and swear they were purposely thrown in the way of Nap., as it was arranged he would advance by this route; whilst others maintain, and with probability, that the measure was adopted to back up the high language Talleyrand was at that time holding forth to the con-

gress of Vienna. One thing certain is, that they all to a man sooner or later joined Bonaparte on his march to Paris.

During our advance, and whilst changing horses, I interrogated some of our postilions, who from their military air seemed to have been soldiers, whether they had served under Napoleon. One was lame, and had been wounded at the battle of Friedland: another, a fine lad, who drove us from La Sour to Bourgoin, (where chintz is made and hops are grown,) had been wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Waterloo, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Prussians, who treated him (he said) as if he had been a brigand, and made him work on their public roads. Hatred of the Prussians seems universal.

The aspect of all seems changed from what we have just left, even to the manners and customs; the posts are better served, the roads better, the inns better, with less delay and less imposition, and the nature of the country is such as to remind us of old England.

We arrived at the hotel de l'Europe about five P. M. It appears that the Lyonese are still as in the primitive ages, for their theatres open at six and close at ten.

May 30.—Lyons is the Manchester of England,

and is subject to the *emeutes* caused by the ebbing and flowing of the tide of trade. It is inhabited by a regular race of weavers, which are divided into classes, such as *Fabricants*—these are the silk merchants, who supply the silk and the patterns; then the *maitre ouvriers*, or master weavers; and then the *compagnons*, or journeymen; and lastly, the *lanceurs*, or apprentices. In short, the whole population is engaged in the silk trade. I won't inflict on you the number of looms or the quantity of silk, but merely mention that I went to visit the institution *de la Martiniere*, or school of art, where pupils are gratuitously instructed in all the mysteries of this elegant branch of trade, which is not here conducted in large factories, but every one works *chez lui*.

Lyons reminds one of the title of a novel 'ycleped "Splendid Misery;" one quarter of the town consists of narrow, winding, dark, dirty, ill-arranged streets; the other parts are splendid, particularly the quays, two on the Saone, and one on the Rhone, which are linked together by many beautiful bridges. The waters of the latter are bright, sparkling, and rapid, whilst the first-named river is dull, drumly, and sluggish. Lyons is built on a peninsula formed by their junction.

We are located in the place *Louis le Grand*, where once stood the statue of that monarch. It

is now, however, called La Place Belle Cour. It is a very fine square, formed by many handsome buildings. The Cours de Midi, the Place de Terreaux, &c., are all worthy of a visit; so also is the Town Hall, supposed to be the finest in France. The cathedral of St. John, on the right bank of the Saone, begun in the seventh century, and completed by Louis XI., is deserving of a visit; and if you happen to have any antiquarian feelings about you, (as I had,) go and look at the Hotel Dieu, founded by Childebert, which is splendidly placed on the banks of the clear and rapid Rhone.

I ought here to mention, that on the afternoon of our arrival, I employed a valet-de-place, a necessary appendage in all large French towns, who conducted me to the bureaux of the director-general of the poste aux lettres, to whom I handed my despatches for the Duke de Richelieu, receiving a receipt for the same; thus fulfilling my diplomatic engagement, and enabling myself to saunter about and loiter on my road, as pleasure and pastime might present themselves. As I had also lost my friend Percy's parcel, I was no longer tied to the necessity of taking Moulins as my route to the capital.

Our valet-de-place, who was a true light-hearted Frenchman, vain of his country, a bit of

a Bonapartist, and a great antiquary, this morning persuaded me to visit some of the remains of Roman grandeur in the immediate vicinity of Lyons. But perhaps it may be as well to remind you, that this fine and now flourishing city, where eight roads and two large rivers meet, was fixed on by the Romans, from its commanding and commercial position, to be the capital of Celtic Gaul during the reign of Augustus, who came hither to reside with his court. Here also Marc Antony constructed a magnificent aqueduct, the *debris* of which were to-day pointed out to me. The emperor Claudius was born here, and the cruel Caligula here instituted a school for eloquence, for the purpose of sounding his own praises; to which end he ordered that when a poor or inapt scholar failed to do justice to this vile theme, he should be either flogged or flung into the Rhone.

The only place my friend's curiosity led him to, was the cathedral, a splendid specimen of Moorish architecture, where he went to gaze on a celebrated clock, constructed by Leppius of Basle in 1598, and which adorns one of the transepts, and where a number of figures are kept in constant motion, and a cock flaps his wings and crows to announce the fleeting hours. Not that my friend staid at home; on the contrary,

he was constantly cruising along the quays, promenading in the *Place des Brotteaux*, the *allée Parache*, or in *Les Etroits*, a beautiful and romantic path on the banks of the Saone, where there is a grotto in which Rousseau, in his Confessions, tells us he once passed the night with only *two sous* in his pocket, listening to the notes of the nightingale. Sometimes too my chief, as he condescended to communicate to me, used, by way of a change, to go from one bank of the Saone to the other, to have the pleasure of being pulled across by the pretty boat-women who ply on its waters. These ladies possess symmetrical but robust forms, and handsome faces, surmounted by enormous broad-brimmed straw hats.

Much of my antiquarian information was gleaned from the agreeable and intelligent Frenchmen I met at our table d'hote, where many of the rich and respectable master manufacturers daily dined, and who enlightened me, amongst other things, by informing me that about the sixty-third or sixty-fourth year of the Christian era, and one hundred years after its foundation, when it had been embellished by Roman art and Roman architecture, during the reign of him "who fiddled while Rome was burning," Lyons was reduced to ashes; which one of the Roman historians (I think Seneca)

briefly and pithily describes when he says, "*Una nox fuit inter urbem maximum et nullam.*" This reminds one of a similar epitaph in a London churchyard, not referring to a city, but to a citizen:

"Death took me without any warning;
I was alive at night, and dead at nine in the morning."

In further illustration of the disasters of this city, you must know that about the beginning of the third century, the emperor Severus showed his *severity* by ordering nineteen thousand of its inhabitants to be put to death, and the city to be laid in ruins.

Besides other catastrophes, here was enacted the farce of the federation in the year 1790, when about fifty thousand national militia, with arms in their hands, entered the town, and were accompanied by armed Amazonians doing duty as Joan of Arcs.

They encamped on a vast plain beyond the Promenade de Brotteaux, (the favourite rendezvous of Black Jack,) and there the inauguration to Liberty took place. In the temple of Concord, at the foot of whose afterwards abused statue, mass was performed, this misguided multitude swore to maintain the constitution, and to be faithful to the law and the king.

Three years after this, Lyons was doomed to

sad reverses; for here the notorious Chalier, a working cotemporary of Marat and Robespierre, established a *sans culotte* and *Jacobin* club. The good citizens rebelled against their proceedings on the 29th and 30th of May, and expelled their oppressor and *sans culotte* mayor, and abolished the central club. But they paid dear for this. The Convention, indignant at their temerity, ordered an army to assemble and march against this doomed city: it was invested and bombarded; famine appeared, corruption found its way within its walls, a decree was passed for razing every house in Lyons except the abodes of the poor, and a column was ordered to be erected with the following inscription:

"Lyons warred against liberty—Lyons is no more."

This decree gave additional energy to the measures of vengeance in activity, and twenty thousand inhabitants, who had ventured to sign a petition, were doomed to suffer death; and on the motion (I believe) of Dubois Crance, (a worthy legislator of that day,) it was agreed to reduce the population, as a precautionary measure, from a hundred and forty thousand to twenty-five thousand! Think of this, ye happy sons of England, before ye lend your ears to revolutionary doctrines, and your aid to remodel constitutions. Take my advice, and "Let well alone."

But now, to continue my antiquarian researches, as well as to describe the beauty of the scenery that surrounds these hallowed spots. I visited in this immediate neighbourhood the hill of Croix Rousse, on the eastern bank of the Saone, which may be said to command the town on the northern side, as that of Fourvieres does on the southern. Both are well worthy a visit. On the latter is the church of Notre Dame, said to be built on the site of the forum of Trajan; and a house called Antiquailles, where the palace of the Roman emperors once stood, and where our antiquarian guide informed me, Claudius was born, and the mad Caligula once resided. This latter place is now (appropriately enough) occupied by a lunatic asylum.

We next visited the hill of Fourvieres, from whence we looked down on Lyons, its numerous quays and busy hum, the meandering of its streams, the islands formed by the rapid Rhone, with the more calm and straightforward course of the Saone, and the meeting of these waters. In our front, and beyond the Rhone, were the rich and verdant fields of Dauphiny, with the Chartreux convent and the Chamberry mountains. A curtain formed by the stupendous Alps, with Mount Blanc rising over and towering above all, was a brilliant close to this magnificent scene.

This evening I attended the theatre, which was well filled; the pieces were *Merope* and the "*Medecin Malgré lui.*" It finished before ten, and we retired to the table-d'-hote supper, at which were many of the belles and beaux of Lyons.

May 31*st.*—We, this morning, called for the *carte payante*, and found everything charged at an enormous rate, especially the wines, which we were astonished at, considering ourselves on the very threshold of Burgundy, where we expected to obtain it for a mere song.

I to-day went to the Isle Barbe and Pierre Scise, a projecting rock crowned by a castle, and which only leaves a narrrow passage between itself and the Saone. My guide told me, that the perforation of this huge piece of granite was begun by Agrippa. He also pointed out to me where stood the "tombeau des deux amans." Could this be the original one of Heloise and Abelard? My cicerone could not inform me; but he became very glib on the subject of Napoleon, which I was glad to encourage, as there is a total restraint at the table-d'hote on that and other political subjects; every one apparently mistrusting his fellow, it being understood that the police are now very vigilant when it is too late! What eternal disgrace and ridicule it must be to the Bourbons, that they had not a single

agent or spy, much less a friend, to give them intimation of one of the greatest conspiracies that ever was concocted, either in ancient or modern times! No doubt, many of its extensive ramifications were in full force in this very city, where Napoleon remained three days to recruit his forces and mature his plans, and from hence he issued many decrees. He had commenced his march with less than a thousand men, but snow-ball like, *crescit eundo*, it increased in moving, and by the time he reached this city, he had seven thousand.

My cicerone was here during this period, and previous to the advance of Napoleon, and he described the efforts made by Charles the Tenth, then Monsieur, to arrest the progress of the revolutionary fever that seemed to precede the returned exile throughout his whole line of march. He also told me a story about Monsieur's appealing in vain to the feelings of the soldiers, collectively and individually. To an old one, covered with marks of honourable wounds, he said, "Surely, a brave man like you will cry out for your legitimate king?" The man replied, "You mistake; none here will fight against the father of the French army."

The civic guard formed to do honour to the Bourbons, now, traitor-like, turned round and

proffered their services to Napoleon, who, to his credit, refused them with disdain, and rewarded with a mark of distinction an orderly dragoon, the only one that would not quit his fugitive master.

The valet-de-place also informed me that the Emperor travelled in an old open caleche, almost unattended; that on the 13th of March last year, he had departed from the ancient capital of the Gauls with seven thousand fighting men, the whole of Burgundy having declared for him, and passed triumphantly through Macon, Chalons, and Dijon ; reaching Auxerre, where the 14th regiment of Lancers, on hearing of his approach, tore the white cockade from their caps, trampled them under their feet, and joined his standard, and that the 6th regiment of the same arm did likewise, and afterwards advanced and surprised Montereau, and secured for him the important passage of the Seine at that point.

When I returned from my rambles, I found my friend with a large map open on the table before him, and a handsome female silk mercer trying to coax him to buy her merchandize, which she accomplished in the most graceful and winning way, and with all the air and art of a finished coquette. When the bargains were completed, and she had made us pay double for

everything, she in return repaid us with a most captivating courtsey and withdrew.

Our valet-de-place was now called to our assistance, and a *conseil de guerre* was held as to our future proceedings, as we had determined to quit Lyons on the morrow. His advice, and other alluring circumstances, led us to the resolve of proceeding by the same route that Boney had taken, and which I believe was well and wisely fixed on; namely, Macon, Chalons, and Dijon; as it was the one by which the allies had so recently preceded him, leaving everywhere on the minds of the French citizens and peasantry the lasting impressions of the rapacious cruelty with which they had been treated, and which led them afterwards to revenge themselves by everywhere hailing Napoleon as their saviour and regenerator.

Macon, June 1st.

Here we are, in the heart of Burgundy, enjoying its delicious wines to our hearts' content. This morning, after paying a heavy bill, and purchasing some more silk pocket-handkerchiefs, we got into this land blessed by Bacchus, at Maison Blanche, and consoled ourselves for the pleasures we had left behind us at Lyons, by resolving to journey through it leisurely, with our minds and our bodies made up to call a halt, at the

places most renowned for this choicest juice of the grape.

Macon, situated on the Saone, is celebrated for its wines, and sheltered by the same chain of hills that screen the rich vineyards of the *Côte d'Or*. But its produce is not so fine as the Chambertin and Clos Vougeot, &c. The last named is said to be Nap's favourite wine; my chief and self determined therefore, when opportunity offered, (in honour of him,) to get nappy, as well as happy, on it.

We had to-day the *Vin de Pouilly*, which Jack and I pronounced to be delicious; and before dinner, we went to the cellar of mine host, and saw him dig it out from its burial place, where it had been hid, to preserve it from the thirsty souls comprising the allied troops.

The wines of this district are strong, durable, and agreeable.

Now that I have imbibed my *quantum*, I must here relate a scene, and a catastrophe that took place this morning, as we journeyed to this place by the banks of the Saone, which abounds in rich and variegated scenery.

There is a French proverb which says, "*Là lieue d'Anse à Villefranche est la plus belle lieue du monde;*" that is, "the league that separates the village of Anse (where by the same token we

changed horses) from Ville Franche is the finest in the world ;" and I must confess that it is very picturesque and beautiful. But certainly the next one proved to us quite the reverse, as you shall hear. First, however, be it known to you, that our postilion had a tolerably good opinion of himself; with his hat smartly cocked on one side, his cue neatly done up with a bunch of bran-new red ribbons, well-powdered head and back, well-polished jack-boots, bright yellow leathers, and a bouquet in his breast, besides considering himself from his calling an *employé* of the government—which made him look and act as if the whole road appertained unto him alone.

Thus, whilst in all the dignity of his office, he kept smacking, and cracking, and trotting, and jolting along a kind of causeway carried across a marshy plain, with steep banks on both sides, fortune willed it so, that shortly after we had passed through Ville Franche en route to St. Jean, our next post, we were joined by a kind of covered *char-à-banc* with a pair of horses and six inside passengers. The Jehu of this vehicle, whose cattle seemed better and fresher than our two posters, essayed repeatedly to pass us, first on one side of the road, and then on the other. This operation at length became a regular race, the combatants warming on both sides. The voitu-

rier determined to make good his point, and our post-boy (who, as I have before said, had a tolerable opinion of himself) resolved that he should not—it being contrary to etiquette to presume to pass the poste royale.

The road (as I have said) had no parapet, and had a deep ditch on each side; and seeing the danger, we kept hallooing to our postilion to pull up; but, heated with the race, he either heard or heeded us not, and the crossing and jostling continued, till at length the voiturier, after remaining quietly behind for a moment, watching his opportunity, dashed across the road at a part he thought he could get clear past, which our fellow perceiving, shoved the rowels into the sides of his steed, crossed over at full speed to frustrate this rash attempt, driving the other fool-hardy charioteer with his cargo completely over. I beheld the vehicle literally making a regular somerset in the air.

The scene that ensued beggars description. The voiturier, who had escaped with a few slight bruises, scrambled up the bank and rushed at our postilion, stopping the horses, and endeavouring to pull him off, whilst the oaths and imprecations that passed on both sides were awful.

As the prostrate carriage was eased of its burthen, those of its inmates who had escaped with-

out either broken legs or arms, presently scrambled up and joined in the fray. Only one poor fellow, who had his leg broke, was *hors de combat.* A very pretty young Frenchwoman, who appeared much hurt and had fainted, we afterwards took inside with us, and conveyed her to the next post. After we had (with our two servants) assisted in righting our carriage and horses, which detained us nearly two hours, we arrived with our charming burthen at St. Jean's to a late breakfast.

Our fair fellow-traveller proved to be a jeune veuve of two-and-twenty, with a *jolie tournure,* a *belle figure,* and the whitest skin, largest eyes, and longest eyelashes, I ever saw.

Our first care, on reaching St. Jean, was to inquire for a member of the healing art, although the lady had wonderfully recovered before we reached the inn; the rose and the lily having returned to adorn one of the most witching faces in the world.

The waiter told us there was no medical man in the immediate neighbourhood, but that a traveller like ourselves, Dr. D., who was returning from Paris to Lyons, (to whom he had told the story,) would be happy to wait on the fair lady; and soon after in walked a fine majestic-looking, white-headed son of Galen, in the costume of the

old school, and, as he soon informed us, belonging to the ancient regime. He had a three-cornered cocked-hat, was powdered and cued, had a gold-headed cane, and was frilled and ruffled. He minutely examined the lovely widow made her stand up, &c., in short, put her through her paces, and pronounced her perfectly sound, and declared she had been more frightened than hurt, and merely recommended a little orange-flower water, and that she should return *chez elle*, as speedily as possible.

During breakfast *la dame blanche* recovered most wonderfully, told us part of her history, and finding she was a native of Tournus, and lived there, we volunteered to carry her forward as far as Macon, which she gladly accepted.

Horses were ordered, and we dashed on, our gallantry costing us four and two postilions, and the payment for five, as we were now five passengers, every one of which is chargeable with a quadruped, according to the post regulations, unless you can make a bargain with the postmaster to take fewer horses, paying for one more than you actually have.

We got to the hotel at Macon at rather a late hour, and Madame B., having relatives there, declined remaining at the inn, and retired, taking a most gracious leave of us, and expressing her

gratitude in such glowing terms, that the vanity of Jack and myself read her adieu in the most pastoral, and at the same time the most flattering sense.

> "So sweetly she bade us adieu,
> We thought that she bade us return."

She gave us her address at Tournus, and we promised to pay our devoirs en passant.

Madame B., whom our heated imaginations raised to the rank of a Burgundian princess, (Tournus being in the very heart of that celebrated soil,) had been married, as she informed us, before she was "sweet seventeen," to a captain of the sixth regiment of French lancers, who was killed when defending the passage of the bridge Sur Yonne, when the allied armies advanced on Paris in the year 1814.

She struck me (after she had recovered from her fright, &c.) as the most graceful and beautiful creature I ever beheld, and her beauty was of that species rarely seen in France; which circumstance was easily accounted for, by her relating to us, during our short and agreeable journey together, that her father had been an officer of rank in the Irish brigade, and originally from the Emerald Isle, where we all know, blue eyes and bright complexions are the order of the day.

Her features, although not precisely regular, were of that *mignon* and seductive cast so dangerous to look on. She had a fine expansive forehead, lit up by the largest, bluest, and rather projecting eyes, which were, in turn, subdued and softened by very long dark eyelashes, which gave a plaintive expression to their radiance. She had a small well-shaped nose, slightly Grecian, exhibiting, what is termed in horseman's craft, the real swelling blood-nostril. Her mouth was particularly small, with the reddest (and rather pouting) lips I had ever looked upon; backed by only one dimple in her clear, transparent, and roseate cheek, when she condescended to smile on us. She had a delicately-tapered waist, a soft hand, corresponding with a small and prettily-formed foot and ankle. Her figure was in graceful harmony, from the justness of its proportions; her hair was of the richest auburn, or, as the French call it, *chatain*, with enough of it shown to set off to advantage her ivory neck, on which her head (with the prettiest little ear in the world) was most beautifully and attractively placed, the whole resting on the fairest, fleshyest, and most gracefully drooping shoulders that ever met the gaze of admiring man. The Grecian bend, which is so bewitching in a fair-skinned female, had probably been increased by the four

children she had been the mother of at so early an age, as well as by her early grief; for she had been deeply and fondly attached to her husband, and had lost three of her children, only one boy being left her, who resembled his father, and whom she promised to present to us when we visited Tournus.

You may think this too minute a description; but had you, as we did, seen the catastrophe, helped to raise the lovely lady, assisted in recovering her from a fainting fit, helped to carry her up the embankment, ridden side by side with her in the same carriage, observed her when she was asleep, and before she completely recovered herself, and finally seen her at the different inns, and heard her soft voice, you would have exclaimed, as both Jack and myself did, as we sipped our Burgundy this evening, in the words of Lord Byron, which had been recently published,

> "She was a form of life and light,
> That seen, became a part of sight,
> To rise, where'er I turn mine eye,
> The morning star of memory."

CHAPTER XIX.

Chalons—The wines of Burgundy—Maçon—The peasantry—Tournus—The French beauty again—French hospitality—Help yourself—Angling extraordinary—The great canal of France—Sisters of charity—Mine host—Popularity of Napoleon—Beaune—Its wines—Pomard and Volnay—Mont Afrique—Good haters—Dijon—Clos Vougeot—Napoleon's inn—A fit of illness—A French physician—The women of Dijon—Phlebotomy—Avallon—Auxerre—Wood rafts—Decoy ducks—The Fête of Fools—How to grow younger—The French police—Joigny—Champagne—Curious relict—Sens—French Calembourgs.

Chalons sur Saone, June 4th, 1816.

This is taking it leisurely with a vengeance; only nine posts in three days; but then one does not pass through the ancient kingdom of Burgundy every day, nor is he enabled to sip the juice of its grape on its own soil. It is said of the wines of Burgundy:—"Ils reunissent dans les justes proportions toutes les qualités qui constituent des vins parfaits."

We remained on the 2nd at Macon, and I took horse and rode to Cluny, a place formerly celebrated for its benedictine convent, on which, it is said, two thousand monasteries were at one time dependent. The old abbey is now converted to modern uses, and forms several public establishments. The country is picturesque and pretty, and I was much struck with the dress of the Maconaise peasantry, which consists of a blue cloth petticoat, with a broad border of scarlet, a jacket of the same, and a black hat set smartly on one side their heads, over a neat little white lace cap, from under which peeps their well-arranged hair. I like this better than the Lyonnaise costume, which, however, is very becoming. Their figures are generally good, and their faces pretty.

Some parts of Macon are dirty and disagreeable, others are well placed and handsome. I particularly observed the ancient palace of Montrevel, the Hotel de Ville, and several houses on the quay, with a handsome bridge over the Saone. The city is also surrounded by picturesque villages and country seats, amidst rocks, hills, and woods.

Mine host at Macon was more reasonable in his charges than we anticipated, from the fleecing we got at Lyons; we imbibed his excellent,

heavily crusted Burgundy at thirty sous a bottle. Another thing he gave us, which reminded me of my own country—most delicious marmalade for breakfast, which is here manufactured, as well as various other sweetmeats.

We started by times yesterday morning, (no easy matter, after indulging in the excellent vin de Macon,) and reached Tournus to breakfast. As we approached it, we both felt rather excited, as it was the domicile of the lady who had made so favourable an impression upon us, and whom we had promised to visit. The country between it and Macon was perfectly enchanting, and as Tournus (which is prettily placed on the side of a vine-clad hill, with the Saone winding round it, and the morning sun shining on it) broke on our view, Jack, (giving me a familiar punch,) to my astonishment, warbled forth part of a Scotch song.

> "O what ye wha's in yon town,
> The morning sun is glinting on,
> The fairest dame's in yon town,
> That ere the sun did rise upon."

We resolved to pass an hour or two at this place, and whilst breakfast was preparing, we both proceeded to make our most recherché toilette.

We easily found the abode of Madame B.,

who received us most graciously, looking handsomer than ever, with her chatain tresses resting on her beautiful shoulders. She was in a most bewitching negligée; and she presented her beautiful boy, about six years of age, who received us without any of that *mauvaise honte*, so common at his age, and evidently as if he had been led to expect a visit from "Messieurs les Anglais," whose language he was learning.

Mamma assured us of his great resemblance to his father, although, when he smiled, I observed he had the witching dimple, which had so much attracted our notice as a singular beauty in mamma.

The widow played and sung to us, and time flew. Her father, a fine handsome old veteran, pressed us to remain at Tournus during the day, and partake of his family fare—promising us some of his best Burgundy; he seemed very grateful for the attentions we had rendered his daughter, which she evidently had made more of than they deserved. I never beheld my friend Jack in so amiable and complying a humour before, but

"Beauty has charms to soothe the savage heart."

We readily assented to the Frenchman's proposal; orders were sent to the inn to take out the

posters and to prepare beds for us, and we passed a most delightful day. We dined at three o'clock, the old gentleman producing various kinds of Burgundy, and expatiating on the qualities of the same, and seemed to enter heartily into the English humour of remaining a considerable time at table. Invariably before the production of a fresh tap, he proceeded with great ceremony and solemnity, with a huge key and a long candle in his hand, (which a handsome grisette presented to him,) to his cave or cellar, saying, at the same time, that he religiously observed the old French adage, which said—" J'ai eu toujours pour principe de ne faire jamais par autrui ce que je pouvois faire par moi-meme."

As I listened to this proverb, I only wished I could apply it, for a more helpless being does not exist than myself, and without my factotum, Tom Pipes, I should be wretched indeed. Now this fine old follower of Napoleon had made it a rule never to allow another to do that for him, which he could do for himself, and well had he done the same, when he returned with a bottle of Monte Rachet, (a white Burgundy of a most delicate and exquisite flavour,) and which I hereby confidently recommend to all thirsty souls and good fellows; though it is possible that its *goût* may have been heightened on the present

occasion by being imbibed in the presence of the lovely widow.

As Jack and her honoured sire sipped their liquor together, they commenced comparing notes as to their services, and found they had fought on the same field, as Monsieur B. had formed one of the Egyptian army under Napoleon, and actually belonged to the regiment styled the Invincibles. This had, in fact, been his last campaign.

The conduct of Monsieur Vilson was brought on the *tapis*, and I heard his book abused, and himself proved (at the time of the Egyptian campaign) to have been a "Tory de la premiere classe."

At this period of the conversation I stole away, leaving the two veterans to "fight their battles o'er again;" and I returned to the inn to make inquiries about angling, as when these long-winded stories began, and the fair lady had withdrawn, it occurred to me that we had had most delicious trout for breakfast, and that we had before crossed a most inviting-looking stream between St. Albin and Tournus. Accordingly I returned to our hotel, got hold of my rod and an old fishing book, and sallied forth, accompanied by a *garçon* to show me the way, who took me a near cut to the river, and I had some of the most

splendid sport—returning absolutely loaded with the finest trout, to lay at the feet of the fair widow. The May-fly was on the water, and I luckily had two grey and one green drake, which I put up. The evening was most favourable, and to the astonishment of the natives (by whom I was at length surrounded) I generally hooked two at every throw. This I believe was the first evening the fly had appeared, and the trout were absolutely ravenous, scarcely waiting till the fly touched the water. My spectators were principally smartly-dressed peasants of St. Albin and St. Amour; the sweet little river I was fishing in was about a league from the town.

On my return to Monsieur B.'s, I found my chief still there, and a reunion of the belles of Tournus. We passed a most agreeable evening, and took a tender leave of the fair hostess, who certainly still appeared the fairest of the fair of Tournus.

Chalons beats the other places in Burgundy for gaiety and grandeur, and seems a bustling well-built town, sweetly situated in a fertile valley on the banks of the Saone, and at the mouth of the grand central canal, which here unites the Saone, the Rhone, and the Loire, thus joining the Mediterranean Sea with the Atlantic Ocean, and making this place the grand *entrepot* between

the north and south of France. From hence a coche d'eau starts daily, by which you can proceed viâ Lyons to Avignon and Marseilles, or by the Loire to Orleans, Tours, and Nantes, or by the Seine all the way to Paris, Rouen, and Havre.

The great source of the wealth and prosperity of this city is to be traced to the great undertaking of the Central Canal, which traverses the departments of the Saone and the Loire for upwards of two hundred miles. This work was begun in 1783, and completed in 1792.

As I lounged on the quay this evening, I saw numerous passengers take water conveyance for Lyons and other parts of France, which is a cheap and commodious way of travelling. I procured a guide, and went to visit the hospital of St. Laurent, founded in the reign of Francis the First, and which, for the neatness, cleanliness, regularity, and interior economy, well repays the traveller's visit. It is watched over and waited on by twenty-three Sœurs de Charité, or as they are sometimes styled, "servants of the poor," sixteen of whom I was informed were nuns, and seven novices, all pious voluntaries belonging to the first families, and almost all with fortunes, although, as a mark of humility, they receive annually from the governors of this cha-

rity, a pair of shoes, and two pound of soap. Their dress, which was now white, is in winter blue. Some of them seemed young and handsome, as far as my optics could pierce through a veil that screened their charms from public gaze. I understand their trial is probationary, and that they only lend themselves to the performance of these charitable offices from year to year, and that should they tire of their trade, they can rejoin the world, and take unto themselves a husband. But seceders from this sect have been of rare occurrence.

I ought to mention, that to arrive at this noble institution, I crossed by a bridge, from which I had a magnificent view of the town and of the Saone; and from behind this hospital there is a terrace, from whence I beheld the distant Alps. The evening was beautifully clear, and I was astonished to think that these celebrated mountains could include themselves in my visual horizon, for I calculate that they are nearly fifty leagues distant.

As I returned, I observed a number of fishermen collecting bleak, which are here found in myriads. The scales of this little fish are used for making a substance, which gives a bright and brilliant colour to artificial pearls.

Chalons, during the time of the Romans, was

a place of considerable note, and is mentioned by Julius Cæsar, Strabo, and others; its ancient name was Cabillonum. Several military roads branched off from it, and the Romans had here a port and a fleet of boats.

There is an excellent hotel on the quay, called the Hotel du Parc, but our post-boys chose to drive us to the Trois Faisans, for which, no doubt, they were paid by the landlord, who in turn means to make us pay.

We here chose to regale ourselves with some celebrated chambertin, which mine host of the Three Pheasants persuaded us was of la premiere qualité, and had been imbibed by the Emperor, the last time he passed through this city. He informed us that he had only a small quantity remaining, and which he had saved as a miracle, when the Allied armies passed through; as he said, "Les sacres Huhlans, Cossaques, et Croates, avoient un soif de diable."

We have thus far followed the route of Napoleon, who everywhere seems to be a huge favourite; and some of the post-mistresses used to turn up their noses, and absolutely refused to give us silver for a Louis d'or, exclaiming, "that nothing would be taken but Napoleons;" but as I told one of them in my best French, "I thought they mistook the thing entirely, and that they ought to be more ready to change a Louis than

a Napoleon." A little fun and a great deal of civility does wonders in France; a hat can only be expected to last half the time in this country that it does in any other, for everybody seems to be constantly pulling it off and putting it on.

We had the honour of being driven by many of the postilions that drove Napoleon. I asked one or two of them, "How they were paid?" They each replied *en poignées*, (Anglice) handfuls. They say he was always generous to the poor, and all the innkeepers and every body long for his return, and no sympathy or good feeling is displayed for the Bourbons. Poor Nap! there is something romantic in his last coming, for he walks in at one end of France, and walks out at the other, like a man going through his own house; and I have no doubt that many expect to see him walk through again, the whole business being like a vision or phantasmagoria!

Beaune-les-dames takes its name from a once rich and celebrated convent for nuns, which was founded in the fifth century, and destroyed at the Revolution. It is prettily placed, as it were, in the bottom of a Bacchanalian bowl, surrounded by hills covered with clustering vines. We reached it early in the day, after having passed through several small villages and the celebrated vine-grounds of Pomard and Volnay.

All this was too much for my friend Jack, who became much excited, and insisted on calling a halt, explaining, as we descended from our voiture at Beaune-les-dames—"Women and wine for ever!" Mine host was summoned, an omelet ordered, with a bottle of vin de Beaune, which we discussed for the purpose of whetting our appetite, and preparing for the dejeuné-a-la-fourchette, which was soon served to us.

The landlord appeared a rosy-cheeked, small-eyed Bacchanalian, who seemed to have steeped his senses so deep in the juice of the grape, that he looked quite stupid; but I believe the good folks of Beaune are renowned for their imbecility, and all we could get out of him was, that we were on the borders of the *Cote-d'or*, and close to *Nuits*, renowned for its vineyards, and that the wines of its neighbourhood had risen into great estimation during the reign of Louis the XIVth., as his physicians had recommended him to drink the wines of *Nuits*, from their restorative and salubrious qualities. Upon this information, we both voted ourselves sick, and requiring vinous aid. The landlord proceeded to his cellar, and returned with three bottles of wine, one red, called *Vin de Nuits*, and two white, one denominated *Mersault*, the other *Monrachet*, which I have already celebrated, and I again recommend.

Beaune is upon the Bouzzoie, and at the foot of Mount Afrique, and nearly three leagues distant from the Saone, which has kept us company long enough to make us tired of it. There are the ruins of an old castle, and another splendid hospital on a similar scale to that at Chalons, founded, it is said, in 1443, by the then chancellor of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, whom Louis XI. used to say, had made everybody poor, and consequently could not do less than erect an hospital to receive his victims in.

The only time our landlord became animated was when we announced our intention of continuing our route to Dijon, the inhabitants of which he most heartily cursed and abused. I am told the animosity existing between the Beaunese and Dijonese, is only to be compared to that which in bygone days was fostered between the Thebans and Athenians.

Dijon.

Here we are in the capital of Burgundy, and a capital place it appears. The houses are all well built, the streets clean and quiet, and the inhabitants have all the appearance of gentlefolks. We got in late, passing over rather an uninteresting flat for a short distance, after leaving the renowned hill of the Cote d'or, from

which the department now takes its name, and on the sides of which that jolly god Bacchus has spread his choicest gifts. This spot has obtained the name of the Cote d'or, or gold coast, on account of the super-excellent qualities of its wines and the riches they have brought into the pockets of its proprietors.

We had before come in contact with the vineyards of Marcenay and Chenone, and after leaving la Baraque, (where we changed horses,) we saw those of Chambertin, having prepared ourselves for a sight of them by taking a pull of this god-like liquor whilst the horses were putting to.

I must here relate a short scene which took place soon after we passed through Nuits, crossing the vineyards of Chambolle and Morey. I, either from the effects of the Burgundy or the heat of the weather, had fallen into a comfortable nap in the corner of the carriage, when I was suddenly aroused by my companion, vociferating to the post-boys to halt; and with his head half out of the window, at the top of his voice, calling out, "*Mac! Soho! Soho!*" and pointing to a board by the side of the road, having inserted on it, in large legible gilt letters, Clos Vougeot.

I rubbed my eyes and smacked my lips, recollecting that this was Napoleon's wine; we both descended and drank his health, and purchased

six bottles, which we stowed away in our carriage, paying seven francs a bottle for them.

This celebrated vine-ground derives its name from the river Vogue, which we crossed, and which waters this part of the country. We were informed the vines of Vougeot were most carefully looked after, and that there was always four or five hundred thousand bottles in store. We had not time to examine the cellars in which it is kept, and as it was, we were late enough getting to our hotel, which is called that of the *Prefecture*, or *Logis du Roi*, and was once the palace of the Dukes of Burgundy. It was here that Napoleon took up his quarters.

June 7th.—I fear I shall have too much of Burgundy, and that my honoured chief (if not like Clarence's duke, drowned in a butt of malmsey) will have the consolation of having his breath stopped in Burgundy. Yesterday evening he was taken very ill, and I was forced to call in a French physician, who, after looking at Jack's tongue, feeling his pulse, &c. and when an English doctor would have instantly had recourse to the lancet, ordered Black Jack, O ye gods! to remain in bed and drink *eau sucré!* He still remains very ill, and I am *au desespoir*.

I have been rambling all day about Dijon and

its environs, and if my valued friend's illness continues, and we cannot get forward on our journey, I must retrace my steps to Tournus, and consult with the fair Madame B——'s honoured father what is to be done, and if there is no sharper or surer practice in French pharmacy than *eau sucré*.

I sat to-day for some time in a gloomy old keep or tower that appertains to the hotel, to brood over my misfortunes.

This remnant of antiquity, it is said, was erected by one of the Dukes of Burgundy, 'ycleped Jean sans peur, whose character, however, seems not to have corresponded with his name, for he raised this tower to watch his neighbours of the Orleannois, and to prevent their surprising him by a march across the plain that surrounds Dijon. They tell you that this crafty duke took a plane for his crest, when the Duke of Orleans selected a knotty club for his.

I perambulated the ramparts, which are preserved since the olden time, and are now embellished by fine trees, and serve as a delightful promenade to the citizens, of whom I met many, accompanied by their wives and daughters. The French women are clean limbed and bien-chaussée, turn their toes out well, take petits pas, and have an attractive air about them quite irresisti-

ble; even the very beggars, from the manner in which they ask charity, might be supposed to be decayed nobles.

There seems a kind of otium here very different from the commercial bustle of Chalons, and I am reminded of dear Italy by the dolce far niente habits that it engenders. I passed several hours in the grove called the Arquebuse, where there is a tall and straight poplar-tree twenty-four feet in circumference. There is also a pleasant walk on the bank of the Ouche river, called the park, the trees of which were said to have been planted by the celebrated French architect Le Notre. Dijon is called the Athens of France; it has a great many paintings, statues, old libraries, and old castles worth visiting, and has ever been distinguished for its taste in science and in literature. It has also given birth to many illustrious men, several of whom were princes of the renowned house of Burgundy. It was once the seat of government in France, and also of the Burgundian dukes. Amongst some of the great men it produced, are Crebillon and Bossuet; also the famous Aubriet, provost of Paris, and an architect, who, under Charles V., constructed the Bastille, where he himself at an after period was confined. I like a fellow being caught in his own trap.

This evening, after the Sangrado doctor had

taken his leave, I on my knees persuaded the renowned Jack to submit to phlebotomisation. Accordingly the nearest barber was sent for, who bled my friend most copiously; and now I am about retiring to rest, after fortifying my nerves with a small quantity of Saint Rêné, at the particular request of the landlord, whom I had summoned to my assistance. Alas! since the sickness of my friend, I have lost all relish for the juice of the grape. Solitary pleasures are to me no pleasures at all.

June 8th.—Hurra! Jack's alive again!—With fear and trembling, I, this morning, approached the sick chamber; the old stern voice of my respected commandant met my ear, and I was ordered in. The bleeding, and a bowl of Burgundy whey, my prescription, (which had taken the place of the eau sucré,) had done wonders, and my compagnon de voyage was convalescent; and on the next morning we arrived at Vitteaux for the night, as we did not like to do too much the first day, for fear of overfatiguing the interesting invalid. We performed five posts and a half through a very picturesque country, and still in the department of the Cote d'or, although my friend seemed now to be sick of Burgundy, and longed for a glass of champagne. The postmaster produced a most excellent bottle

of the first-named from the Val de Suson, with which I consoled myself for the rather miserable fare our inn afforded. The route by which we had this day passed not being much frequented, I had to wrangle all day with postmasters and postmistresses about the number of horses, several having forced us (in the hilly parts of the road) to take five. This, with our very light carriage, certainly appeared preposterous!

Avallon, June 10th.

Still in Burgundy, although here it is styled Basse Burgoyne. The weather has been perfectly beautiful, and the scenery enchanting. Whilst our repast was preparing, I sallied forth to view this enchantingly placed town, built on the banks of the Cousin, which wantons, wanders, and leaps amidst the most delicious landscapes. This river forms itself into various lakes, and takes jumps from beautiful precipices, some of which are calculated at a hundred toises in depth.

This fairy-land will well recompense an idler's visit, for here valleys, hills, rocks and thickets, are in endless variety, and I was wicked enough to hope that my friend would lie sick on the morrow, that I might view the scenery more at my leisure, and have the pleasure of throwing my line in the deep, rapid, and meandering Cousin.

Let me recommend all passers through Avallon to stop and take a promenade on the petit cours, from the terrace of which some Roman remains are still visible.

Auxerre, June 11th.

We left Avallon this morning by times, and halted to refresh at Vernanton on the river Cure, which runs into the Yonne. Here I left my friend and chief to repose a little, whilst the post-master furnished me with a vehicle to proceed to pay a visit to the Antiparos of France, or the grottos of Arey, really well worthy a visit, especially if you are prepared with a guide and lights to illumine these subterraneous vaults, whose petrifications and sparlike productions cover the grottos with fantastic forms which produce a splendid coup-d'œil.

Before reaching Auxerre, we fell in with the river Yonne, (on the left bank of which this very fine town is built,) with many rafts floating on its surface, all hurrying to Paris with their cargoes ready to be consumed by its inhabitants. These floating machines, which are very adroitly managed by dexterous pilots, contain billets of wood ready cut for use, which are tied on casks slung together at equal distances. Every raft has generally three men to direct and guide it

amidst the rocks, islands, and sudden turns of the Yonne, which has been increased by tributary streams, which also bring their share of combustibles for the Paris market. Besides this traffic, a still richer one is in almost continual motion, exhibited by numerous barges freighted with the choicest gifts of Bacchus, hurrying to join the Seine at Montereau, and be conveyed by that splendid river to the French capital.

After crossing the Yonne by a fine bridge, we found ourselves vis-à-vis to the post-house, deliberating whether to continue or halt for the night, when our resolves were aided by having our carriage assailed by numerous recommendations brought by female messengers from the several hotels, who seemed determined we should not proceed farther, and absolutely laid violent hands on us. Several of them were very handsome, and all full of mirth and glee, and welcomed us to Auxerre in the most witching way. Two of them actually gave orders to our postilions, and bongrè malgrè, we were driven to the Boule d'or, and housed for the night, where we were attended by these very pretty decoy ducks.

I strolled out and looked at the church of St. Germain, a building of great antiquity, over which there is a Latin inscription, forbidding any one to enter with their shoes on, for fear of soiling this sacred

place. I afterwards proceeded to the cathedral, a fine old Gothic building, with beautifully stained glass windows. This church is very grand and imposing in its aspect. I fell in with its sacristan, who told me that, in days of yore, the Festival of Fools was here celebrated. Surely none of the grand nation presumed to assist; for I never met with men more wise in their own estimation! He also informed me, that it was the custom to play ball in the nave, and that the junior canon furnished the ball. The garrulous old sacristan also astonished me by recounting another extraordinary ceremony that here took place, in memory of an act of the Seigneur of Chastellux, one Claude de Beauvoir, who retook the neighbouring town of Cravaut from a horde of bandits, and gave the plunder to this cathedral; in honour of which, the officiating clergyman was forced, on the commemoration of the event, first to preach a sermon, and then present himself at the entrance of the choir, armed cap-à-pie, booted, spurred, and in full military costume.

All these tales made me late for my dinner, and I found Jack in a bad humour, although waited on by a very handsome grisette. I got him into humour by ordering a bottle of his own favourite, as we are still in Burgundy, grown in

this neighbourhood, called Clos de la Chenaye, as well as a flask of Chablis, also from this vicinity, almost all of which is sent to Paris.

As usual, a book is produced the moment you alight at an inn, in which you are forced to inscribe your birth, parentage, and education, as well as your age. This is a most awkward and vulgar request for so polite a nation as the French to insist on, especially when it is made to the ladies.

My travelling companion seemed more loath this evening to book his age, in consequence (as I guessed) of the youth and beauty of the damsel who stood ready to receive the book; and I afterwards had the curiosity to take a peep at it, when I found my friend had grown a few years younger since the preceding evening.

As we approach the capital our passports are more strictly examined, and if it is a walled town, they are taken from us at the barrier, and sent to us at our hotel. Pope calls "partial evil universal good;" and I am inclined to think it is so, as far as the gens d'armerie and the police of France are concerned; for although I admit that it is very annoying to be stopped, forced to get out of your carriage, and be gazed at from head to foot, and then rudely cross-examined by a burly brute in office; still it is certain that

villains, thieves, and disturbers of the public peace are thus discovered, and that no vagabondizing can take place; and such is the security from robbery in France, that you may travel the highways and byeways alone and defenceless, and sleep with your windows and doors unfastened, yet in perfect security.

Sens.

This morning betimes the witching waiting-maids handed us a pretty heavy account for our night's lodging, which was paid without a grumble or remark.—So much for beauty!

We stopped at Joigny to take our second breakfast, having (as usual) had hot and excellent coffee before starting. Joigny is sometimes claimed as in Champagne, and sometimes in Lower Burgundy. I will not stop to settle this point, but I will inform you, that we took leave of the expiring efforts of this delectable grape, by imbibing at our dejeuné-a-la-fourchette, a most delicate, generous, and high-flavoured wine, which grows between the villages of Voves, Charmoy, and Bassou, and which is reckoned very invigorating and restorative to the weak stomachs of convalescents. My friend Jack found the first dose most beneficial, and repeated it.

Joigny's principal street forms a magnificent

quay on the banks of the Yonne. We took a turn in this street, and visited the cavalry barrack and the bridge across the river, and thought of the charming Madame B. and her late husband, who was killed in defending the passage of the one thrown over the same river at Montereau.

The whole of this day's journey has been picturesque and perfect. The hills on our right are decorated and enriched by the clustering vine.

June 12.—Sens is a fortified town, and placed at the confluence of the Vanne and the Yonne. Here there is another splendid old Gothic cathedral. Over one of its entrances, my eye was attracted to two emblematical figures, the one representing Avarice, and the other Prodigality. Avarice is very properly sitting on his bags of gold to protect them; Prodigality has a coffer where the same precious metal is contained, but with both bags and coffer open.

Here I am told the Fêtes des Fous were also enacted. It is said on this foolish festival, (whose solemnities were represented on Christmas-day,) that the priests who assisted were masked and bedaubed with the lees of wine-casks, and that on the eve of this sacrilegious ceremony, two canons (better to have been bombadiers) were

deputed to bring the ass to the council chamber, assembled in the centre of the choir, where another ass, in the shape of a church chaunter, recited to him the order of the ceremonies, both brutes being clothed and decked with priestly ornaments. These orgies lasted during the whole night, and part of the ensuing day.

I viewed the mausoleum of the Dauphin and Dauphiness,* here preserved, and which (wonderful to relate) escaped the horrors of the Revolution. These respected remains were those of the father and mother of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. The sculpture of this tomb is exquisite, but the church itself was much damaged during the revolutionary frenzy, and had balls stuck in its walls as recently as 1814. It appeared, on my inquiry, that the monument above alluded to was hidden during these periods, and never made its appearance until after the fall of Bonaparte.

The environs of Sens are fine, and it is the subject of many reminiscences to which I have not time to refer.

Mine host of the Black Stag was summoned to visit us, and to bring a bottle of his best, we having at first been drinking Vin du Pays

* This *chef-d'œuvre* was formed by the celebrated sculptors Couston, son and nephew.

(champagne) at four sous a bottle. The Eperney with which he appeared, and for which he was pleased to make us pay four francs, was not (to my taste) half so good as the four sous sort we had been drinking during dinner like small beer. Wherever you go, as a traveller, stick to the vin ordinaire, if you want to imbibe wholesome liquor and avoid the risk of being poisoned. Our host, who was an original in his way, and a furious Bonapartist, flashed one or two calembourgs (for which the French are famous) on us. Such, for instance, as this: in allusion to the decorations of the Tuileries, &c., and the initial of Napoleon, which was introduced into everything, shrugging up his shoulders, he said, " Ah! messieurs, vous verrez quand vous arriverez à Paris, que nous avons des N-mis partout." And talking of the advance of the allies, he spoke of " les Russes et les autre chiens." (Autrichiens.)

CHAPTER XX.

Arrival at Paris—Sunday in Paris—A contrast—A Scotch story—The column in the Place Vendome—Road from Sens to Paris—Sight-seeing—An old acquaintance—The Baron de C.—Madame la Baronne—Anecdote—Verys and Beauvilliers—Monumens Françaises—Theatre Français.—A presentation at the Court of the Tuilleries—The levee of the Duke de Berri—The Chapel Royal—Louis Dixhuit—More sight-seeing—A lucky chance—Departure from Paris—Arrival in England—The adventures of a piece of velvet—Conclusion.

Paris, June 16th, 1816.

"SMACK! smack! smack! Whack! whack! whack! Crack! crack! crack! And this is Paris!" exclaimed I to myself, as we rattled up the Boulevards Italiens, turned up the Rue de la Paix, entered the Place Vendome, and descended at the Hotel de Bourbon, with Nap's greatest triumph staring us in the face—that noble pillar, cast from the innumerable guns taken by him and his victorious troops from vanquished foes.

We made a splendid journey this day. A spur in the head, we are told, is better than two in the heel; we proved that one in the hand is better than all. We paid our post-boys treble, and they actually flew with us. We reached the capital at rather a late hour, in consequence of various delays to view interesting places on our route. But—

"Hours were made for slaves!"

and not for Paris. All the world seems ready, and as willing, as if a new day were breaking on them, instead of the old one closing. And only think, gentle reader, how my good old Scotch notions were outraged! Why this was, as it is called in my native land, "the Lord's night;" and such racketting I never before witnessed—Jews, Gentiles, Turks, Greeks, Christians, and many à la militaire, mustachoed up to the eyes, drinking, swearing, smoking, dancing, and "keeping it up;" whilst some were swallowing ices, some coffee, some sherbet, others whispering "soft nonsense" into their next fair neighbours' ears, others playing cards, dice, and dominoes in the open air; whilst in another part, a ballad-singer was lilting it to a listening crowd, accompanying herself with her guitar; and even tumblers and "escamoteurs" were at their giddy

work. "And this is Paris on a Sunday night!" I again exclaimed.

Now mark the change. If as a boy (in my own country) I had ventured to put my lips in a whistling position on the Sabbath-day, I should have run the chance of excommunication, and have had every old woman turning up the whites of her eyes at me, and pronouncing these talismanic words, "The Lord preserve us!" Why, I recollect that the collector of the Customs of the town, near which I was born and bred, who was fond of a little liquor and a little fun, and was styled Juniper Jack, got himself into a fearful scrape, which was as follows: — It appeared that he and a party had dined, and afterwards had a jollification together, on a Saturday night at a public inn, (in the good town of S., so prettily placed at the foot of Loch Ryan,) and had got hold of cards, (termed in Scotland "the devil's books,") and as the natural result had got heated, elated, and played after twelve o'clock, and consequently trenched on the Sunday. It is alleged, to this day, that the devil was seen to take post behind the collector's chair, shuffled his cards, and won his money for him; and that in his person was afterwards verified the old proverb, which says, "What is gained over the devil's back, is spent under his belly,"

and that from that moment, poor old red-nosed Collector C——n had gone to the dogs, and died pennyless.

June 17th.—This morning, with my senses a little clearer, and my body a little more refreshed by my charming Parisian bed, so light, so neatly made, so airily arranged, and which made me sleep so soundly, and wake so cheerily, I again looked into the Place Vendome, and viewed its immortal pillar; for I trust no barbarous, ruthless hand, will ever again disturb it; although it has been already roughly handled, for our valet de place informed me this morning, that it had been attempted to be pulled down by the allies, and that they had three-and-twenty horses yoked to it, and tugging at it daily for nearly two months, and only succeeded (at last) in laying prostrate the statue of the master mind, to whose glory it was raised, and whose deeds it was to perpetuate, and which this gothic act will in my mind render more imperishable than ever. What miserable revenge! which I feel quite sure posterity will reprove and attempt to atone for.

Be it known to you that we left Sens by times in the morning, and called a halt at Melun, where Marshal Macdonald had collected a large army to oppose Napoleon on his last advance, and which would have been an admirable position with well-

inclined troops, for if I recollect rightly, Cæsar, in his Commentaries, eulogizes it as such, and it was from thence his Lieutenant Labienus constructed his craft to attack Paris.

The whole road from Sens to Melun is full of interest to military men, presenting throughout, fine and commanding positions, where Napoleon manœuvred during two days, in 1814, in the vain attempt to succour Paris. Even Sens itself suffered severely, and the effects of its bombardment and assault at that period, are still visible.

At Pont sur Yonne, our first post after leaving the aforenamed town, whilst the horses were changing, I took a cursory glance at the heights above Montereau, and of the position of its bridge, which was destroyed by the French during their retreat before the allies, the year before last, and is now only temporarily restored. It was here Napoleon crossed with forty-five thousand men, when he tried to relieve his capital, and when he was forced to retire to Fontainbleau; and it was here the beautiful Madame B.'s husband fell.

Montereau is placed at the junction of the Yonne with the Seine, and its bridge must always be a most important point to gain, on any advance made on Paris. I think I have somewhere before mentioned, that on Napoleon's last

return, this important pass was seized on by the sixth lancers. It was on this bridge, tradition informs us, that a duke of Burgundy was waylaid and assassinated by order of the Dauphin, in the beginning of the fifth century. In 1814 the inhabitants of Montereau and its neighbourhood, after its destruction by Napoleon, worked night and day to repair it, for the allies to push over in pursuit of him. And yet on his return last year, "See the conquering hero comes," was shouted by all. But—*sic transit!*

Many of the houses in this line of route bear marks of recent war, and at the little village of Fossard, one of our relays, several of the cannon-balls were left sticking in the walls, with appropriate inscriptions, placed either over or under them, according to the feelings or politics of their possessors.

At Charenton, our last post before entering Paris, the country (if I may be permitted the expression) looks very warlike. The town is on the right bank of the Marne, at its confluence with the Seine. Here numerous battles have been fought; here the great Condé was repulsed by the patriots, and here also there was some hard fighting before the allied armies, under Schwartzenburg and Blucher, entered Paris in 1814.

After leaving this formidable post, our near postilion, who rode the wheeler, and who was a loquacious chap, turned to point out to us an old brick edifice, said to have been built by Henri Quatre for la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées.

After finishing my morning memorandums, I descended to the salle à manger of this large hotel, and a serious descent it was, for we are located on the first floor—but it is, as the Irishman would say, "the first floor down the chimney," and at the very top of the house. And for these pigeon-holes we are to pay eighty francs a week. I had a good bed, however, as I have before said, which reconciled me to the place; and the house was so full, that we could not better ourselves. But our landlady consoles us by assuring us we shall descend on the morrow to the third floor, and for which we will be charged one hundred and fifty francs a week, and if we venture lower the price is three hundred. We lounged in the gardens of the Tuileries, visited the Louvre, promenaded the principal streets, and dined at the celebrated restaurateur's "Very's," in the Palais Royal; after which we went to the Boulevards, and then to the Varietés.

June 18th.—I this morning employed myself writing letters to my friends at Genoa, delivering

parcels, and executing commissions with which they had entrusted me; I also went to my banker, Monsieur Gotier, and got the needful; after which my laquais de place accompanied me to the heights of Mont Martre, when he pointed out the different positions and attacks made first by the Austrians and Prussians, and then by the British. He was an intelligent old soldier, who had shared in many of Napoleon's great battles, and been present last year at Waterloo, of which great and glorious day this was the anniversary. I won't pester you with his account of it, which was a very animated, but perhaps a partial one; but he pointed out to me the masterly move the Duke of Wellington had made when approaching this place, and accounting for the necessity of his detour by the village of St. Len.

Who should I this day stumble on but my old Sicilian friend, the Baron C——e, who had been quartered with me at Messina and other places. He had been brêvet lieutenant-colonel of the De Rolls regiment, and was married to a fair lady I used to flirt and dance with. The baroness, whom he had married at Gibraltar, was said to be the daughter of one of our royal dukes, was very clever, very fascinating, very handsome, with the upper part of her face very like our royal family.

Her "cher mari" who was what is termed a bon enfant, (which means a great gowk,) had none of her esprit, but was very vain of Madame la Barronne, and of the homage and attentions paid her, which certainly there was no lack of when she was in Sicily. She was, however, not at present with him, but paying a visit amongst friends in the south of France.

I recollect a ridiculous story of old C.'s vanity. Two days after he had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, I was promenading with him on the ramparts at Messina, when he stopped to speak to a little English boy, who was rather shy, and did not appear to know much of the baron, who asked him if he knew who he was; the lad said he did, and that he was Major C——e; on which the lately-promoted colonel turned to me and said, "Dear me, how extraordinary! the little boy recollects me when I was a major!"

He took me later in the day to dine at a table d'hote he was in the habit of frequenting, where I met Light,* of the artillery, who told me that another great friend of mine, of the same corps, (Charley Deacon,) was also here. I ought to mention that my friend C——e had taken service with the Bourbons, and was much estimated

* This officer is now governor of Demerara.

and well treated, he having been a Suisse by birth, and originally served as a lieutenant in the Suisse guard, when this devoted band so nobly defended the king.

In the evening I accompanied the baron to the theatre, and afterwards to sup at Beau Villiers, behind the Palais Royal; we also later in the night visited two or three hells kept in the precincts of this pandemonium; looked at the belles limonadieres, the presiding priestesses of these temples of vice, and listened to soft music, &c.

June 19th.—Cruized about all day, and went to behold les Monumens Françaises. It is a kind of Westminster Hall. One fine piece of sculpture struck me much—it is Louis XII. with his queen. I looked with interest at the tombs of Henri Quatre, and of Heloise and Abelard. I also peeped en passant in at the Morgue, on our way to Nôtre Dame, where unclaimed dead bodies, dragged from the Seine, or found on the streets, the produce of nightly casualties, are exposed. Some churches were visited by us, many of them fine, but now much curtailed of their priesthood, not one of which fraternity I have as yet seen. In the evening I accompanied the baron to the Theatre Français. The actors were good, but the audience few, the attractive

stars Talma and Mademoiselle Mars not being present.

June 20th.—"Procrastination is the thief of time." Black Jack and myself this morning, in humming and hawing, hesitating and discussing, from what point we were to commence sight-seeing operations, lost half the day. When we did start, we were accompanied by the baron, who was also an old friend of Jack's. We first directed our steps to the Tuileries, for the entrée of which he had procured us an order to see Louis Dixhuit take his airing, which however his majesty did not take to-day; so we visited the Louvre, and in the evening went to the Opera Française—a magnificent spectacle—with good acting, and a crowded house.

June 21st.—To-day we visited many of the most noticeable public buildings and institutions of Paris—including the Palais Bourbon, the Invalides, the Champ de Mars, the Pantheon, &c. This evening we devoted to lounging round and round the Palais Royal, looking at handsome women, and into jewellers' shops, visiting cafés and gambling houses, where play was going on with copper, as the circulating medium was employed, as well as those where nothing but gold was allowed.

Sunday, June 24th.—I was in full uniform

when the baron presented himself in his gay gala dress, to carry me—in a very handsome equipage—to court. Jack, uncouth and uncourtly as he is, and ever has been, refused to accompany us; so off we went alone. We were first landed at the Duke de Berri's, and followed crowds, covered with stars and crosses, into the levee-room, where I was presented, with a host of others, to his Royal Highness.

We then proceeded to the royal chapel, where a huge, swaggering Suisse, with a gold-headed cane, and a sky-scraping cocked hat, covered with feathers, put us into an excellent position, and close to the royal pew. As neighbours, we had numerous beautiful and well-dressed women.

After a solemn pause, and with all eyes turned to the royal seat, which had a private entrance, there advanced to the front a herald, in heraldic costume, and in an audible and impressive tone of voice announced "Le Roi!" The next minute in came the Duke d'Angouleme, who advanced to the front of the royal box and graciously saluted the congregation; then came the Duke de Berri, then the Count d'Artois, and after him waddled in his Majesty Louis XVIII., who with his laughing, dark, intelligent eye, bowed and smiled to every one around him. What a bright

beaming open countenance he has, which gives you an idea at once of honesty, honour, and talent.

The music was perfect, and mass was most impressively performed; after which we were permitted to view the state apartments, though the king was there. I love old Louis; he seems such a fine liberal old fellow; quietly reposing each night on his bed of state, with two emblems of Napoleon close at his royal ear, in the shape of large ferocious-looking eagles, with golden beaks, who appear ready to devour him!

In the council chamber, there were four splendid candelabras of pure gold, each, I was told, costing thirty thousand pounds sterling.

In the ante-room of the palace (waiting to be seen by the king) we jostled against crowds of marshals, ministers, and statesmen, with various other officers of all classes. My conductor, the baron, seemed *au fait* at his work, and appeared to know every one, and to be most graciously received. While passing through the apartments, the minister of war came up to my companion the baron, and taking him graciously by the hand, told him that he had been appointed, on the previous day, a major-general in the royal armies, with eight years back rank and pay! When will a fellow meet such luck as this in England?

Old C——'s geese are generally all swans; and he made them so now, for on this occasion he passed me off as an English colonel, and introduced me as such to the war secretary and others, who conversed most courteously with me.

This ceremony over, we proceeded to the levee of the Count d'Artois, where a large circle was formed, and which we moved round like horses in a mill. When it came to my turn to pass, his Royal Highness received me most graciously, and talked (in the purest English) of the happy days he had spent in England, and the hospitalities he had received there.

Later in the day I visited the depôt of the different models of art, which are very curious and interesting. C—— wanted me to go to the opera, but good old Scotch habits, of which (I am thankful) I have never felt ashamed, kept me at home.

Our money and our curiosity being nearly expended, we purpose soon bidding adieu to this most seductive place, and bending our steps towards home, from which Black Jack has been banished since the Egyptian expedition in 1801, and I since 1808.

I called to-day on the Marchesa Balbi, who is about to return to Genoa, and committed to her care many little objects of taste, as presents to my

friends in Genoa, in proof that the allurements of Paris had not caused me to forget them.

As I have written a species of "Rhymes on the Road," in imitation of the still mortal Moore, which fully describes Paris, Frenchmen, and France (and that after a two years' residence in it,) I shall not transcribe more of my journal, but finish my lucubrations for the present by relating an anecdote, proving that "honesty is not always the best policy." On landing at Dovor, in my anxiety to secure from the sharks of the Custom House a beautiful piece of the richest Genoa velvet, which I had brought as a present for one of my dear lady cousins, I found I had taken the surest means of losing it; for I was informed that it was prohibited, that duty could not be received on it, and that it must be seized. It had been so adroitly packed, that it took an hour's tossing about of my unfortunate traps before it could be discovered, and all the thanks I got for my sincerity was, the avowal on the part of the searchers, that if I had not declared it, they never could have discovered it.

This circumstance led to a long correspondence with the Lords of his Majesty's Treasury, which shall be given hereafter, in order to enlighten other travellers,—that is to say, if any more of "My Adventures" should be desired. At all

events, the "adventures" of the said piece of crimson Genoa velvet would of itself make an interesting memoir; for the said Lords at length gave me an order for its restoration when I returned to France, which order I, in a short time, carried with me to Dover, when an officer accompanied me on board the packet with the said parcel, which I handed to a beggar who put it into his wallet, who handed it to a doctor, who handed it to a . . . . . But, I must not "let the cat out of the bag yet," farther than to say, that after it had taken a trip to the West Indies and other foreign parts, and undergone a seven years' absence, it actually found its way at last to the fair lady's hands for whom it was at first intended!

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY G. J. PALMER, SAVOY-STREET, STRAND.

MR. COLBURN

HAS JUST PUBLISHED

THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS.

THE DISPATCHES AND LETTERS OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

EDITED BY SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, G.C.M.G.

Dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Vol. 1, with Fine Portrait, in 8vo., price 15*s.* bound, to be comprised in about 3 vols., the Second of which will be ready in January, 1845.

Although numerous Lives of the Great Naval Hero have been written, no attempt has yet been made to collect his DISPATCHES and LETTERS, and thus to render him, in a great degree, his own Biographer. The value of such documents is shown by the publication of the Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington, to which this Work will be a fitting companion. Important as are the illustrations of Naval History, which this Collection will afford, during the most glorious period in its annals, the chief interest, for the public in general, will consist in the lights which it will throw on the private character of NELSON, without the glitter of biographical encomium, or the mistaken zeal of biographical suppressions.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;

OR

ROMANCE AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY ELIOT B. G. WARBURTON, ESQ.

2 Vols. small 8vo., with numerous Illustrations. 25*s.* bound.

This work is intended to convey in a popular form all the information most required by the general reader and the Oriental traveller on the subjects of which it treats. The author has visited EGYPT, NUBIA, PALESTINE, DAMASCUS, and the LEBANON, the COAST and ISLANDS of ASIA MINOR, CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, and the IONIAN ISLANDS. He has interwoven with his personal adventures the most recent information appertaining to the state of those countries, especially as regards the condition of Egypt, the tribes of the Lebanon, and the Church of England mission at Jerusalem.

MR. COLBURN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NARRATIVE OF THE

VOYAGES & SERVICES OF THE NEMESIS,

From 1840 to 1843.

And of the combined NAVAL AND MILITARY OPERATIONS IN CHINA; comprising a complete Account of the Colony of Hong-Kong, and Remarks on the Character and Habits of the Chinese, &c. From Notes of Commander W. H. HALL. R.N., with Personal Observations, by W. D. BERNARD, Esq., A.M., Oxon.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION, comprised in a single volume, with Maps and Plates, price 18s. bound.

"The most important publication that has appeared respecting our late contest with China. In all that relates to the Nemesis especially, and to the naval operations of the Expedition, it is replete with the most lively and stirring interest."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER,

IN THE SERVICE OF RUNJEET SINGH.

BY MAJOR LAWRENCE,

Bengal Artillery, British Resident at the Court of Nepaul, and late Assistant to the Political Agent in charge of British Relations with Lahore. 2 vols. small 8vo., with Portraits.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT

FROM CEYLON TO MARSEILLES:

Comprising Sketches of Aden, the Red Sea, Lower Egypt, Malta, Sicily, and Italy.

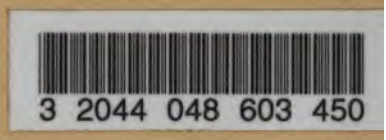
BY MAJOR AND MRS. GEORGE DARBY GRIFFITH.

In 2 vols. post 8vo., with Twenty-one Illustrations, price 21s. bound.

LETTERS OF A GERMAN COUNTESS,

WRITTEN DURING HER TRAVELS IN TURKEY, EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, &c. IN 1843—44.

3 vols. post 8vo.


3 2044 048 603 450